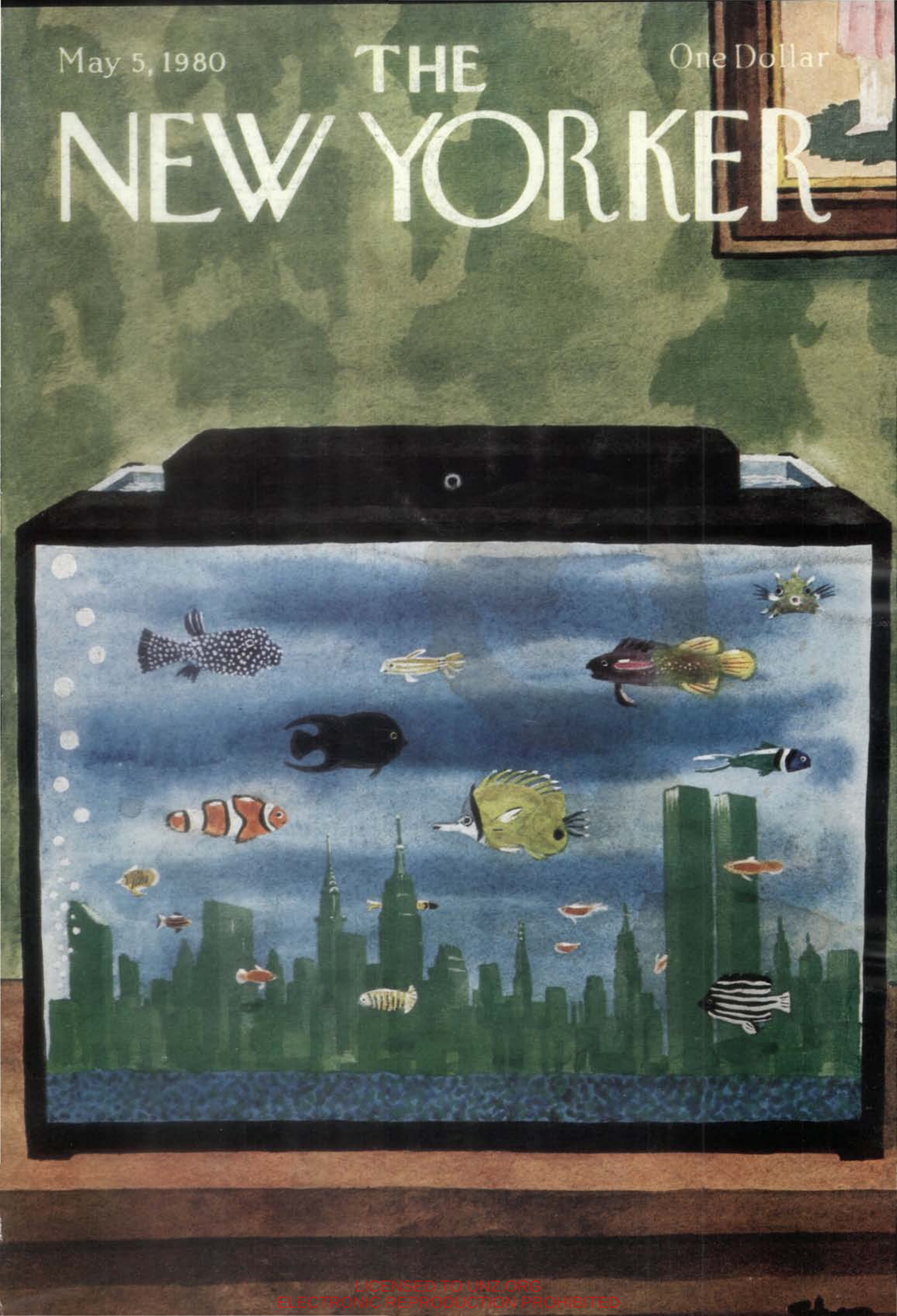
May 5, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

One Dollar



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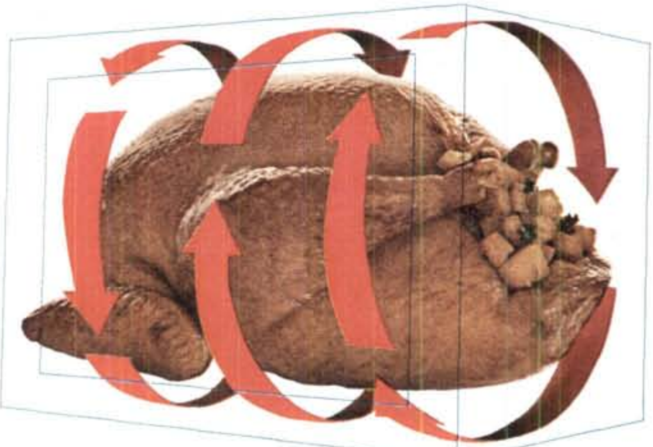

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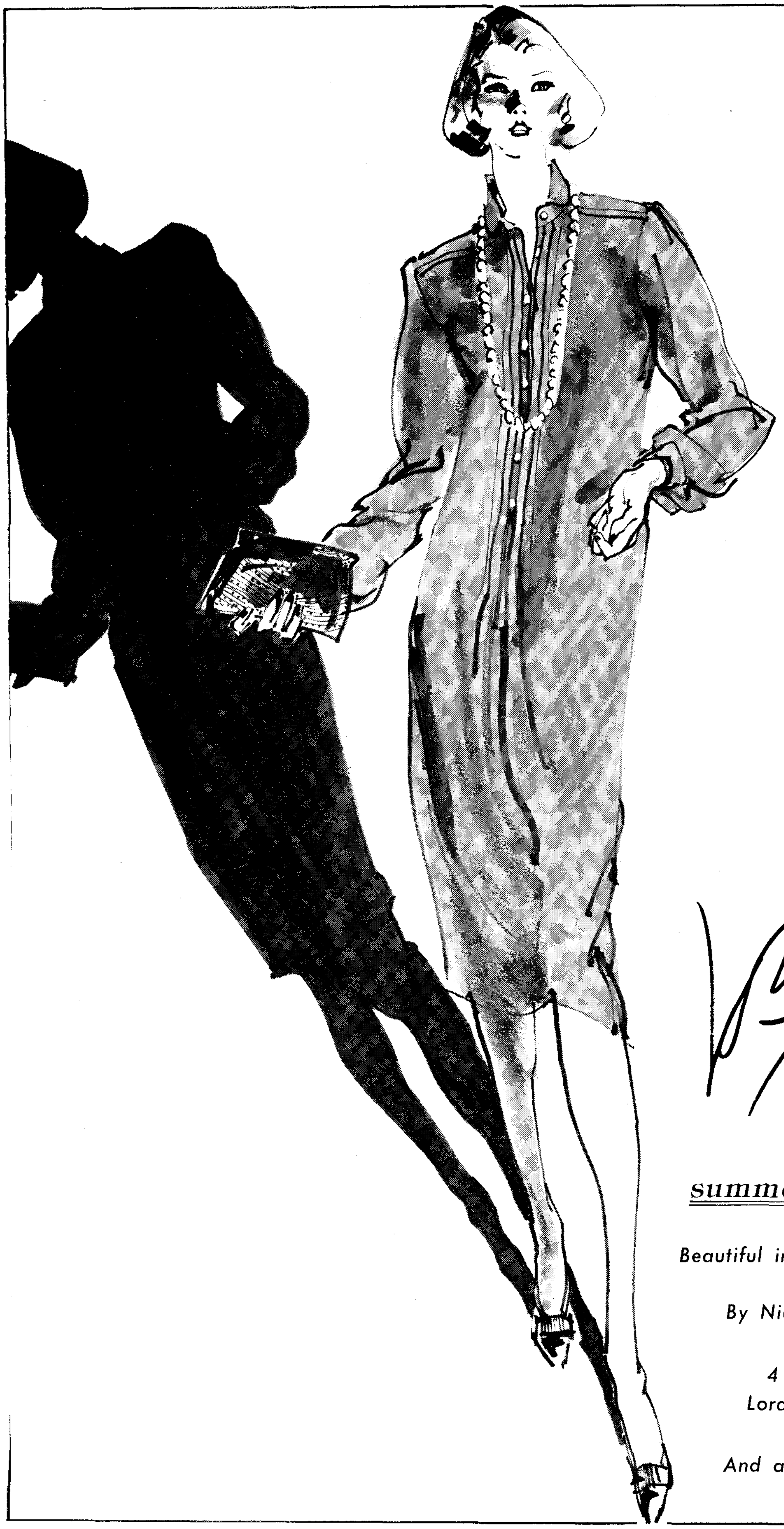

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Acting Company—A brief engagement by John Houseman's group. **ELIZABETH I**, by Paul Foster, directed by Liviu Ciulei: Wednesday, April 30, at 2 (preview), and at 6:45 (opening); Thursday and Friday, May 1-2, at 8; and Saturday, May 3, at 2 and 8. . . . **THE WHITE DEVIL**, by John Webster, directed by Michael Kahn: Sunday, May 4, at 8. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. For information about tickets, call 564-3510.)

The American Clock—A play by Arthur Miller, set during the Depression. The cast of fifteen will portray more than fifty characters. Directed by Daniel Sullivan. Previews through Saturday, May 17, after which it will open at the Spoleto Festival in Charleston, South Carolina, and move to Broadway in early fall. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

BAM Theatre Company—Two plays in repertory. The American première of Gorky's **BARBARIANS**, a turn-of-the-century comedy about a couple of engineers who come to a small provincial town to build a railroad. The play is only fair, but the performance is admirable. Sheila Allen, Roxanne Hart, Jon Polito, and John Seitz are the leads. The new translation is by Kitty Hunter-Blair, Jeremy Brooks, and Michael Weller. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/28/80.) Wednesday and Thursday, April 30-May 1, and Friday, May 9, at 8, and Saturday, May 10, at 2 and 8. . . . **JOHNNY ON A SPOT** is a brilliant new production of a 1941 comedy by Charles MacArthur. A large cast keeps running about the stage at speeds of up to a hundred miles an hour, all to make us laugh, and laugh we do. (3/10/80) Friday, May 2, at 8; Saturday, May 3, at 2 and 8; Sunday, May 4, at 2 and 7; and Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Barnum—A musical about Phineas T., by Mark Bramble (book), Cy Coleman (music), and Michael Stewart (lyrics). Jim Dale has the title role. Joe Layton directed. Opens Wednesday, April 30. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, May 1.)

Bent—Richard Gere and David Dukes give superb performances in an exceptionally well-written play by Martin Sherman. The time is the nineteen-thirties, the setting is the concentration camp at Dachau, and the subject matter is homosexual love. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Betrayal—Three adults who prove to be as selfish as so many spoiled six-year-olds bicker over their not very gratifying adulteries in this latest dark comedy by Harold Pinter. Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider are the principals. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Le Centre International de Créations Théâtrales—Peter Brook's Paris-based company presenting three plays in repertory through Sunday, June 15. Two one-acters (in English and French) **L'OS** and Alfred Jarry's **UBU**: Wednesday and Thursday, April 30-May 1, at 8 (previews); thereafter, Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8. . . . **THE IK** (in English, based on Colin Turnbull's book): Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 8 (previews); thereafter, Thursdays and Fridays at 8. . . . **THE CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS** (in English): Sunday, May 4, at 2 and 5 (previews); thereafter, Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5 and 8. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Children of a Lesser God—An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject, and John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich play the leading roles to perfection. (3/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

City Junket—A comedy by Kenward Elmslie is the inaugural presentation of the Eye and Ear Theatre, for which Red Grooms did the sets and costumes. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3:30.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Eileen Brennan and Susan Sarandon in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 4:30 and Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine—A musical from London, with a book and lyrics by Dick Vosburgh, and music by Frank Lazarus. Tommy Tune is the director and choreographer. Previews Wednesday, April 30. Opens officially on Thursday, May 1. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dialogue for Lovers—The dialogue is an arrangement by Eve Merriam of Shakespeare's sonnets, and the lovers are Fritz Weaver and Estelle Parsons, who more than rise to the occasion. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, May 3.)

Evita—A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. Terri Klausner substitutes for Miss LuPone at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Province-

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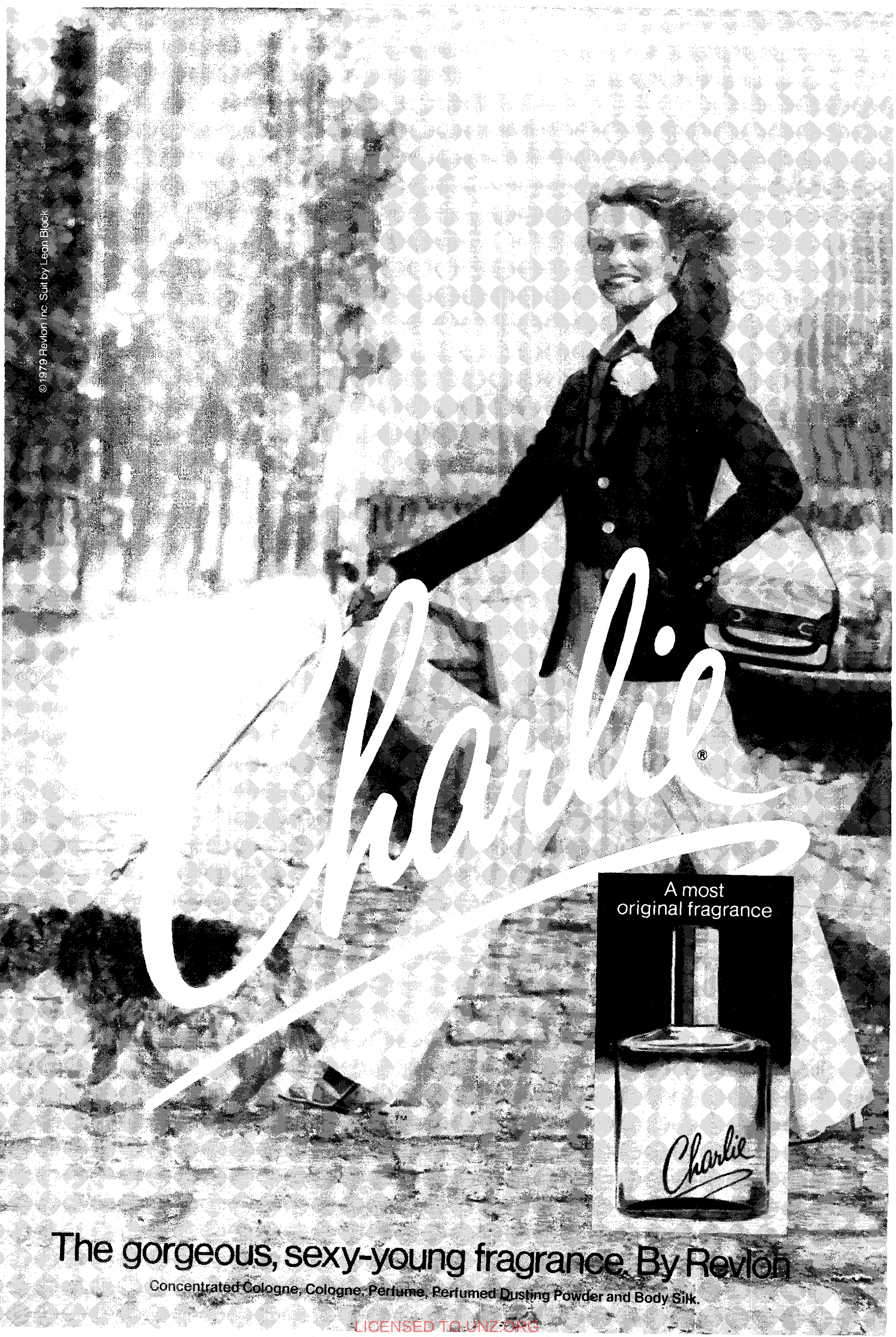
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

town, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Haggadah—A mingling of music, dance, puppetry, and Biblical texts, in what Elizabeth Swados—composer, compiler, and director—calls "a Passover cantata." The marvellous scenery, costumes, masks, and puppets are by Julie Taymor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Happy New Year—An uneasy mingling of Philip Barry's classic comedy "Holiday" with some of the best of Cole Porter's songs, plucked from their original musical-comedy settings. John McMartin serves as a narrator. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Heartbreak House—A revival of Bernard Shaw's play, with Rachel Gurney, Frank Hamilton, Louise Troy, Michael Lipton, and David Sabin. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

Hide and Seek—Elizabeth Ashley stars in a thriller by Lezley Havard. The director is Melvin Bernhardt. Previews through Saturday, May 3. Opens officially on Sunday, May 4. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except April 30, and Saturdays at 2.)

Home—Samm-Art Williams' play, with Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay re-creating the roles they first played Off Broadway with the Negro Ensemble Company. Douglas Turner Ward is the director. Previews through Tuesday, May 6. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 7, at 7. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—A sentimental comedy by Neil Simon, about a Hollywood writer down on his literary luck and a daughter who visits him and brightens his prospects. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (3/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Irish Hebrew Lesson and **Guests of the Nation**—Two one-act plays set in Ireland at a time when that distressful country was engaged in seeking its independence through guerrilla warfare from the subjection of England. Both plays have been given excellent productions. (3/31/80) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

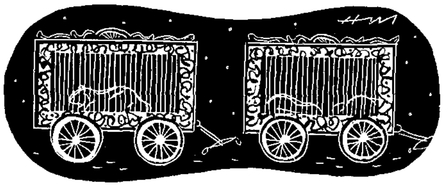
Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, May 4: Victor Herbert's **NAUGHTY MARIETTA**. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, May 7-11: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE SORCERER** and **TRIAL BY JURY**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Man in 605—A windy, tiresome play by Alan Gross about an old poet down on his luck, and about a bellhop who admires him and a desk clerk who doesn't. (4/28/80) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Marlon Brando Sat Right Here—A play by Louis La Russo II. Starring Paul Sorvino (who also directed) and Janet Sarno. (Boltax, 22 Wooster St. 226-4487. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Morning's at Seven—A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nuts—A play by Tom Topor, set in Bellevue Hospital. The cast includes Anne Twomey, Lenka Peterson, and Hansford Rowe; directed by Stephen Zuckerman. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Oklahoma!—Song after song after song, with a cast of young people whose high spirits seem unforced and who hurl themselves happily into this initial collaboration of Rodgers and Hammerstein. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Past Tense—Barbara Feldon and Laurence Luckinbill as a married couple breaking up after twenty years, in a new comedy by Jack Zeman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—A cheerful revival of a twenty-five-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7; Fridays and Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Roast—Rob Reiner, Peter Boyle, Antonio Fargas, Bill Macy, David Huddleston, and Doug McClure portray comedians at a show-business roast, in a comedy by Jerry Belson and Garry Marshall. There are fourteen in the cast altogether. Directed by Carl Reiner. Previews through Wednesday, May 7. Opens officially on Thursday, May 8. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except April 30, and Saturdays at 2.)

Romantic Comedy—A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Mia Farrow and Anthony Perkins. The author is Bernard Slade. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sidewalkin'—A musical by Jake Holmes; directed and choreographed by Patricia Birch. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 4.)

Sugar Babies—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sunday Runners in the Rain—A play by Israel Horovitz, with Maureen Anderman, Carol Kane, Ebbe Roe Smith, and William Hickey. Previews through Friday, May 2. Opens officially on Saturday, May 3. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Free.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Moves on Tuesday, May 6, to the Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St., 541-8394.)

Talley's Folly—A charming short play by Lanford Wilson about the coming together of two troubled people, one of whom is far braver than the other. Superbly enacted by Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tintypes—An enchanting small revue about the turn of the century in this city, with songs by around fifty songwriters of the period, and with a cast of five young singers/dancers/actors, who are as gifted as any in town. They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Mary Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, and Trey Wilson. The show was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction by Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrangement by Mr. Marvin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, the Bernstein-Sondheim-Laurents classic is in tip-top shape after twenty-three years. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—Mary Tyler Moore has taken over the role originated by Tom Conti, and the change of gender renders the protagonist's anguished self-searchings less plausible than they were. (3/17/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th

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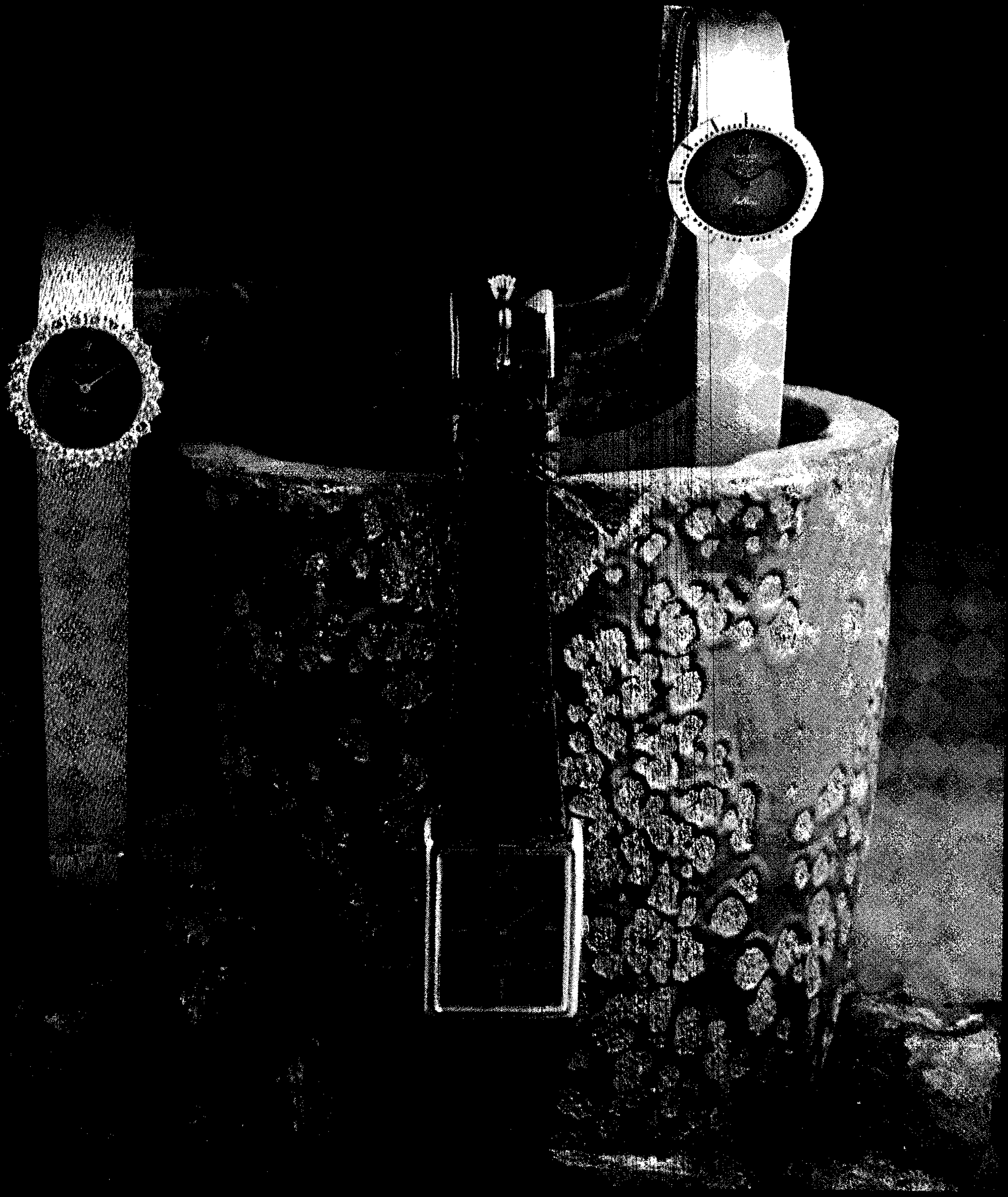

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St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,320 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **STRIDER:** The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. The music is by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SWEENEY TODD:** A musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler and twenty-odd songs by Stephen Sondheim. Dorothy Loudon and George Hearn have replaced Angela Lansbury and Len Cariou. Directed by Harold Prince. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Stockard Channing and Tony Roberts. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-tenth year under the big tent. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

Black Broadway—A three-week engagement of black musical theatre with Bobby Short, Nell Carter, Gregory Hines, John W. Bubbles, Honi Coles, Elisabeth Welch, and others. Originally presented as a one-day event at last summer's Newport Jazz Festival. Thursday, May 1, through Saturday, May 24. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 787-2020. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, May 10, at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Radio City Music Hall—Singer-dancer Ginger Rogers joins the lineup of Rockettes in a new show opening Friday, May 2, and running through Monday, May 26. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8, and Sundays at 2:30 and 6.)

Benefit Show—Hermione Gingold, Judy Kaye, Christopher Hewett, John Reardon, and Michael Kermoyan, among others, in an evening of operetta highlights from the last forty years or so. The beneficiary is the musical-theatre group Bandwagon. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. Monday, May 5, at 7:30. For reservations call 594-2869.)

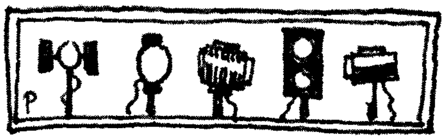
International Performing Arts Festival—Opening performances of a five-week engagement in which theatre companies from Nigeria and Great Britain as well as black and Hispanic groups from New York will perform. Tuesday through Sunday, May 6-11: "The Biko Inquest" by Jon Blair and Norman Fenton, performed by the University of Ife Theatre of Nigeria. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 799-2800. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Sunday, June 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, April 30: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 1: "Serenade," "Calcium Light Night," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 2: "Swan Lake," "Apollo," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 3: "Swan Lake," "Calcium Light Night," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Temperaments.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 3: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Apollo," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 4: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Episodes," and "Serenade.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 4: "Ballo della Regina," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 6: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 7: "Apollo," "The Cage," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 8: "The Four Temperaments," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Ballade" (première), and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 9: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 10: "Serenade," "The Cage," "Ballade," and "The Four Seasons.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 10: "Firebird," "Calcium Light Night," "Ballade," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 29.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of a ten-week engagement that will run through Saturday, July 12—Sunday, May 4, at 7:30: A benefit preview, with Alicia Alonso, Erik Bruhn, Agnes de Mille, Anton Dolin, Alexander Godunov, and Natalia Makarova, among others. (For tickets, call 757-7035.). . . ¶ Monday, May 5, at 7:30: "Theme and Variations," "Pas de Trois," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Voluntaries.". . . ¶ Tuesday, May 6, at 8: "Billy the Kid," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Concert Waltzes" (première), and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Wednesday, May 7, at 8: "Billy the Kid," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Voluntaries.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 8, at 8: "Interplay," "Billy the Kid," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Friday, May 9, at 8, and Saturday, May 10, at 2 and 8: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 25—Wednesday, May 7, at 8, and Saturday, May 10, at 2: "Later That Day" and "Inside" (both New York premières), "Les Noces," and "Memoria.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 8, and Saturday, May 10, at 8: "The Mooche," "Masekela Langage," and "Suite Otis.". . . ¶ Friday, May 9, at 8: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Fire Sermon," and "District Storyville." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)



Martha Graham Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, April 30, at 8: "Frescoes," "Judith," "Ecuatorial" (with Rudolf Nureyev), and "The Owl and the Pussycat" (with Liza Minnelli, narrator). . . . ¶ Thursday, May 1, at 8: "Diversion of Angels," "Judith," and "Appalachian Spring" (with Rudolf Nureyev). . . . ¶ Friday, May 2, at 8: "Clytemnestra" (with Rudolf Nureyev). . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 2: "Appalachian Spring," "Judith," and "Frescoes.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 8: "Diversion of Angels," "Lamentation," "Ecuatorial," "The Owl and the Pussycat," and "Episodes." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, April 30, and Saturday, May 3, at 8, and Sunday, May 4, at 2: "Dust," "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal)," and "Airs.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 1, at 8: "Aureole," "3 Epitaphs," "Nightshade," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal).". . . ¶ Friday, May 2, at 8: "Diggity," "Big Bertha," "Profiles," and "Esplanade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, May 6, at 7; Saturday, May 10, at 8; and Sunday, May 11, at 2: "Allegro Brillante," "Four Men Waiting," "Pas de Dix," and "Celestial Images" (New York première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 7, at 7, and Thursday and Friday, May 8-9, at 8: "From Gentle Circles," "Concerto Grosso," "Four Temperaments," and "Sylvia Pas de Deux." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 2: "From Gentle Circles," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Concerto Grosso," and "Pas de Dix." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by three companies. **SOPHIE MASLOW DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, April 30, and Friday, May 2, at 8, and Sunday, May 4, at 2. . . . **IBRAHIM FARRAH NEAR EAST DANCE GROUP:** Wednesday, May 7, and Friday, May 9, at 8, and Sunday, May 11, at 2. . . . **ROD RODGERS DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, May 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 10-11, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Dance at the Midtown Y—Two programs of contemporary dance. **FELICE LESSER DANCE THEATRE:** Saturday and Sunday, May 3-4, at 8. . . . **ANDY DE GROAT AND DANCERS:** Saturday and Sunday, May 10-11, at 8:30. (344 E. 14th St. 673-2207.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Friday, May 2, has been reserved for the **HEATH BROTHERS**—saxophonist **JIMMY**, bassist **PERCY**, and their hard-bop quintet; on Saturday and Sunday, May 3-4, Squeeze, a quintet from the U.K., will play rock and roll; Monday and Tuesday, May 5-6, will belong to jazz flutist **HERBIE MANN'S** ensemble and to solo guitarist **LARRY CORYELL**; on Wednesday, May 7, Pure Prairie League will perform country-rock numbers; and beginning Thursday, May 8, singer Rachel Sweet, who migrated from Akron, Ohio, to England and became a rock star there, will be onstage for three nights. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An admirable, dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded New York bar and restaurant that specializes in first-rate piano-bass duos. **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** are

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

here through Saturday, May 3; on Monday, May 5, TOMMY FLANAGAN will come in with RED MITCHELL. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The samba, both the music and the dance, pretty much reached its present form in the twenties, but its rhythms stretch back to a much earlier time—to the music of the Congo and Angola. More passionate admirers of the music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear samba music performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—BOBBY SHORT, the enthusiastic singer-pianist with scores of enthusiastic admirers, performs with his bassist, BEVERLY PEER, and his drummer, ROBBY SCOTT, in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, BARBARA CARROLL romps over the keyboard and sings a little. She's on nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reënergized New York rock scene. The schedule: Wednesday, April 30, Hittites, the Squirrels, and the Beeks; Thursday, May 1, Method, Wild Ones, and the Big Fat Pet Clams from Outer Space; Friday, May 2, Shrapnel and the Rattlers; and Saturday, May 3, Erasers, Swinging Madisons, and Nitecaps. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—Hootin', hollerin', chicken-fried steaks, chili, the Texas Two-Step, and designer jeans. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—The tables along the bank of picture windows afford a front-row seat if you like watching taxis hightail up Central Park West or simply enjoy waiting for the park trees to fill out. Farther inside the room are the musical attractions—singer and pianist RONNY WHYTE and his bassist, JACK SIX—who perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—NELLIE LUTCHER, as cheerful and preoccupied as a pecking hen, squeaks, mutters, and sings "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "This Can't Be Love," "Princess Popoli Has Plenty Papaya," and a dash of the "Hawaiian War Chant." Her accompanists are guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, DARDANELLE, the singer-pianist who has no faults, does three sets with bassist FRANK TATE at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty. On Sunday, May 4, pianist JOHN BUNCH will head up a quintet that will feature TOM HARRELL on trumpet and HAROLD ASHBY on tenor sax. They'll begin at about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled downstairs jazz room. Alto saxophonist ART PEPPER is leading his quartet through Saturday, May 3; on Tuesday, May 6, tenor saxophonist SAM RIVERS will bring in his combo. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin after nine-thirty. Dining.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A large, square, multi-tiered room on the ground floor of a typical older upper-West Side apartment house. BILLY ECKSTINE is singing here with his daughter Gina Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and eleven.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—No, it isn't a movie set; it's a SoHo night club. The music lineup: Wednesday, April 30, guitar soloist MICHAEL GREGORY JACKSON and the duo of saxophonist HENRY THREADGILL and bassist FRED HOPKINS; Thursday and Friday, May 1-2, singer and pianist AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS and duets by pianist ANTHONY DAVIS and flutist JAMES NEWTON; Saturday and Sunday, May 3-4, the duos of saxophonist MARION BROWN and pianist HILTON RUIZ and saxophonist DAVID MURRAY and pianist CURTIS CLARK; on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 6-7, singer Mark Murphy; and Thursday through Sunday, May 8-11, Raw Sugar, a jazz-funk outfit. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

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Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist JOE PUMA works with pianist HOD O'BRIEN and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays from five to nine, BROOKS KERR sings and plays piano. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist ATTILA ZOLLER and pianist DON FRIEDMAN, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist CHUCK WAYNE. Every night but Sunday, from seven to ten, is given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist.

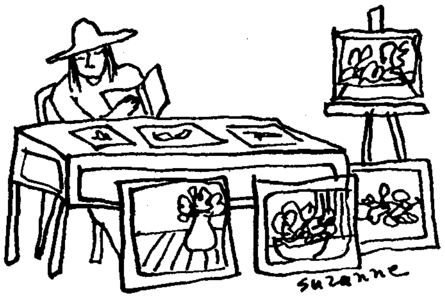
Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished oaken bar and restaurant, which is in a neighborhood that appears to be in the process of being refurbished itself. BROOKS KERR plays stride piano and sings a little in the dining room Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. MARTY NAPOLEON and his trio supply music for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by the Clash, the Specials, or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The live bands: Sorrows and Paper Men Wednesday, April 30; Judy Nylon Thursday, May 1; John Otway Friday and Saturday, May 2-3; and Sick Dick & the Volkswagens, Nigel Rollings, and Kongress Tuesday, May 6. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long, three-flight climb. On Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, the guest artist will be saxophonist AL COHN; on Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, bassist REGGIE WORKMAN'S quartet, Top Shelf, will perform. Music Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays from eight, Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. ROY ELDRIDGE is the resident legend, and he's buoyed by a quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, MAX KAMINSKY leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.



Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and with good reasons: pianist TOMMY FLANAGAN and bassist RED MITCHELL through Saturday, May 3; and pianist JIMMY ROWLES and bassist RUFUS REID beginning Tuesday, May 6. Howard Resnick plays solo piano on Sundays and Mondays. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded but authentic in its Texasness. Kinky Friedman, a Texan and humorist-folkie, performs on Wednesday, April 30; on Sunday, May 4, soul singers SAM & DAVE will be onstage; Commander Cody will lead his bluesy rock band on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 6-7; and Thursday, May 8, will belong to rockabilly patriarch CARL PERKINS. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A complex of dining rooms, with one room set aside for former big-band or pop singers. Baritone ARTHUR PRYSOCK is performing through Saturday, May 3; on Monday, May 5, ANITA O'DAY will take over. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, crowded in the eighties, and it will probably be crowded in the nineties. The lineup: Wednesday, April 30, Kongress and Justin Trouble; Thursday, May 1, Dots and Units; Friday, May 2, Get Wet and Tits; Saturday, May 3, Alan Suicide and Ants; Monday, May 5, Makers and Insect Surfers; and Tuesday, May 6, Saturn Alley and Boy Scouts. Rock nightly after ten-thirty.

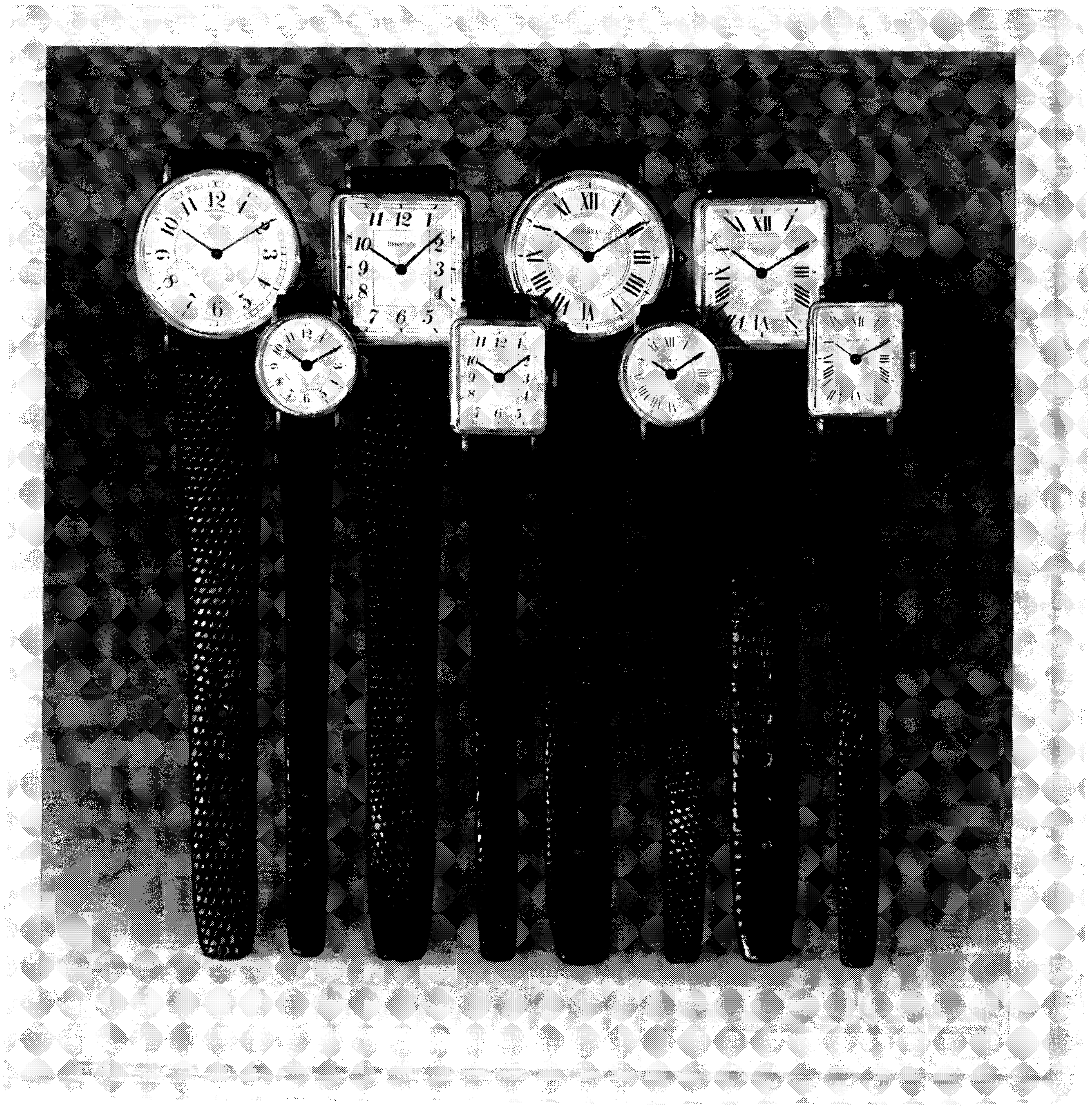
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Chicagoan BONNIE KOLOC is singing blues, ballads, and folk tunes through Saturday, May 3; on Tuesday, May 6, SYLVIA SYMS will begin a singing tribute to Frank Sinatra. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. Mondays are greeted with people lined up to see and hear Woody Allen play clarinet with a New Orleans-style septet. The septet is here from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. DEFUNKT, an avant-funk, free-soul, dissonance-and-blues septet headed up by singer and trombonist JOSEPH BOWIE, will be here Thursday through Saturday, May 1-3. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. AL HAIG, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Marshall Chapman, who comes across as the Patti Smith of rockabilly, leads her band on Wednesday, April 30; Thursday through Saturday, May 1-3, will belong to veteran folkie DAVE VAN RONK; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 6-7, blues singer JOHN LEE HOOKER will make a rare appearance; and Thursday through Saturday, May 8-10, guitarist CHARLIE BYRD will perform classical, pop, and jazz music with his trio. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems



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magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. **SY OLIVER** guides his bounce septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The famous seventies cabaret is currently presenting singer **BARBARA COOK,** who has a clear, strong, ringing soprano, and who performs Thursday through Saturday, May 1-3, at nine and eleven-thirty. Tuesday through Saturday, May 6-10, will be given over to singer Judy Kaye. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—A salute to producer Hal Prince is going on in the King Cole Room. Millicent Martin, John Cunningham, Pamela Myers, and Catherine Cox perform numbers from "West Side Story," "Cabaret," "Damn Yankees," and other Prince productions. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the French Quarter, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** is directing a quartet nightly, except Sundays, after nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Saxophonist **BUNKY GREEN** is working with pianist **CHARLES EUBANKS,** bassist **RUFUS REID,** and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** through Saturday, May 3; on Sunday and Monday, May 4-5, **CHARLES EUBANKS** will perform with a quartet; and on Tuesday, May 6, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will arrive with his quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent of the old Five Spot. Drummer Jackie Williams heads up a trio from nine-thirty Thursday through Saturday, May 1-3; and every Sunday from six to nine, and Thursday through Saturday, May 8-10, from nine-thirty, the **LOUIS HAYES** All-Stars, featuring saxophonist **FRANK STROZIER,** pianist **HAROLD MABERN,** and bassist **CLINT HOUSTON,** play some very satisfying hard bop.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the Village Vanguard, and it's not surprising. Jazz of the highest order is usually presented every night after ten. Saxophonist **BILL BARRON'S** quartet is on hand on Wednesday, April 30, and alto saxophonist **JIMMY LYONS** will lead a trio Friday through Sunday, May 2-4. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The club has been turned into one big long room; the ambience is a lot looser, and the music a lot bluesier. The partial lineup: drummer **PHILLIP WILSON & MAGIC,** a far-out but nonetheless satisfying R. & B. band, Thursday, May 1; Meg Griffin and Joe from Chicago, two former DJs from radio station WPIX, will spin records Friday, May 2; blues singer and guitarist **EDDIE KIRKLAND** will lead his band Saturday, May 3; John Ogle, another WPIX refugee, will conduct his old "Radio, Radio" interview show on the premises on Sunday, May 4; and on Saturday, May 10, Chicago-blues guitarist **JIMMY DAWKINS** will be present. Shows usually begin at ten and midnight; on Thursdays at eleven and one. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. The schedule: Wednesday, April 30, Strickly White; Thursday, May 1, Dark Day and the Love of Life Orchestra; Friday, May 2, Brenda & the Realtones; Saturday, May 3, Mix; Monday, May 5, George Sanders; and Tuesday, May 6, Ayanna Little. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the capacious downstairs room: On Friday, May 2, **MERCER ELLINGTON** will lead the Ellington orchestra at about ten-thirty and twelve-thirty; on Monday, May 5, high-wire trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** will be on hand with his band at about eight and ten-thirty; and on Saturdays the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA,** a youthful, ten-piece swing-music aggregation, performs at midnight, and dancing is encouraged. On the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio works on Tuesdays from nine.

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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** is in charge of his quintet through Sunday, May 4; on Tuesday, May 6, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** will arrive with a quintet. Mondays have been reclaimed by drummer **MEL LEWIS'S** big band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. John Weiss plays piano Monday through Wednesday; Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing (mostly) musicians; enthusiastic students. Wednesday, April 30, is devoted to tenor saxophonist George Kelly and his Jazz Sultans, and beginning Thursday, May 1, **BENNY WATERS,** a saxophonist and clarinettist who recorded with King Oliver in the twenties, will take over with his quartet. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

The Parvarim—Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Wednesday, April 30, at 8.

Jorma Kaukonen and **Vital Parts**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, May 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Rrata Christine Jones and **Olu Dara**—Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday May 2, at 8.

Gang of Four—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 473-5421. Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 11.

Pretenders—Palladium. Saturday, May 3, at 8.

BoneWorks Ensemble—Alternative Center for International Arts. Saturday, May 3, at 8.

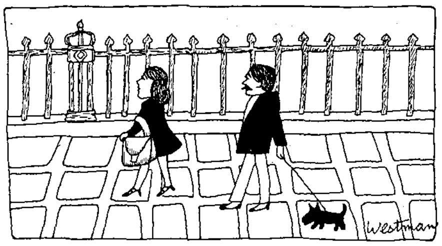
Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, Chris Woods, Kenny Barron, Buster Williams, and Mel Lewis. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, May 4, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

Oscar Brand—With Bev White and the Josh White Singers. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 5, at 8:15.)

The Crusaders—With Randy Crawford. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, May 7, at 7 and 10.)

Earl Klugh—With Bob James. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

Armen Donelian & Essence—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. 924-5026. Saturday, May 10, at 8.



John Herald and Friends—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washingto Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, May 1 at 8. For tickets, call 860-0865.

Art Lewis—With Ronnie Boykins and Jimm Vass. (Third Street Music School, 235 E 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, April 30: Chuck Israels and the National Jazz Ensemble Little Big Band. . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 2-3: Cliffor Jordan Quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq. at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set start somewhere around nine.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth floor loft. Friday, May 2, at 8:30: Georg Bishop Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, a 8:30: Elliot Sharpe. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 6, a 8:30: New Rican Village—Libre & Friends . . . ¶ Friday, May 9, at 8:30: Dave Burrell . . . ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 8:30: Sirone (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

Squat Theatre—Friday and Saturday, May 2-3 at 11 and 1: Contortions. (Squat Theatre 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are ope Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 o 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Vanessa Bell (1879-1961)—A retrospective o paintings and drawings by the Bloomsbur ornament, complete with portraits of Lytto and Morgan and Virginia and Clive an Aldous and the others. Through May 24 (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65t St.)

Anne Blodgett—Paintings of landscapes an flowers. Through Saturday, May 3. (Bodley 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Alan Davie—Large new semi-abstract painting filled with mystical West Indian symbols b a British artist who makes his home on th Caribbean island of Saint Lucia. Throug May 17. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., a 79th St.)

Alan Evan Feltus—Neoclassical studies o stony-faced women and groups of women some draped or wearing tights but most o them nude. Through Thursday, May 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Herbert Ferber—Recent sculptures (wall piece and freestanding works) done in black welded steel and accented here and there wit a sort of three-dimensional cross-hatchin made of short metal rods. Through Saturday May 10. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Jean-Michel Folon—Watercolors. Throug May 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Twenty-two earl watercolors and drawings depicting Berli decadence with Grosz's characteristic mixtur of relish and scorn. Through June 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open at noon.)

Roy Gussow—Polished stainless-steel sculpture touched with paint. Through May 22. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Michael Heizer—Three new sculptures. Throug May 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

John Heliker—New works. Through Saturday May 10. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., a 80th St.)

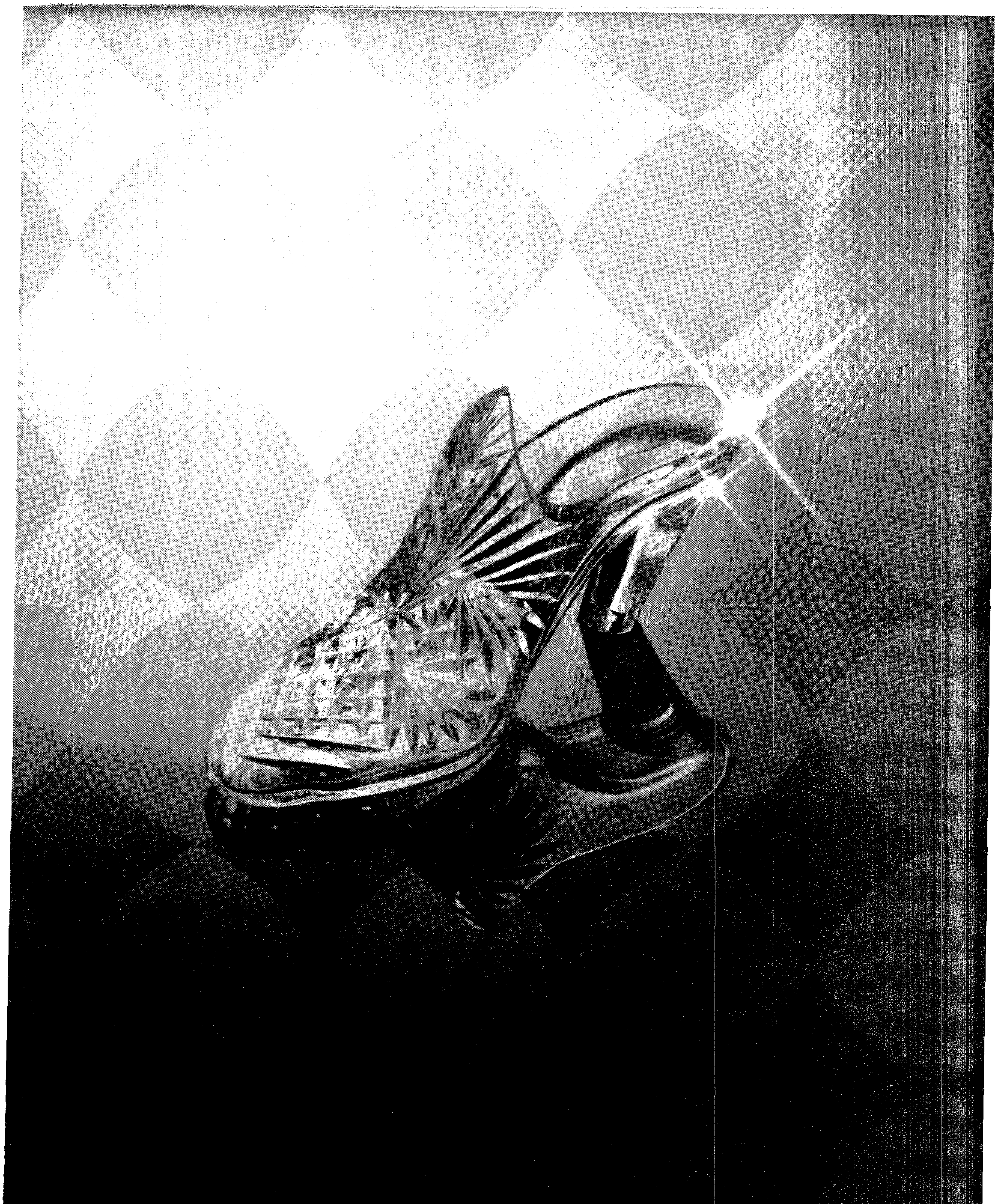
Malvina Hoffman (1885-1966)—More than fift representative pieces by an American sculpto who studied with Rodin and who made mor than a hundred studies of racial types fo Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History Through May 24. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80t St. Open Mondays.)

Ralph Humphrey—Brightly painted wall constructions, made of wood and modellin paste, that look like details from Hänsel an Gretel's gingerbread house. Through Wednesday, May 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Neil Jenney and John Tweedle—Paintings. Through May 25. (Blum Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Cynthia Mollod—Abstract paintings. Through May 24. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Mel Pekarsky—Two shows of landscapes of the Mojave Desert: drawings and watercolors at Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St., and mixed mediums on unstretched canvas at The Gallery, 112



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Greene St. (opens at noon). Both shows through Saturday, May 3.

Jean-Pierre Péricaud—Colorful new nonobjective paintings, done in acrylics laid on with a brush technique that results in a matte finish here, a glossy finish there. Through Thursday, May 8. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joel Perlman—Small steel sculptures. Through Thursday, May 8. (Ehrlich, 28 E. 74th St.)

Helen Torr (1886-1967)—Paintings, charcoals, and other drawings (still-lifes and abstractions) by an artist whose career was overshadowed by that of her husband, Arthur Dove. Through May 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Anton van Dalen—Highly stylized paintings and drawings in which the artist gives us glimpses of his childhood in wartime Holland and his present life in one of the rougher areas of the lower East Side. Through May 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Harriet Witkin—"Sidewalks of New York," a show of cement-block assemblages studded with glass, metal, marbles, and other street material. Through May 14. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Group Shows—At **A. M. ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: Small characteristic sketches by twenty-odd European masters, among them Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, and Bonnard. Through Saturday, May 3. . . . **CARUS,** 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: Works on paper by well-known Expressionists—Kirchner, Nolde, Feininger, Pechstein. Through May 24. . . . **FEIST,** 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Fifty drawings, dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, by Jacopo Palma, Paul Gavarni, and John Singer Sargent, among others. Through May 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **GOETHE HOUSE,** 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.: Abstract drawings, the earliest dated 1962, by twenty-eight German artists. Through Tuesday, May 6. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: Central Park from 1860 to the present, as viewed by painters (Prendergast, Avery, Hopper, Vickrey) and photographers (Strand, Arbus, Orkin). A benefit show. Through May 30. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Some recent acquisitions by modern masters—Matisse, Vlaminck, Braque, Pascin, and so on—including a cheerful portrait of the sculptor Oscar Mechan by his friend Modigliani, and a small black-and-white Chagall. Through June 27. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper (by Picasso, Braque, Laurens, Gris, Masson, and Léger) that were once shown at the gallery of the Parisian art dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, who died in 1979. Through June 14. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Francis Bacon—Recent paintings. Through June 7. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Barton Lidicé Beneš—Decorative works on paper, done mostly with commercial rubber stamps. Through Saturday, May 3. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Susan Crile—Abstract paintings based on aerial views and on carpet patterns. Through May 14. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Vestie Davis (1903-78)—Eighteen paintings and five serigraphs of New York life by a self-taught folk artist. Through Wednesday, May 7. (Johnson, 72 E. 56th St. Opens at noon.)

Martha Diamond—Paintings in which architectural forms are reduced to simple abstractions and set forth in strong colors. Through Saturday, May 10. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Late works—three sculptures, a wall construction, drawings, and paintings—by a Constructivist. Through Saturday, May 10. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Bernard Dreyfus—Sketchily painted figures, sometimes in dense crowds, sometimes in a row across the horizon, and sometimes in small groups, painted in acrylic on wood and covered with a glassy surface of transparent varnish. Through May 17. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Norris Embry—Expressionist paintings and works on paper from the last decade. Through Saturday, May 3. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Alan Gussow—Recent abstract paintings derived from this environmentalist artist's studies of the soil and growing things. Through Saturday, May 3. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

David Hare—Large, semi-abstract paintings devoted to elephants and flying heads. Also sculptures from the forties and fifties. Through Saturday, May 3. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Will Insley / Gary Bower—Plans and elevations for a labyrinthine superstructure. / Two new paintings in which human hands, a sleeping female figure, and patches of flowers are recognizable in an abstract context. Through Saturday, May 10. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

William King—Huge new works, mostly lanky wooden figures with slatlike legs—the Statue of Liberty, for instance, clad in burlap and standing fourteen feet tall, and an overweening poet, a foot taller. Through Friday, May 9. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings and prints. Through May 17. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Moshe Kupferman—Oil paintings and acrylic and graphite drawings. Through Saturday, May 3. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

Vincent Longo—Acrylic paintings in which the canvas is repeatedly crisscrossed with tapes, painted over, and peeled, leaving a grille-like surface. Through Saturday, May 3. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Raymond Mason—Crowds are this sculptor's specialty—especially the crowds that gather on the scene of a mine disaster or a street accident. The figures are usually about a foot high, cast in epoxy, and painted with acrylics. Through Saturday, May 3. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael Mazur—Paintings that deal with violence in pastoral settings. Also oil studies of studio still-life objects. Through May 24. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Maud Morgan / George Grant—Mulberry-paper collages. / Constructions and plaster paintings. Through May 17. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jules Olitski / Alexander Liberman—Color-field abstractions. Through May 14. / Nonobjective paintings on paper. Through May 21. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

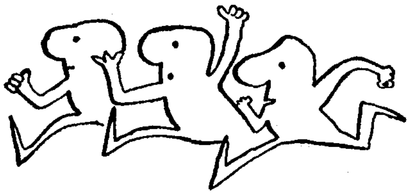
Meret Oppenheim—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through May 24. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Basilios Poulos / Tony Robbin—Abstract compositions in which two or more broad slats of color are superimposed on a solid-color ground and interspersed with dribbles of still another color. Through Thursday, May 8. / Geometric pattern paintings. Through May 22. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tim Prentice / Ben Benson—Boxlike sculptures in a fine-gauge wire mesh, with other boxes inside them, all hanging from the ceiling like Cubist clouds. / Small Minimalist paintings in watercolor or oil on paper with touches of collage. Through Saturday, May 10. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Hollis Sigler—Naïvely executed craypas drawings of interiors. Through Saturday, May 3. (Gladstone, 38 E. 57th St.)

Racelle Strick—Recent works in which the artist adds emblematic designs to the uniformly striated backgrounds she is known for. Through May 17. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)



Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901)—More than a hundred and twenty-five lithographs, posters, book illustrations, and song-sheet covers from 1891 to 1899. Through May 31. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

A. A. Ushenko—Allegorical paintings. Through May 17. (Viridian, 24 W. 57th St.)

Sally Vagliano—Landscapes in all seasons. Oils and collages. Through May 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jo Warner—Still-life paintings. Through May 15. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Jeff Way—*Large paintings*—Astaire and his little son dancing, a Western singer, an Indian warrior—in which a sort of double exposure accents certain details. Through Saturday, May 10. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

The Geometric Tradition in American Painting 1920-1980—A two-gallery show, at the Pearl and the Esman, both at 29 West 57th St. Paintings and drawings from the twenties to the sixties by Demuth, Leon Polk Smith, Charmion von Wiegand, and others at the Pearl; and works from the sixties to the present by Albers, Stella, Dorothea Rockburne, LeWitt, and others at the Esman. Through May 17.

Group Shows—At the **DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Braque, Dubuffet, Ernst, and Matta. Through May 24. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: About sixty paintings and drawings (plus two sculptures) by Americans, dating from 1840 to the present. Six Demuth and three Homer watercolors and a seated bronze figure by Leonard Baskin are standouts. Through May 23.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Allan Adams / Leonard Dufresne—A full-size carpentry shop carved out of maple—drill press, table saw, lathe, cabinets full of tools and clamps and beer bottles and odds and ends. / Small acrylic paintings of figures in interiors. Through May 17. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Laurie Anderson / Janis Provisor—This artist writes down her dreams and has other people read them, and this show consists of dim, blown-up photographs of the readers (a dozen of them) and audiotapes of the readings. / Thickly painted abstract canvases incorporating symbols of Indian and Mexican culture. Through Saturday, May 3. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Ed Baynard—Outsize watercolors (five feet tall and forty inches wide) of flowers in vases—orchids, irises, gladioli, day lilies, and roses among them. Through May 15. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Monica Bernier—Figure paintings and drawings. First solo show in New York. Through Wednesday, May 7. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Sundays.)

Natalie Bieser / Bill Richards—Abstract watercolors inspired by landscapes. / Detailed graphite drawings of fernswamps, underbrush, saplings, and so on, in which the pale plants stand out against a delicately shaded background. Through Wednesday, May 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

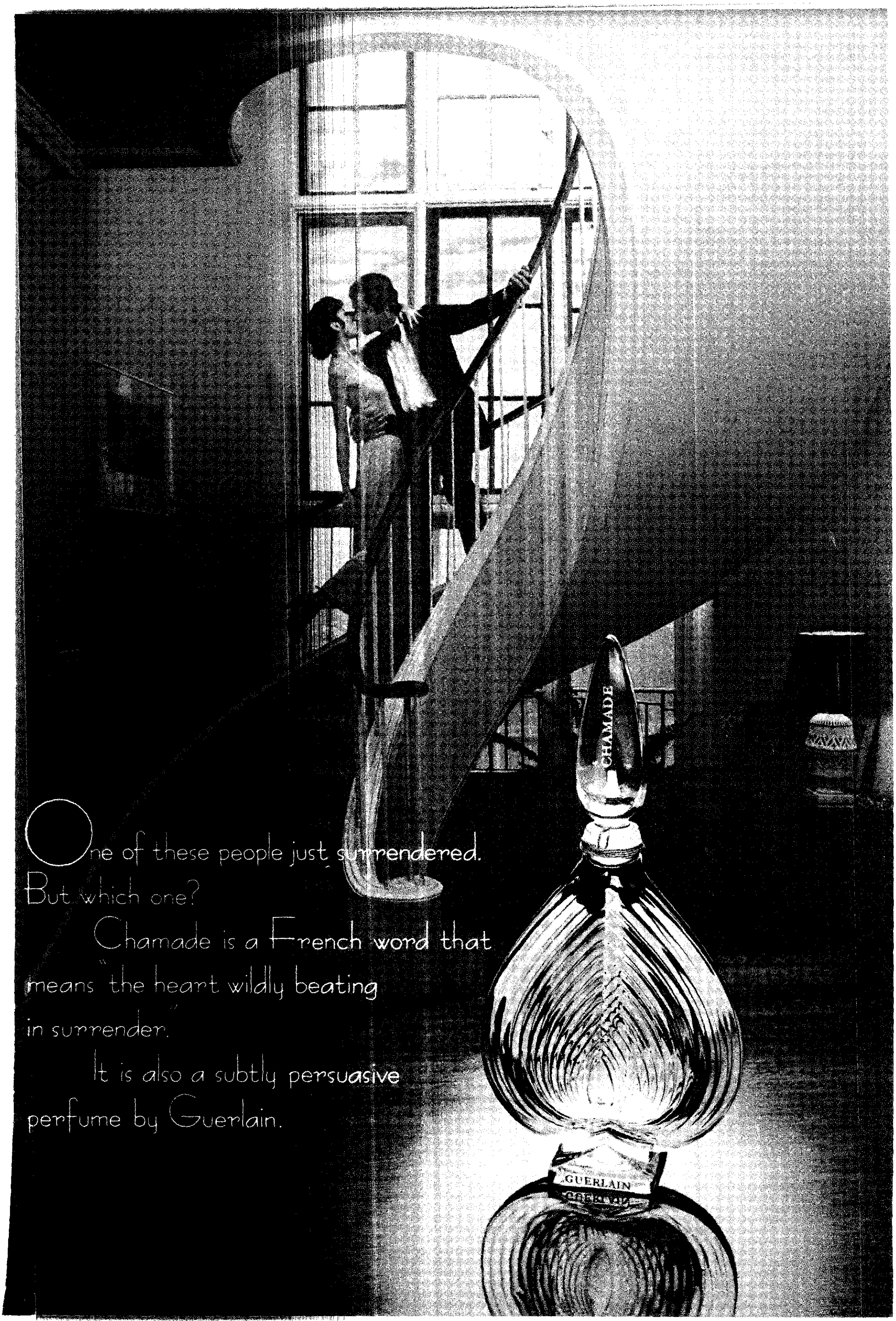
Jack Bosson and Domenick Capobianco—Abstract paintings. Through May 17. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Mark Boyle—Fibre-glass castings with which selected six-by-six sections of dirty London gutters, plowed Sardinian farmland, rocky Australian hillsides, and so on are re-created, incorporating as much of the original gravel, dirt, and detritus as the artist, a Scot, could manage. They are hung on the wall like paintings. Through Saturday, May 3. (Cowles, a new gallery occupying the fifth floor at 420 West Broadway.)

Ernest Briggs / Edmond Casarella—Large abstract paintings in which the emphasis is on broad, solid brush strokes. / Abstract collages. Through Thursday, May 8. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Alan Cote—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 10. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Eric Fischl—Large-scale paintings of homely domestic situations (a nude man shaving, a girl resting beside her sewing machine, a boy



One of these people just surrendered.
But which one?

Chamade is a French word that means "the heart wildly beating in surrender."

It is also a subtly persuasive perfume by Guerlain.

Consumer Orientation

No. 4 in a Series
of Technical Papers

4

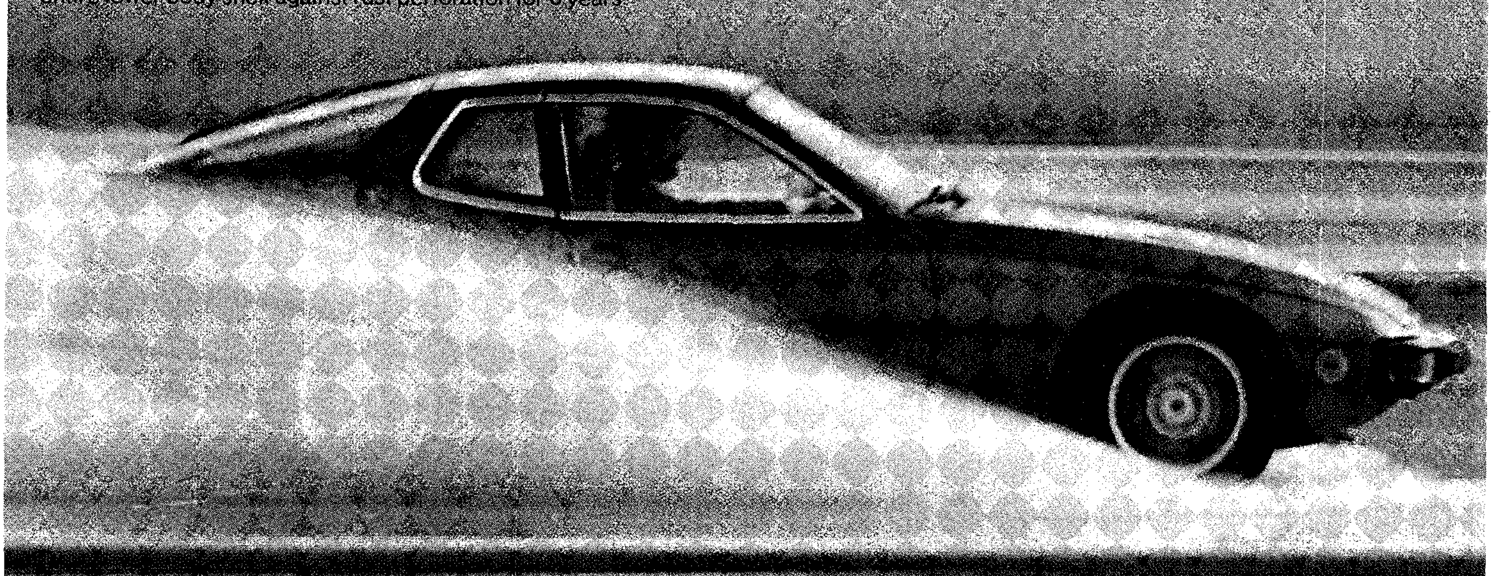
Subject:
Body Longevity.
The Cathodic Rust
Protection of Zinc.

Porsche 924

Porsche+Audi
Nothing
Even Comes
Close

Paint alone is no protection against rust. Moisture—and other corrosive elements—can attack metal through pinholes on a painted surface. Unchecked, rust can expand, mar the finish, and weaken an ordinary steel body. And so, in addition to a 4-step paint process, the Porsche 924, like all Porsches, is protected by a hot dip galvanizing process.

All of the sheet steel in the 924 is hot dip galvanized in a zinc bath. This produces a zinc oxide that actually grows into any damaged portion of the paint skin—plugging pinholes and preventing further corrosion. In fact, with the introduction of the 1980 model year, Porsche warrants the entire lower body shell against rust perforation for 6 years.*



1. The Porsche 924's sheet steel is drawn through a 500°C liquid zinc bath.

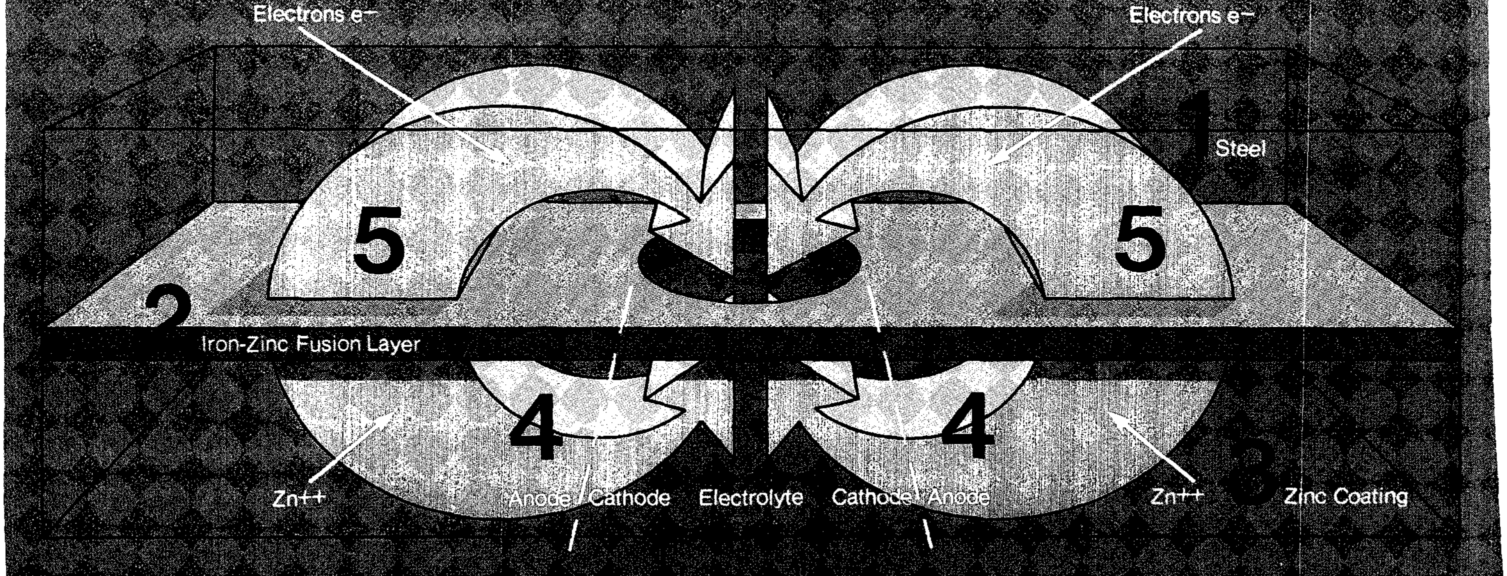
2. The high temperature causes the zinc to diffuse into the steel, creating an iron-zinc fusion layer.

3. When the galvanized sheet is taken out of the bath, a pure zinc protective coating forms on the fusion layer.

If the zinc coating is damaged so that the steel is exposed, and if moisture contacts the damaged spot, the moisture acts as an electrolyte, producing a local galvanic element.

4. Between iron and zinc, there is a voltage potential of approximately 0.3 volts. Because zinc has a negative potential, it becomes the anode.

5. The result is an ion migration from zinc to iron, neutralizing the exposed steel surface. The zinc sacrifices itself to the steel and protects the damaged spot against iron rust. The process is called the cathodic rust protection of zinc.



*Porsche+Audi warrants that Porsche vehicles are free from rust perforation for the duration of 6 years. If rust perforation develops under normal use and service, and the vehicle has been maintained in accordance with manufacturer's requirements, any Porsche+Audi authorized dealer will replace or repair the defective parts free of charge.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

taking a bath in a washtub), plus drawings in oil on glassine sheets. Through Saturday, May 3. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Jane Greengold—A conceptual show built around the color blue. Through May 15. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Robert Henry—Twenty paper panels depicting watercolor views of a country walk on Martha's Vineyard constitute one work in a show that also includes unstretched canvases and folding screens. Through Wednesday, May 7. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Richard Long—The artist re-creates on the gallery wall walks he has taken in Mexico and the British Isles, telling the story in maps, photographs, and writing. Also, on the floor, two slate pieces. Through May 17. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Cynthia Mailman / Sylvia Sleigh—"Commuter Landscapes," done in pale acrylics, depicting industrial suburbs, and colored Xerox prints of photographs showing uninspiring stretches of throughways—these worked over with paints by the artist. / Small watercolors of stones, and oils of flowers, mostly pansies. Through May 14. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Bruce Nauman / Cletus Johnson—Knee-high plaster sculptures (some dyed), drawings, and a neon work that spells "Malice" backward and forward. / Lighted architectural miniatures hung in a darkened room. Through May 17. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Jim Nutt / Cham Hendon—Colored-pencil drawings of a porno-surrealist world inhabited by fantasy creatures. / Paintings that satirize modern interior decoration and art-school heroes, including Matisse, among other targets. Through May 17. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

David Robinson—Eight surrealist paintings of interiors. Through Saturday, May 10. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Stephen Rosenthal / Joe Breidel—Minimalist paintings. / Watercolors, drawings, and photographs that have the horizon line as their starting point. Through May 21. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Paul Rotterdam—Acrylic and encaustic paintings based on architectural forms. Also works on paper. Through Saturday, May 3. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Alan Shields—Paintings. Through May 21. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Peggy Wood—Still-lifes, interiors, and figure paintings, and collages. Through Wednesday, May 7. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Group Show—Sixty-two works on paper by twelve contemporary artists. Included are cardboard maquettes by Dennis Leder, charcoal landscapes by Peter Wise, large abstract oil pastels by Laura Russell, and a floor drawing, intended to be walked on, by John Fekner. Through May 31. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Ralph Fasanella—Primitive paintings depicting a 1912 textile strike in Lawrence, Massachusetts. Through June 6. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Herbert George—Two plaster reliefs based on the Parthenon. Also drawings. Through May 17. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

David Hockney—A hundred and fifty drawings and prints. Through Saturday, May 3. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Bernard Tschumi—An architectural installation about three times human scale. Through Saturday, May 10. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Krzysztof Wodiczko / Linda Francis—Three slides, made from magazine pictures of politicians, projected on a wall. / Black-chalk drawings on white etching paper. Through May 21. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

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Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Lithographs taken from his early drawings for houses and other buildings. Through May 17. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Group Show—Works in a variety of mediums by eleven artists who work in Ohio. Through June 26. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eldée Elisabeth Duschnitz and Alain Sabatier—Photographs of Provence; hers are from the forties and fifties, while his are all in color and dated 1966. Through May 30. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Fritz Henle—A fifty-year retrospective. Through May 31. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Tana Hoban / Marcia Keegan—Still-lifes and portraits. / Photographs of the American Southwest. Through Saturday, May 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Len Jenshel—Color photographs of coastlines in California, Maine, and New York. Through Saturday, May 3. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Gernot Kuehn—Flash pictures of Hollywood night life, and black-and-white photographs of Europeans who live in isolated areas. Through May 24. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Clara Sipprell (1885-1975)—Thirty still-lifes, landscapes, and portraits (of Käsebier, Stieglitz, and others) by a Pictorialist whose 1932 work "New York—Old and New" was one of the first photographs acquired by the Museum of Modern Art. Through May 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

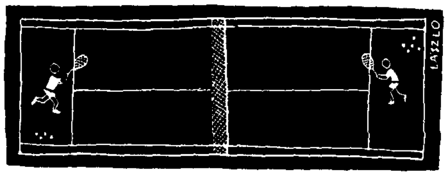
Tad Yamashiro—Central Park is the subject of these large silver-emulsion prints, shown in panels. Through May 30. (Arsenal Gallery, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Becky Young—Color photographs, mostly nudes, including two triptychs. Through Thursday, May 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At **EX LIBRIS**, 160A E. 70th St.: Vintage prints by thirty artists whose works were included in a 1929 exhibition of avant-garde photography in Stuttgart. Among the thirty are Renger-Patzsch, Weston, Kertész, Abbott, and Piet Zwart. Through June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Robert Flaherty's documentation of the Inuit people of Arctic Quebec, taken between 1910 and 1922 and consisting of close to a hundred and forty prints, a quarter or so of them vintage. Flaherty's classic film "Nanook of the North" is shown Tuesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ Judith Turner showing architectural studies. Both shows through May 18. (Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: A show of European photographs of a hundred years or so ago, which is both a prelude to a show of Atget prints due here in May and a sample of the kind of photographs that may have influenced him. Through Saturday, May 3.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of Bronze Age artifacts from China—bronzes, jades, and terra-cottas—including a representative group of the "underground army" of life-size terra-cotta horses and warriors excavated from a tomb in 1974. Through July 6. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The galleries are closed while the museum prepares for a full-house Picasso show set to open May 22. The downstairs theatre floor remains open. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Spanish artist Eduardo Chillida is showing more than sixty abstract sculptures from the past thirty years, in metal, wood, and alabaster. Also, works on paper. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and videotapes by nine contemporary Spanish artists showing here for the first time. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through May 11.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and twenty sculptures and related drawings by Alexander Calder, Louise Nevelson, Joseph Cornell, Donald Judd, and more than fifty other American artists which were given to the museum over the past twenty-five years by Howard and Jean Lipman. Through June 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings of Marsden Hartley. Through May 25. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings by American folk artists (Hannah Cohoon, Edward Hicks, Rufus Porter), most of whom worked in the nineteenth century. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Ten major paintings and a number of prints and drawings by John Sloan, whose work was in the Whitney Museum's inaugural exhibition, in 1931. Through June 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Working women portrayed in paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs (from 1840 to 1945) by Peggy Bacon, Winslow Homer, Doris Ulmann, James M. Flagg, and others. Through May 28. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3, and Saturdays, noon to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Turn-of-the-century Belgian art—paintings, sculptures, graphics, and decorative objects—by more than forty artists, among them James Ensor and Henri van de Velde. Through June 29. . . . ¶ "The Goddess in Indian Art," an exhibition of forty-six sculptures and paintings spanning nineteen centuries and depicting the symbol of fertility in Indian art and mythology. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A show of figurative paintings, drawings, and prints by twenty-six artists (Lennart Anderson, Audrey Frank, Pat Mainardi, and Laura Shechter are four of them) who live near the museum. Through June 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary utilitarian crafts—furniture, quilts, clothing, and so forth—by seventy-two American artists. Through May 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Treasures from the Rietberg Museum"—i.e., sixty-six works of Asian art on loan from this Zurich collection noted for its holdings of large stone sculptures from India and China, as well as for bronzes, paintings, and other antiquities. Through June 22. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of American ceramics, mostly decorative, dating from 1878 to 1978, by George Ohr, Carl Walters, Mary Frank, Kenneth Price, and Louise Nevelson, among others. Through May 25. . . . ¶ More than a hundred oil sketches by the nineteenth-century landscapist Frederic Edwin Church; a number of drawings of his villa (*Olana*) overlooking the Hudson are included. Through July 27. . . . ¶ A selection of the museum's architectural drawings, dating from the sixteenth century to the present, for projects that are grand in either scale or concept. Through June 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese drawings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, most of them executed in either ink or watercolor, including twenty representative works by Hokusai. Through June 1. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Ceremonial objects, textiles, photographs, and documents (some dating back to the seventeenth century) sent to New York for safekeeping in 1939 by the Jewish community of Danzig. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings. Through July 31. . . . ¶ A show of triptychs, enamels, and manuscripts, centering on the twelfth-century Romanesque gold-and-enamel Stavelot (Belgium) triptych—a reliquary of the True Cross, and a high example of Mosan School art. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"The Elegant Eighties," a costume show of fashions worn in the last century by well-to-do New Yorkers. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of more than a hundred nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century drawings of Paris, on loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through June 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A roundup of objects pertaining to thoroughbred racing in New York: paintings, prints, sculptures, and mementos. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A show of more than a hundred examples of nineteenth-century silver pieces designed by and made at Tiffany & Co. Through Sunday, May 4. . . . ¶ Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Through Aug. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Fifty etchings and lithographs by Camille Pissarro, as well as twenty-five prints by fellow-Impressionists Renoir, Manet, Degas, and others. Through July 15. (Open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Betye Saar, the Los Angeles artist, is showing assemblages, some on view for the first time. Through June 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Paintings, photographs, and other works by seven artists from Toronto; a film with sound by Bruno Bussman; an installation by Guy De Cointet. Through Saturday, May 10.

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Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Solo exhibitions by Anne Flournoy, Kay Rosen, and M. Kathryn Mish, through Saturday, May 10.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Ampersand (music), Wednesday, April 30, at 8:30; Phill Niblock (music with film), Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 8:30; Ralston Farina (performance), Thursday, May 8, at 8:30; a sound installation by Jack Goldstein, through Saturday, May 10; six programs of short and feature-length films by nineteen artists, Sunday through Tuesday, May 4-6, at 7:30 and 10.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Paintings, drawings, photographs, videotapes, sculptures, and other works by a number of artists, among them Roger Brown, Robert Gordy, John Tweddle, and Joel-Peter Witkin. Through June 15. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 4, from 2 to 4: Videotapes by Susan Britton, Colin Campbell, Elizabeth Chitty, and Noel Harding.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah," staged by Nicholas Muni, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

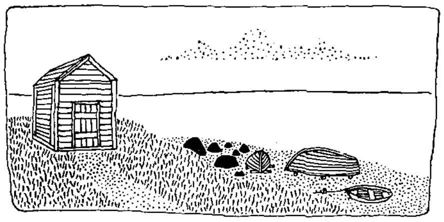
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting the final performances of the regular season: A Mozart-Penderecki-Mahler program on Thursday, May 1, and Saturday, May 3, at 8 (both with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone). . . . A Strauss-Corigliano-Dvořák program on Friday, May 2, at 8 (with Lorne Munroe, cello; Sol Greitzer, viola; and Stanley Drucker, clarinet). . . . ¶ Pinchas Zukerman conducting and acting as both violist and violinist in two special performances of the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos on Thursday and Friday, May 8-9, at 8.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Wednesday, April 30, at 8: A Beethoven-Stravinsky program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 8: Performances of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Isobel Buchanan, soprano; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; and the Chicago Symphony Chorus.

Osaka Philharmonic—Takashi Asahina conducting this Japanese orchestra in its first appearance here. With Masuko Ushioda, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 30, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting a Shostakovich-Mahler program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 6, at 8.)



Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 30, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Wednesday, April 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the final concert of the season, this one a Rachmaninoff-Saint-Saëns program, with Steven De Groote, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 8, and Sunday, May 4, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 3, at 8, and Sunday, May 4, at 2.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting an all-Haydn program, with the St. Thomas Choir of Men and Boys. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, May 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Orchestra of New York—Paul Dunkel conducting a program that includes the première of Manuel Gonzalez's one-act opera "El Jibaro." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 5, at 7.)

"Vespers of 1610"—Richard Westenburg directing a chorus of forty and a symphony orchestra in a performance of Monteverdi's "Vespers." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, May 4, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Karen Smith, soprano; Glenda Maurice, mezzo-soprano; David Britton, tenor; Michael Riley, baritone; and David Ralph, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead and Paul LaMedick directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

RECITALS

Marilyn Dubow and Allen Shawn—Violin and piano, in a program of twentieth-century American music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet, with Benita Valente, soprano, and Lee Luvisi, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 30, at 8.)

Kristi Bjarnason—Cello. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 1, at 8.)

Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 1, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Three of the concerts in a series of six presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 1; Tuesday, May 6; and Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

Waverly Waits—Michael Jaffee conducting an ensemble of twenty-three in a program of festive and ceremonial music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries played on authentic instruments of the times. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 1, and Saturday, May 3, at 8.)

John Challener—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 2, at 8.)

Richard Goode and Claus Adam—Piano and cello. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, May 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music—Oscar Shumsky, violin; Paula Robison, flute; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; and Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 4, at 2.)

Marianna Ciraulo—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 5:45.)

Emily Mitchell—Harp. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 3, at 8:30.)

Alicia Schacter—Piano, in an all-Bach program. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 4, at 3.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano, in the first of two identical performances; the second will take

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

place May 11. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 4.)

Constance Emmerich and Gerard Reuter—Piano and oboe, with Charles Neidich, clarinet; David Jolley, French horn; and Atsuko Sato, bassoon. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, May 4, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ani Kavafian and Daniel Phillips, violin; Walter Trampler and Donald McInnes, viola; Lynn Harrell, cello; and Emanuel Ax, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, May 5-6, at 7:30.)

Robelyn Schrade—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 5:45.)

For the Love of Music—The last in a series of programs of chamber music, this one a Hindemith-Franck-Schubert program, performed by Toby Appel, viola; David Golub, piano; Ida Kavafian and Richard Sortomme, violin; Warren Lash, cello; and Richard Fredrickson, bass. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 4, at 7:30.)

Tana Bawden—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, May 4, at 8.)

Shirley Verrett—Soprano, in a benefit concert postponed from April 8. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 5, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program of music of our time that includes the New York première of Charles Wuorinen's "Percussion Duo." With Bethany Beardslee, soprano. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 6, at 8.)

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The last in a series of one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by Simon Preston. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 7, at 5:30.)

Diane Walsh—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 7, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 7, at 8.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone, in the first in a series of three recitals, this one with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; John Steele Ritter, harpsichord; Beverly Lauridsen, cello; and Donald Palma, double bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

Geofrey and Gregóry Bonenberger—Classical guitar duo. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

Smithsonian 20th Century Consort—A program of contemporary music performed by an ensemble from Washington making its first appearance here. With Hermione Gingold and Russell Oberlin, narrators. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The final concert of the season will include two premières: David Winkler's "Duo for Clarinet and Piano" and Stephen Peles' "Impromptu," performed by Rebecca LaBrecque, piano; Laura Flax, clarinet; Randall Wolfgang, oboe; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

Barbara Hendricks—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Gian Carlo Menotti's Mass—Clayton Westermann directing the Manhattanville College Chorus, the Hofstra Singers, and the Hunter Symphony; with Betsy Norden, soprano; Sofia Steffan, mezzo-soprano; Gene Tucker, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (St. Ignatius Loyola Church, 980 Park Ave., at 84th St. Sunday, May 4, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Benefit Concert—Pinchas Zukerman and Itzhak Perlman playing violin duets; Kay Mazzo and Helgi Tomasson dancing "Afternoon of a Faun;" the Billy Taylor jazz trio; and Theodore Bikel singing. The beneficiary is Symphony Space, where this event takes place: Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Monday, May 5, at 8.

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday and Thursday, April 30-May 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday, May 2, at 8:05; Saturday, May 3, at 2:05; and Sunday, May 4, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Monday through Wednesday, May 5-7, at 8:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, at 8.

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Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 3.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 3.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Saturday, May 3; Tuesday, May 6; and, if necessary, Saturday, May 10, all at 8.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 3; the Vagrancy Handicap, Sunday, May 4; and the Withers, Saturday, May 10. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 3.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Dallas. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, May 4, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Tournament of Champions. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Monday through Friday, May 5-9, at 1:30; semifinals Saturday, May 10, at 12:30; and finals Sunday, May 11, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 478-2045.)

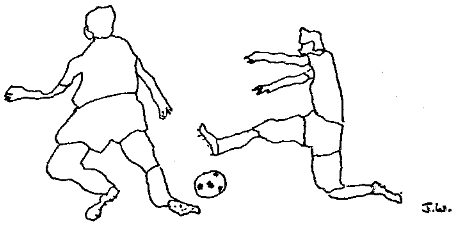
Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, May 22. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Marilyn Hacker reading from her own works. (Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, 263 W. 86th St., at West End Ave. Friday, May 2, at 8. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Lawrence Raab and Tess Gallagher reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 5, at 8.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Eight sales of Americana. Wednesday, April 30, at 10:15: Silver. . . . Wednesday, April 30, at 2: Paintings. . . . Thursday, May 1, at 10:15: Chinese Export porcelains. . . . Thursday, May 1, at 2: Folk sculpture from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Andrews. . . . Friday, May 2, at 10:15: Glass, decoys, and miniature bird carvings. . . . Friday, May 2, at 2: Pewter, lighting devices, and furniture. . . . Saturday, May 3, at 10:15: Quilts, naïve paintings, pottery, tinware, hooked rugs, scrimshaw, and folk art. . . . Saturday, May 3, at 2: Hearth equipment, decorations, clocks, and furniture. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, May 6-7, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by such artists as Braque, Picasso, and Signac. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 3. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 8, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 3. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, May 2, at 10 and 2: Old Master, modern, and contemporary prints. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 6, at 10 and 2: Chinese works of art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 7, at 10 and 2: Tribal art from Africa and the Americas, and Latin-American and Spanish colonial paintings from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 1.



COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Automobile Racing—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 25.

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, May 11 (day). Kansas City, May 12-14 (night). Texas, May 16-17 (n) and May 18 (d). Detroit, May 26 (d) and May 27-28 (n). Toronto, May 30-31 (n) and June 1 (d). . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, May 20-22 (night). Atlanta, May 23 (n) and May 24-25 (day). St. Louis, June 3-5 (n). Pittsburgh, June 6 (n), June 7 (d), and June 8 (day doubleheader). Los Angeles, June 9-11 (n).

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. May 11.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday. May 29-31.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London, June 7.)

Racing—At **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 17. . . . **BELMONT**: May 21-July 28. The Belmont, June 7. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: May 23-Sept. 1. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: May 26-July 19. . . . **EPSOM**, England: The Derby, June 4. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: June 5-Sept. 13.

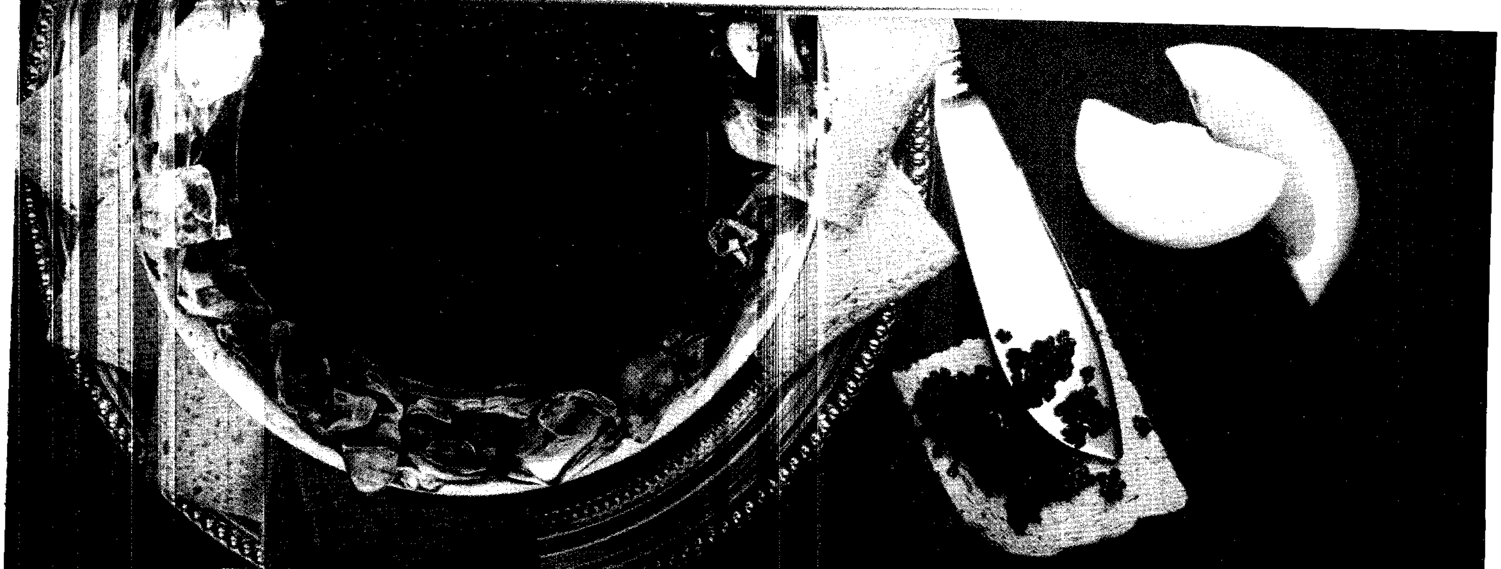
Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos games on May 11, 21, 24, and 26, and June 4 and 8.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: May 23-Aug. 7.

Music—**AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): Vladimir Horowitz, piano, May 11. . . . ¶ New York Philharmonic Spring Festival: Beethoven 1980, May 14-June 6. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, June 4, 7, and 10. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): Detroit Symphony Orchestra, May 12, 14, and 16. . . . ¶ Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, May 17. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, May 18. . . . ¶ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, May 19 and 23. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): American Composers Orchestra, May 12. . . . ¶ Chamber Orchestra of New York, May 20. . . . ¶ Henriette Kristhea, soprano, May 30. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL** (427-4410): Emanuel Ax, piano, and Warren Lash, cello, May 13. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, May 15 and 22. . . . ¶ Anthony and Joseph Paratore, duo-piano, May 17. . . . ¶ Zvi Zeitlin, violin, May 28. . . . ¶ Turan-Mirza Kamal, classical guitar, May 29. . . . ¶ Richard Sher, cello, and Richard Goode, piano, June 2. . . . ¶ Edward Auer, piano, June 3. . . . ¶ Robert Mann, violin, and Emanuel Ax, piano, June 5 and 9.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Musical Chairs," with music and lyrics by Tom Savage, and a book by Barry Berg, Ken Donnelly, and Mr. Savage. Lee Meredith, Ron Holgate, Brandon Maggart, and Patti Karr head the cast. . . . ¶ A magic show, "Blackstone!," with Harry Blackstone, Jr., and a troupe of fifty—plus an elephant, a tiger, and a camel. . . . ¶ "Billy Bishop Goes to War," a two-man musical entertainment by John Gray that has Eric Peterson in the title role and Mr. Gray at the piano. . . . ¶ Michael Learned and Kevin McCarthy will be the leads in "After the Season," a play by Corinne Jacker. . . . ¶ "Fearless Frank," a musical based on Frank Harris's autobiography "My Life and Loves." David Brown composed the music, Andrew Davies wrote the book and lyrics, and Niall Toibin is the star. . . . ¶ Micki Grant's "It's So Nice to Be Civilized," for which she wrote the book, music, and lyrics. Mabel King and Vivian Reed will have the leading roles. . . . ¶ Dick Van Dyke will have the title role in a revival of "The Music Man," Meredith Willson's classic based on a story written by him and Franklin Lacey. Michael Kidd did the choreography and he will direct. . . . ¶ A thriller, "Spine Chiller," by George Baxt, with Margaret Hamilton, Carleton Carpenter, and Helen Gallagher.

Other Dates—Park Avenue Antiques Show, at the 7th Regiment Armory, May 22-26. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 24-26, May 31-June 1, and June 7-8. . . . ¶ Memorial Day will be observed on Monday, May 26.



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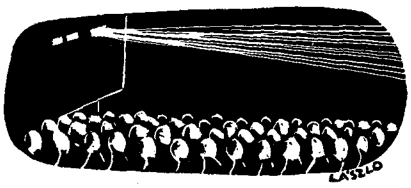

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 23. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"L'Age d'Or" and "Un Chien Andalou." (No performances on Monday, May 5.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
April 30: "Young Törless" and "Before the Revolution."
May 1-3: "Heart of Glass" and "Stroszek."
May 4-5: "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman" and "Xala."
May 6-7: "Une Femme Douce" and "Effi Briest."
May 8-10: "The Lacemaker" and "Violette."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 1: "Hide in Plain Sight" and "Boxcar Bertha."
May 2-8: "Simon" and "Saint Jack."
From May 9: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"All That Jazz."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 1: "Death Ship."
May 2-8: To be announced.
From May 9: "The Nude Bomb."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Heart Beat."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 8: "Serial."
From May 9: "Friday the 13th."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 1: "ffolkes."
From May 2: "The 39 Steps."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Heart Beat."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through May 1: "Incorrigible."
From May 2: "All That Jazz."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Best Boy."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Gilda Live."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Soupçon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nijinsky."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Tin Drum."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through May 3: "Simon."
From May 4: "On the Nickel."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Where the Buffalo Roam."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through May 8: "Sitting Ducks."
From May 9: "The Nude Bomb."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through May 1: "All That Jazz."
From May 2: "Happy Birthday, Gemini."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Being There."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Serial."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 1: "Just Tell Me What You Want."
May 2-8: "Simon."
From May 9: "Apocalypse Now."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 1: "Sitting Ducks."
From May 2: "Happy Birthday, Gemini."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Little Darlings."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through May 1: "Death Ship."
From May 2: "Enter the Dragon."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Black Stallion."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8000)
Theatre 1: Through May 10 (tentative): "Where the Buffalo Roam."
Theatre 2: Through May 8 (tentative): "ffolkes." From May 9 (tentative): "The Nude Bomb."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Being There."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Where the Buffalo Roam."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Simon." From May 2: "Simon" and "Sitting Ducks."
Theatre 2: Through May 1: "Wise Blood." From May 2: "Happy Birthday, Gemini."
Theatre 3: Through May 8: "Norma Rae." From May 9: "Runnin' After Love."
Theatre 4: Through May 1: "Sitting Ducks." From May 2: "The 39 Steps."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 1: "The Watcher in the Woods."
From May 2: "Fantasia."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through May 8: "Being There."
From May 9: "Charles and Lucie."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Where the Buffalo Roam."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through May 1: "Clair de Femme."
From May 2: "The 39 Steps."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Eboli."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Heart Beat."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Knife in the Head."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through May 8: "Norma Rae."
From May 9: "Apocalypse Now."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Simon." From May 2: "Gilda Live."
Theatre 2: "Heart Beat."
Theatre 3: "ffolkes."
Theatre 4: "All That Jazz."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Being There."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through May 1: "Wise Blood."
From May 2: "Clair de Femme."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 1: "Hide in Plain Sight" and "Rich Kids."
May 2-8: "Simon" and "The Frisco Kid."
From May 9: "Little Darlings" and "Saturday Night Fever."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Heart Beat." (†)
Theatre 2: Through May 1: "Sitting Ducks." (†) From May 2: "Last Rites."
Theatre 3: "The Rose."
Theatre 4: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
Theatre 5: Through May 1: "Wise Blood." (†) From May 2: "The Changeling."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Get Rollin'." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Being There." (†)
Theatre 3: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 4: "Norma Rae." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Little Darlings." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Serial." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through May 1: "Death Ship." (†)
From May 2: "Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through May 1: "Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)
From May 2: "Enter the Dragon." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Penitentiary."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Where the Buffalo Roam." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through May 1 (tentative): "Three Avengers" and "Tattoo Connection."
From May 2 (tentative): "Happy Birthday, Gemini." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through May 8 (tentative): "ffolkes." (†)
From May 9 (tentative): "The Nude Bomb." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"All That Jazz." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 30: "The Leopard Man" (1943), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Margo and Dennis O'Keefe; and "The Hills Have Eyes" (1977), directed by Wes Craven, with Susan Lanier and Robert Houston.
May 1: "Play It As It Lays" (1972), directed by Frank Perry, with Tuesday Weld, Tony Perkins, Tammy Grimes, and Adam Roarke; and "Pretty Poison" (1968), directed by Noel Black, with Tony Perkins and Tuesday Weld.
May 2: "Steppenwolf" (1974), directed by Fred Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda; and "Siddhartha" (1973), directed by Conrad Rooks, with Shashi Kapoor.
May 3-4: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Pandora's Box" (1929), a German silent film, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Louise Brooks, Fritz Kortner, and Francis Lederer. On May 4, "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in French, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska, will also be shown.
May 5: "Simone de Beauvoir;" and a program of three short films—"Sigmund Freud's Dora" (1979), "Thriller" (1979), and "Story of Anna O" (1973).
May 6: "Sasori-Female Prisoner 701" (1972) and "Curse" (1977), both films in Japanese, directed by Shunya Ito, who will be present at 5:20 and 9:10.
May 7: "The Mephisto Waltz" (1971), directed by Paul Wendkos, with Alan Alda and Jacqueline Bisset; and "The Curse of the Cat People." (†)
May 8: "The Collector" (†) and "Eyes of Laura Mars." (†)
May 9: "The Marquise of O" (1976), in German, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "Chloé in the Afternoon." (†)
From May 10: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 30: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in French, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; and "Wings" (1927), a silent

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film, directed by William A. Wellman, with Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers.

May 1: "Coup de Grâce" (1976), in German and French, directed by Volker Schlöndorff, with Margarethe von Trotta and Matthias Habich; and "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta.

May 2: "O Lucky Man!" (1973), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.

May 3: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Red Desert" (1965), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris.

May 4: "A Man for All Seasons" (†); and "King Lear" (1971), directed by Peter Brook, with Paul Scofield.

May 5: "Rashomon" (†); and "The Virgin Spring" (1960), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Gunnel Lindblom.

May 6: "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "Ball of Fire" (1942), directed by Howard Hawks, with Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, Dana Andrews, Dan Duryea, and Allen Jenkins.

May 7: "Simone de Beauvoir;" and "Metropolis." (†)

May 8: "Masculine Feminine" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and "A Married Woman" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Macha Meril.

May 9: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "The White Sheik" (1951), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bova, and Leopoldo Trieste.

May 10: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 1: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

May 2-3: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.

May 4-5: "Alice Adams" (1935), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, Ann Shoemaker, Fred Stone, and Frank Albertson; and "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne.

May 6: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro; and "Shampoo." (†)

May 7-8: "The Innocent" (†); and "The Divine Nymph" (1979), in Italian, directed by Giuseppe Patroni Griffi, with Laura Antonelli, Marcello Mastroianni, and Terence Stamp.

May 9-10: "Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam; and "American Graffiti." (†)

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 8: "House of Wax" (1953), directed by André de Toth, with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.

From May 9: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

April 30: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1939), directed by William Dieterle, with Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Edmond O'Brien, and Cedric Hardwicke; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart.

May 1-3: "Knights of the Round Table" (1954), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, and Mel Ferrer; and "The Three Musketeers" (1948), directed by George Sidney, with Lana Turner, Gene Kelly, Vincent Price, Angela Lansbury, and June Allyson.

May 4-5: "It Should Happen to You" (†); and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

May 6: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" (†) and "The French Connection." (†)

May 7: "The Last Angry Man" (1959), directed by Daniel Mann, with Paul Muni, David Wayne, Betsy Palmer, and Luther Adler; and "A Thousand Clowns." (†)

May 8: "Marty" (†); and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.

May 9: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro.

May 10: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 30: "Body and Soul" (1947), directed by Robert Rossen, with John Garfield and Lili Palmer; and "Force of Evil" (1948), directed by Abraham Polonsky, with John Garfield and Beatrice Pearson.

May 1: "Great Expectations" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness; and "Odd Man Out" (1946), directed by Carol Reed, with James Mason.

May 2-3: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1978), directed by Phil Kaufman, with Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, and Brooke Adams; and "The Day of the Triffids" (1963), directed by Steve Sekely, with Howard Keel, Nicole Maurey, Janette Scott, and Kieron Moore.

May 4: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965), in French and Arabic, directed by Gillo Pontecorvo; and "Burn!" (†)

May 5: "Ruthless" (1948), directed by Edgar G. Ulmer, with Zachary Scott, Louis Hayward, Diana Lynn, and Sydney Greenstreet; and "Detour" (1945), directed by Edgar G. Ulmer, with Ann Savage and Tom Neal.

May 6: "Rogopag" (1962), in Italian, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, Roberto Rossellini, Pier Paolo Pasolini, and Ugo Gregoretti; and "Accattone!" (1961), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

May 7: "Eyes Without a Face" (1959; "Les Yeux sans Visage"), in French, directed by Georges Franju, with Pierre Brasseur, Alida Valli, and Edith Scob; and "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

May 8: "Love Happy" (1950), directed by David Miller, with the Marx Brothers; and "Copacabana" (1947), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Carmen Miranda and Groucho Marx.

May 9-10: "The Lion in Winter" (1968), directed by Anthony Harvey, with Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn; and "Mary of Scotland." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 30: "A Foreign Affair" (1948), directed by Billy Wilder, with Jean Arthur, Marlene Dietrich, John Lund, and Millard Mitchell; and "Easy Living" (1937), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold, and Ray Milland.

May 1: "To Have and Have Not" (1944), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "The Two Mrs. Carrolls" (1947), directed by Peter Godfrey, with Barbara Stanwyck, Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, and Nigel Bruce.

May 2-3: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "The Trial" (1963), directed by Orson Welles, with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles himself.

May 4-5: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"

(1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, and William Demarest; and "Christmas in July" (1940), directed by Preston Sturges, with Ellen Drew and Dick Powell.

May 6: "Waltz of the Toreadors" (†); and "Waiting for Godot" (1971), directed by Alan Schneider, with Zero Mostel and Burgess Meredith.

May 7: "The Dark Horse" (1932), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Guy Kibbee, Bette Davis, and Warren William; and "Jimmy the Gent" (1934), directed by Michael Curtiz, with James Cagney and Bette Davis.

May 8: "October" (†) and "Strike." (†)

May 9: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944), directed by Frank Capra, with Cary Grant, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair; and "A Slight Case of Murder." (†)

From May 10: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (†); and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Keenan Wynn, and Dean Stockwell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 1 at 2: Two silent avant-garde films by Charles Dekeukeleire—"Impatience" (1928) and "Histoire de Détective" (1929). . . . ¶ May 1 at 4: "The Evil Eye" (1937), in Flemish, directed by Charles Dekeukeleire; French subtitles. . . . ¶ May 1 at 6: "Tip of the Tongue" (1975), in French, directed by Jean-Marie Degesves, with Marie Dubois and Olivier de Saedeleer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 1 at 8:30: "Woman in a Twilight Garden" (1979), in Flemish, directed by André Delvaux, with Marie-Christine Barrault, Roger Van Hool, and Rutger Hauer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 2 at 2: "Burning Bridge" (1975), in Flemish, directed by Guido Henderickx; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 2 at 4: "Woman in a Twilight Garden.". . . ¶ May 2 at 6 and May 3 at 2: Nine Belgian animated films, 1970-79. . . . ¶ May 3 at 4: "Burning Bridge.". . . ¶ May 3 at 6: "Tip of the Tongue.". . . ¶ May 4 at 2: "Home Sweet Home" (1973), in French, directed by Benoit Lamy, with Jacques Perrin and Claude Jade; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 4 at 4: Two silent avant-garde films by Charles Dekeukeleire. . . . ¶ May 4 at 6: "The Evil Eye.". . . ¶ May 5 at 2: Three avant-garde films by Henri Storck—"Idylle sur la Sable" (1931), "Sur les Bords de las Camera" (1932), and "Histoire d'un Soldat Inconnu" (1932). . . . ¶ May 5 at 3: "The Carnival of Ostend," "The Carnival of Malmédy," and "The Gilles of Binche," three episodes from Henri Storck's thirteen-part "High Days and Holy Days in Belgium" (1972). . . . ¶ May 5 at 4: "Home Sweet Home.". . . ¶ May 5 at 6: A program of short films by Dave Gearey. . . . ¶ May 6 at 2: "Daughters of Darkness" (1970), directed by Harry Kumel, with Delphine Seyrig and Danièle Ouimet. . . . ¶ May 6 at 4: "The Carnival of Ostend," "The Carnival of Malmédy," and "The Gilles of Binche.". . . ¶ May 6 at 5: Three avant-garde films by Henri Storck. . . . ¶ May 6 at 6: "In Kluis" (1977), a Flemish film, directed by Jan Gruyaert, with Bret André, Herman Jacobs, and Mirjam Nuyten; no dialogue. . . . ¶ May 7 at 2: "Souvenir of Gibraltar" (1975), in French, directed by Henri Xhonneux, with Annie Cordy, Eddie Constantine, and Armand Xhonneux; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 7 at 4: "In Kluis.". . . ¶ May 7 at 6: "Daughters of Darkness.". . . ¶ May 8 at 2: "Berthe" (1976), in French, directed by Patrick Ledoux, with Claire Wauthion; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 8 at 4: "Pierre" (1976), in Flemish, directed by Jan Decorte, with Alfie Van Tichelen and Cora Van Wersch; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 8 at 6: "Magnum Begynasium Bruxellense" (1978), in French, directed by Boris Lehman; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 9 at 3: "I, You, He, She" (1974), in French, directed by Chantal Akerman, with Akerman, Claire Wauthion, and Niels Arestrup, English subtitles; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ May 9 at 6: "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles" (1975), in French, directed by Chantal Akerman, with Delphine Seyrig; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 10 at 2: "Pierre.". . . ¶ May 10 at 4: "Souvenir of Gibraltar.". . . ¶ May 10 at 6: "I, You, He, She." (Seats are available on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 4: Two installations by Chris Burden—"B-Car" (1976) and "C.B.T.V." (1977). Continuous showings from noon to 6. . . . ¶ Starting May 6: "The Points of a Star, Chapter 1: Separations" (1978) and "The Points of a Star, Chapter 2: Desires" (1979), both videotapes by Rita Myers. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Paratroopers" (1976), in Hebrew, directed by Yehuda Judd Ne'eman; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Genet, Hanoun, Griffith, Hill, Jacobs, Jordan, Rainer, and others. Showings April 30 at 6 and 8:30; May 1 at 8; May 2 at 7 and 8; May 3 at 2 and 8; May 4 at 2, 6, and 8; May 6 at 7 and 9; May 7-8 at 7 and 9; May 9 at 7 and 9:30; and May 10 at 2, 7, and 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

L'Age d'Or (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, May 5.)

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Gramercy, Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria. . . . ¶ Beekman; through May 1. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting May 2.)

American Graffiti (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town Northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Cinema Village; May 9-10.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone come from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 9.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (Art; April 30.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction as a movie. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Loews New York 1, Waverly, New Yorker 1, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Festival; through May 8.)

Best Boy—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin Ira Wohl. (3/10/80) (Manhattan 1.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (86th St. East, and Guild.)

Boxcar Bertha (1972)—Barbara Hershey and David Carradine, directed by Martin Scorsese. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 1.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's luxuriant, ecstatic epic about a mid-nineteenth-century slave uprising on a fictitious Spanish-speaking Caribbean island is told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. It is an attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler—to use a popular costume-adventure form to arouse black revolutionary passions. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who instigates the revolt and then cynically crushes it; he personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. As Pontecorvo demonstrated in "The Battle of Algiers," he has a true gift for epic filmmaking: he can keep masses of people in movement in a way that we care about them. And here, in his feeling for crowds and battles, for color and images, and for visual rhythms, he's a sensuous, intoxicating director. When blacks ride white horses that prance to what sounds like syncopated Gregorian chant, the sequence is so shimmering and showy that one knows Pontecorvo and his cinematographer, Marcello Gatti, and his composer, Ennio Morricone, couldn't resist it. This film is deeply flawed—it's politically schematic, and almost every line of dialogue jogs us to fit it into a deterministic theory of history—yet it's large-spirited, and it might have reached a much wider audience if the Spanish government, sensitive about Spaniards being cast as heavies, hadn't applied economic pressure against the producing company, United Artists. Executives at U.A. remembered the huge losses suffered by Columbia when the Spanish government boycotted Columbia pictures because of its displeasure over "Behold a Pale Horse," so parts of this picture were deleted and others reshot, and the Spaniards, who had traditionally dominated the Antilles, were replaced by the Portuguese, who hadn't but aren't a big movie market. After these delays, the picture was given a nervous, halfhearted release. From a script by Pontecorvo, Franco Solinas, and Georgio Arlorio. With Evaristo Marquez as the black leader, and Renato Salvatori as the mulatto puppet. (Thalia; May 4.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

Charles and Lucie—With Daniel Ceccaldi and Ginette Garcin, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Festival; starting May 9.)

Un Chien Andalou (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the sliced eye, Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, May 5.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 9.)

Clair de Femme—Yves Montand and Romy Schneider meet on a street in Paris and exchange miseries as if they were gifts. Much woebegone talk and little action, in a movie written and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (4/7/80) (Little Carnegie; through May 1. . . . ¶ New Yorker 2; starting May 2.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Criterion Center.)

The Collector (1965)—Terence Stamp captures Samantha Eggar and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome, though too dignified, movie. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 8.)

The Curse of the Cat People (1944)—Val Lewton produced this sequel to his famous low-budget thriller, the hard-to-forget "Cat People," in which Simone Simon tried to convince her husband (Kent Smith) that she would turn into a panther if he tried to consummate the marriage. He sent her to a psychiatrist who attempted to make love to her and was mauled to death, after fatally wounding her. In the misbegotten sequel, Kent Smith, who has remarried, fears that his small daughter, Amy (Ann Carter), is under the influence of his first wife, and by his repressiveness he drives the lonely, imaginative child to invent a friend, who is indeed the first wife (played once again by Simone Simon). The film is a true oddity, since Lewton perversely refused to give the studio the feline shocker it wanted, and instead tried to make a poetic film about a lonely child's need for an imaginary friend. The film is a clumsy mixture of unrealized ideas, gothic effects, and stiff, dull acting, but it has some unusual qualities; David Riesman devotes several pages to it in "The Lonely Crowd." Directed by Gunther Von Fritsch and Robert Wise. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 7.)

Death Ship—With George Kennedy, Richard Crenna, Nick Mancuso, and Sally Ann Howes; directed by Alvin Rakoff. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1; through May 1.)

Eboli—Based on Carlo Levi's book, with Gian Maria Volonte. Directed by Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema 3.)

Effi Briest (1974)—The best and most elegant of all the films by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, set in a small German town stamped with the Prussian determination of the Bismarck period. Effi is played by Hanna Schygulla, a member of Fassbinder's phenomenal acting troupe. Here she plays a girl of seventeen who is married off to a baron with a face like a knife edge (Wolfgang Schenck). After Effi has been his wife for a while, the general agreement is that he would have done better to have married her mother, whom he courted "twenty years ago." Not much of a start for a teen-ager. Fassbinder has an interesting attitude toward Effi, whose beauty and vivacity he communicates, but he also knows that she is ambitious in puny ways that run along the tracks of Prussian convention. In German. (Art; May 6-7.)

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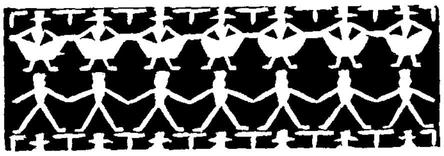
Enter the Dragon (1973)—Bruce Lee and John Saxon in a kung-fu movie that's a good-natured example of the pleasures of schlock art. There's so much going on that the whole history of movies seems to be recapitulated in scrambled form. It could be billed as the movie with a thousand climaxes. But it's not all schlock: the slender, swift Bruce Lee was the Fred Astaire of martial arts, and many of the fights that could be merely brutal come across as lightning-fast choreography. With Jim Kelly, Ahna Capri, Bob Wall, Shih Kien, Angela Mao Ying, Yang Sze, Betty Chung, Geoffrey Weeks, and Peter Archer. Directed by Robert Clouse. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 2; starting May 2.)

Eyes of Laura Mars (1978)—This New York-set thriller operates on mood and atmosphere, and it moves so fast, with such delicate changes of rhythm, that its excitement has a subterranean sexiness. Faye Dunaway, with long, thick, dark-red hair, is Laura Mars, a celebrity fashion photographer who specializes in the chic and pungency of sadism; the pictures she shoots have a furtive charge—we can see why they sell. Directed by Irvin Kershner, the film has a few shocking fast cuts, but it also has a scabrous elegance and a surprising amount of humor. Laura's scruffy, wild-eyed driver (Brad Dourif) epitomizes New York's crazed, hostile flunkies; he's so wound up he seems to have the tensions of the whole city in his gut. Her manager (René Auberjonois) is tense and ambivalent about Laura—about everything. Her models (Lisa Taylor and Darlanne Fluegel), who in their poses look wickedly decadent, are really just fun-loving ding-a-lings. As for Dunaway, constantly kneeling or sprawling to take photographs, her legs, especially her thighs, are far more important to her performance than her eyes; her flesh gives off heat. Tommy Lee Jones is the police lieutenant who represents old-fashioned morality, and when the neurotically vulnerable Laura, who has become telepathic about violence, falls in love with him, they're a very creepy pair. With the help of the editor, Michael Kahn, Kershner glides over the gaps in the very uneven script (by John Carpenter and David Z. Goodman, with an assist from Julian Barry). The cast includes Raul Julia, Rose Gregorio, Meg Mundy, and Bill Boggs (as himself). (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 8.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and the film—a grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld; starting May 2.)



Une Femme Douce (1969)—Robert Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Art; May 6-7.)

ffolkes—With Roger Moore, James Mason, and Anthony Perkins; directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through May 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through May 8, tentative.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience with noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; William Friedkin directed. (Regency; May 6.)

Friday the 13th—With Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III; directed by Sean Cunningham. (34th St. East; starting May 9.)

The Frisco Kid—Gene Wilder, as a nubile Polish rabbi, and Robert Aldrich, the director, seem to have been set loose in the Wild West with no more to guide them than a bright idea and Wilder's angelic blue eyes. (7/16/79) (Olympia; May 2-8.)

Get Rollin'—A semi-documentary film about the Empire Roller Disco in Brooklyn, directed by J. Terrance Mitchell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Embassy 1.)

Gilda Live—Gilda Radner and Father Guido Sarducci (Don Novello), in a filmed version of the show given last year on Broadway. Since that show began on TV, we are at two removes from the original, and the distance is, alas, visible and regrettable. Directed by Mike Nichols. (4/14/80) (Manhattan 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting May 2.)

Happy Birthday, Gemini—Based on the Broadway play, "Gemini," by Albert Innaurato, with Madeline Kahn, Rita Moreno, and Robert Viharo; directed by Richard Benner. (Beekman, U. A. East, and Quad Cinema; starting May 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting May 2, tentative.)

Heart Beat—With Nick Nolte, Sissy Spacek, and John Heard; directed by John Byrum. (Murray Hill, Sutton, Paramount, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center.)

Heart of Glass (1977)—Directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (Art; May 1-3.)

Hide in Plain Sight—A blurred, flaccid drama about a factory worker (James Caan) who is suddenly and cruelly deprived of his two young children by a particularly heavy-handed stroke of governmental stupidity, and about his lengthy, frustrating efforts to find them and bring them home. The picture, which is based on an actual series of events that began in the late nineteen-sixties (the worker's ex-wife had married a small-time criminal-turned-informer, whom the state had hidden away for his own protection), was directed by Mr. Caan and filmed in realistically dingy locales in Buffalo, but it has none of the edge and flow that are essential to a story that stretches over many months. James Caan the actor is convincingly inarticulate and embittered, but we grow impatient waiting for James Caan the director to give him some outlet for his long rage. With Jill Eikenberry, Robert Viharo, Barbra Rae, and Kenneth McMillan—who adds some pepper to this gruel with his portrayal of a case-hardened federal cop. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through May 1.)

How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman (1971)—Directed by the Brazilian filmmaker Nelson Pereira Dos Santos. In Tupi, a Latin-American Indian language. (Art; May 4-5.)

Incorrigible—With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Geneviève Bujold, directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Plaza; through May 1.)

The Innocent (1976)—For its first half, this Vis-

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conti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners that seems an almost perfect preparation for a tragicomedy of jealousy, and Visconti's work is masterly in its expressive turn-of-the-century décor, and in its control. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. Giannini is far from ideally cast (in a role that suggests a male Anna Karenina), but he seems acceptable until he remembers to act; toward the end he's all over the place acting. Antonelli gives the picture some amusing sexual suspense. At first, she's like a placid ingénue, except that she has furtive yearnings—naughty thoughts. When she's finally nude, in bed, and aroused, she heaves and writhes so prodigiously she's like a storm-tossed sea. Visconti had finished shooting this film when he died in 1976, but he did not complete the editing, and perhaps the maundering second half is partly the fault of others. With Marie Dubois as the Princess, Marc Porel as the novelist, Rina Morelli as Tullio's mother, Claude Mann as the Prince, and Massimo Girotti and Didier Haudepin. From a script by Susi Cecchi D'Amico, Enrico Medioli, and Visconti; cinematography by Pasqualino De Santis; art direction by Mario Garbuglai; costumes by Piero Tosi. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Cinema Village; May 7-8.)

It Should Happen to You (1954)—Judy Holliday in a pleasantly erratic satirical comedy; the targets—advertising, TV, and urban gullibility—are rather easily pinked, but the scenarist, Garson Kanin, and the director, George Cukor, don't loiter over them for long. The heroine, who yearns for celebrity, takes her life savings and places her name—Gladys Glover—in giant letters across a billboard in Columbus Circle. Before long, she is as inescapably in the public eye as one of the Gabors. She also tosses about in romantic indecision: Should she give her heart to an honest documentary filmmaker (Jack Lemmon, in his film début) and say farewell to the big time, or should she surrender herself to the sudsy embraces of a soap manufacturer (Peter Lawford)? With Connie Gilchrist, Melville Cooper, and Michael O'Shea, who is particularly funny as a seedy entrepreneur. There are also appearances by Constance Bennett, Ilka Chase, and Wendy Barrie as themselves. (Regency; May 4-5.)

Just Tell Me What You Want—Alan King, the television and night-club comedian, comes up with a considerable performance as the shouting, self-pitying Max Herschel, a millionaire conglomerate wheeler-dealer who compulsively bullies, seduces, or swindles everyone in his life, but the movie, which was directed by Sidney Lumet, is so ugly and cold-blooded that it defeats its own cynical intentions. Ali MacGraw is Max's shrill, persecuted longtime mistress, who gets even by beating him up in Bergdorf Goodman; the inevitable reunion of the lovers is like sharks mating. With Myrna Loy, Keenan Wynn, Tony Roberts, Peter Weller, and Dina Merrill. (2/11/80) (72nd Street East; through May 1.)

Knife in the Head—A sociopolitical thriller from West Germany about a scientist who is physically and psychically incapacitated when he is accidentally shot in the head during a scuffle between radical leftists and the police, and is then further victimized by the cynical efforts of left and right to exploit him during his excruciating recovery. The picture, which was directed by Reinhard Hauff, eventually wears us down with its relentlessly earnest exploration of all the ironies and moral dilemmas of the case, but it is worth seeing for the extraordinary sustained performance of Bruno Ganz as the stricken and degraded patient, who gains a new sense of himself, against all the odds, as he creeps back to life. With Angela Winkler and Carla Egerer. In German. (4/28/80) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Loews State 2; through May 1. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; starting May 2.)

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The Lacemaker (1977)—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Art; May 8-10.)

Little Darlings—A repellent comedy about two teen-agers seeking to lose their virginities as a result of a bet. With Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol. (3/31/80) (Loews Orpheum 1, and Forum. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting May 9.)

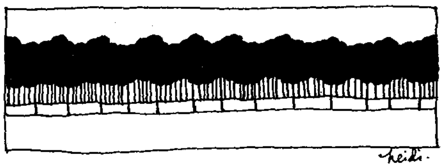
A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The director, Fred Zinnemann, places himself at the service of Robert Bolt's play about the moral tug of war between Sir Thomas More (Paul Scofield) and Henry VIII (Robert Shaw), and the results are tasteful and moderately enjoyable. The weakness is that though Bolt's dialogue is crisp, lucid, and well-spoken, his presentation of More's martyrdom is so one-sided we don't even get to understand *that* side. More is the only man of honor in the movie, and he's got all the good lines; he's the kind of hero we used to read about in biographies of great men written for twelve-year-olds, and Scofield is so refined, so controlled, so dignified, so obviously "subtle" he's like a man of conscience in a school play. With Orson Welles as Wolsey and Leo McKern as Cromwell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 4.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Marty (1955)—Ernest Borgnine is the shy Bronx butcher who goes to a dance hall (it suggests Roseland) and meets a lonely high-school teacher (Betsy Blair). Delbert Mann directed this small-scale, overly celebrated film version of Paddy Chayefsky's television play. (On TV it starred Rod Steiger.) You have to have considerable tolerance for Chayefsky's repetitive dialogue and his insistence on the humanity of "little" people. With Esther Minciotti as Borgnine's Italian mother, and Augusta Ciolli as his aunt. (Regency; May 8.)

Mary of Scotland (1936)—Not a vintage year for Katharine Hepburn films; this was one of the three flops she had that year. John Ford directed, and Dudley Nichols adapted the Maxwell Anderson play. And poor Fredric March was enlisted to play the fighting Scotsman Bothwell, who loved Mary and proved to be her undoing. The picture drips prestige. (Thalia; May 9-10.)

Metropolis (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent, directed by Fritz Lang, "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine, underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. The industrialist-tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the workers and fallen in love with the saintly firebrand Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant plots with an inventor, Rotwang (a mad medieval type like Dr. Caligari and, with his mechanical arm, father to Dr. Strangelove), who, in a phenomenal science-fiction laboratory sequence, creates a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. But the destruction gets out of hand, the children of the workers are about to be caught in a flood, and all of Metropolis would be destroyed were it not for the final alliance of the industrialist, his son, the true Maria, and the workers. One of the last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of the German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular example of expressionist design (grouped human beings are used architecturally), with moments of almost incredible beauty and power (the visionary sequence about the Tower of Babel), absurd ineptitudes (the lovesick hero in his preposterous knickerbockers), and oddities that defy analysis (the robot vamp's bizarre, lewd wink). It's a wonderful, stupefying folly. With Alfred Abel as the industrialist, Gustav Frölich as his son, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Fritz Rasp, and Heinrich George. Script by Thea von Harbon (who did go to work for the Nazis); cinematography by Karl Freund and Günther Rittau, with Eugen Schüfftan shooting the special effects. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 7.)



My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

Nijinsky—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13). The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable and apparently unactable title role. Alan Bates gives a dominant performance as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev. Also with Leslie Browne (as Romola de Pulszky), Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickup, and Anton Dolin. (3/24/80) (Coronet.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 8.)

The Nude Bomb—Don Adams as Maxwell Smart, Secret Agent 86. Directed by Clive Donner. (Bay Cinema, and Gemini 2; starting May 9. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting May 9, tentative.)

October (1927; also called "Ten Days That Shook the World")—Eisenstein followed "Potemkin" with this epic celebrating the ten days in 1917 during which the Bolsheviks overthrew the Kerensky government. It continues his striking experimental methods—the violent juxtapositions, the use of visual symbols to communicate abstract ideas, and the concept of masses as hero. The movie also has a niche in the history of political falsification: the Soviet government commissioned the film for the tenth anniversary of the Revolution, but it was not shown. Trotsky was one of the main characters in Eisenstein's original version, and Trotsky at the time was organizing demonstrations against the Communist Party; Eisenstein had to spend five months reëditing the work to dislodge Trot-

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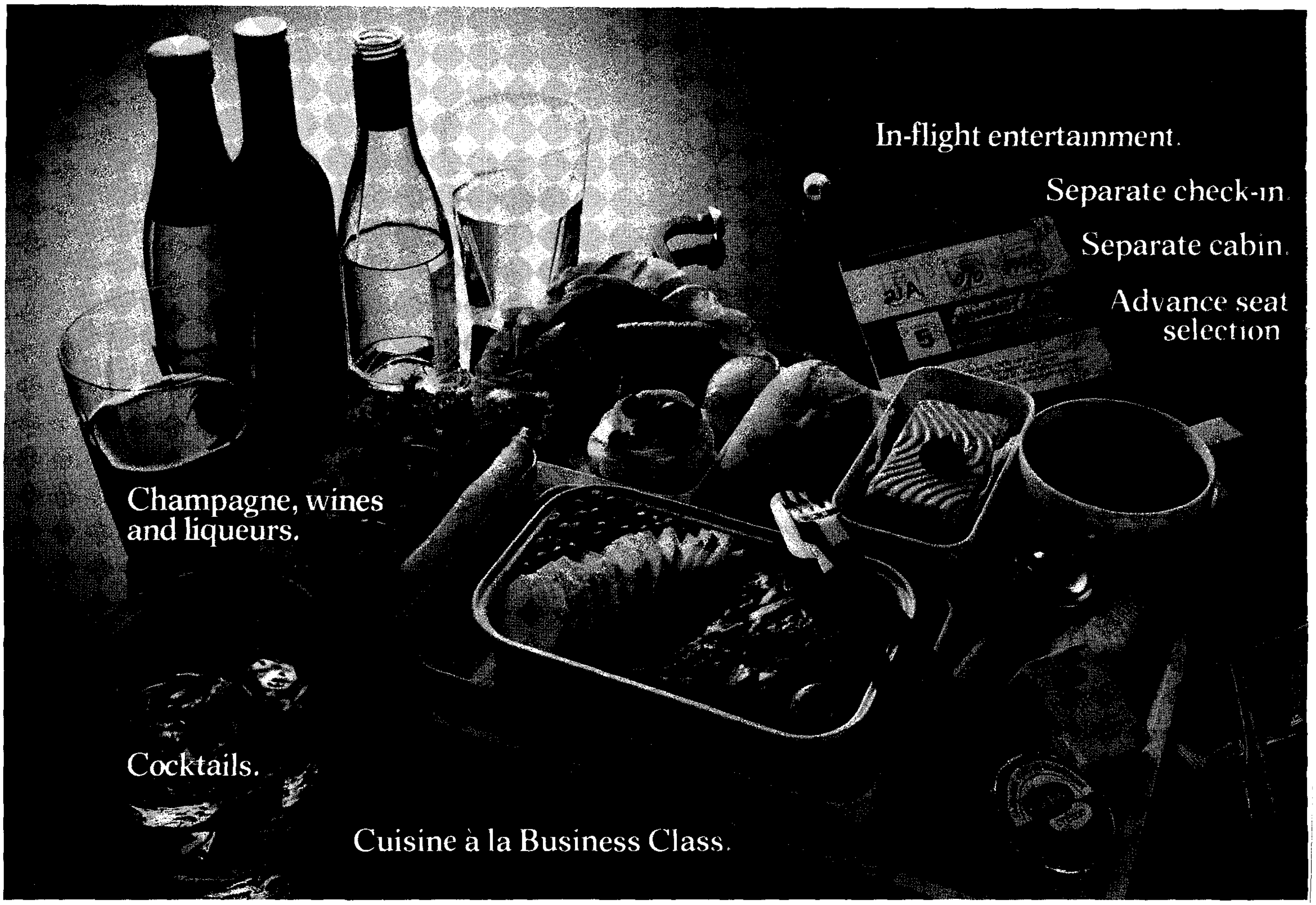
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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sky from his place in the making of the Revolution. Even this edited version was later banned, as "formalist." And, indeed, it is a rather cold film; this certainly can't be said of "Potemkin" or of Eisenstein's brutal, bloody 1924 "Strike" (also being shown at this theatre on this date), which has a charge and a sense of a new direction. The satire in "October" is heavy-handed, and its visual puns are too simpleminded. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 8.)

On the Nickel—With Donald Moffat, Penelope Allen, and Ralph Waite; directed by Waite. (Cinema II; starting May 4.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman is murdered, or possibly he is a suicide. This double crime is acted out four times, in the versions of the three participants (each giving an account that increases the prestige of his conduct) and in the version of a woodcutter who witnessed the episode. Continuously reconstructing the crime, "Rashomon" asks, How can we ever know the truth? This great enigmatic film was directed by Akira Kurosawa, from stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa (who died from an overdose of Veronal). The introductory and closing sequences are tedious; the woman's whimpering is almost enough to drive one to the nearest exit. Yet the film transcends these discomforts; it has its own perfection. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the samurai, Takashi Shimura as the woodcutter. Grand Prix, Venice; Academy Award, Best Foreign Film. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 5.)

Rich Kids—With Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy, directed by Robert M. Young. (Olympia; through May 1.)

Runnin' After Love—A Brazilian film, with Bibi Vogel and Wagner Montes. Directed by Carlos Hugo Christensen. In Portuguese. (Quad Cinema; starting May 9.)

Saint Jack (1979)—A film made by Peter Bogdanovich and set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the poshest whorehouse in the world. Denholm Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich. (5/7/79) (St. Marks Cinema; May 2-8.)

Saturday Night Fever (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (Olympia; starting May 9.)

Serial—What may just possibly be happening among the aging swingers of Marin County, California, where everyone appears to be rich and amorous as well as foolish. (4/14/80) (Loews New York 2, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through May 8.)

Shampoo (1975)—This sex roundelay is set in a period as clearly defined as the Jazz Age—the time of the Beatles and miniskirts and strobe lights. When George (Warren Beatty), the hairdresser hero, asks his former girlfriend, Jackie (Julie Christie), "Want me to do your hair?," it's his love lyric. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; it deals with George's frantic bed-hopping during those forty-odd hours, in which he tries to borrow the money to open his own shop, so he can settle down with his current girlfriend, Jill (Goldie Hawn). The script by Robert Towne, with the collaboration of Beatty (who also produced), isn't about the bondage of romantic pursuit—it's about the bondage of the universal itch among a group primed to scratch. The characters (the others are played by Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher) have more than one sex object in mind, and they're constantly regrouping in their heads. When they look depressed you're never sure who exactly is the cause of their misery. The director, Hal Ashby, has the deftness to keep us conscious of the whirring pleasures of the carnal-farce structure and yet to give it free play. This was the most virtuoso example of sophisticated, kaleidoscopic farce that American moviemakers had yet come up with; frivolous and funny, it carries a sense of heedless activity, of a craze of dissatisfaction. With Jay Robinson, George Furth, Brad Dexter, William Castle, and, in a bit, Susan Blakeley. Cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs. (Cinema Village; May 6.)

Simon—Marshall Brickman wrote and directed this refreshing far-out comedy, in which some mad-genius scientists at the Institute for Advanced Concepts almost convince a minor psychology prof that he is an extraterrestrial visitor from the neighborhood of Orion, and Alan Arkin, as their victim, almost recapitulates five hundred million years of evolution in five minutes. Other fine comic performances by Judy Graubart, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, Fred Gwynne, Max Wright, and Wallace Shawn. (3/10/80) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through May 1. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through May 3. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; May 2-8.)

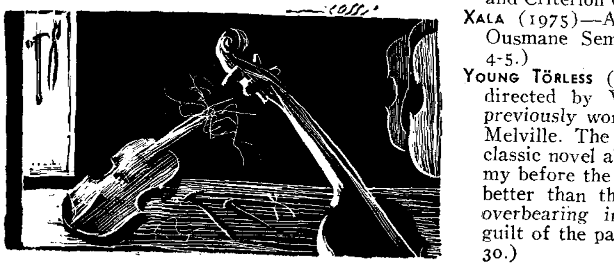
Sitting Ducks—A very funny movie by Henry Jaglom, starring Michael Emil, Zack Norman, and Patrice Townsend. It claims to be about sex, money, and vitamins, but vitamins are the least of it. (4/21/80) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ U.A. East, and Criterion Center; through May 1. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; through May 8.)

A Slight Case of Murder (1938)—A black farce in the manner of "Arsenic and Old Lace." It's a burlesque of gangster films, with Edward G. Robinson as a bootlegger who turns legitimate and faces one mortifying mess after another. He drives his family out for a weekend in a country house, and finds the corpses of four gangsters sitting around a table in the spare bedroom. The director, Lloyd Bacon, succeeds in getting some giggles, but his style is too broad, and the tone of the film is archly childish. With Allen Jenkins as a beer salesman, Jane Bryan, Bobby Jordan, Ruth Donnelly, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, John Litel, and Willard Parker. From a play by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay, adapted by Earl Baldwin and Joseph Schrank. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 9.)

Soupçon—Married love and some unmarried lovemaking in contemporary Paris, with Jean Carmet and Marie Dubois. Amusingly written and directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, who gained fame with "Cousin, Cousine." In French. (4/21/80) (Baronet.)

Strike (1925)—Eisenstein's brutal, brilliant first film. One of the most startling débuts in the history of movies. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 8.)

Stroszek (1977)—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself to be like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz). In German and English. (Art; May 1-3.)



The Taking of Pelham One Two Three (1974)—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (Regency; May 6.)

The Thin Man Goes Home (1945)—This came late in the series but it's still fairly cheerful. It features William Powell, Myrna Loy, Asta, and Anne Revere, who, carrying a rifle and wearing a felt hat that looks as if it might have been discarded by a janitor, makes a fascinating lunatic. Directed by Richard Thorpe; Robert Riskin and Dwight Taylor did the writing; Karl Freund did the cinematography. With Helen Vinson, Gloria DeHaven, Lucile Watson, and Harry Davenport. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 10.)

The 39 Steps—With Robert Powell, David Warner, Eric Porter, Karen Dotrice, and John Mills; directed by Don Sharp. From the same John Buchan novel that Alfred Hitchcock used in 1935. (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Little Carnegie; starting May 2.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Regency; May 7.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema I.)

Violette (1978)—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Art; May 8-10.)

Waltz of the Toreadors (1962)—John Guillermin's film of Anouilh's tender, ribald play about a portly Army officer (Peter Sellers) who lunges after his kitchen maids and remains at war with an obstinately invalided wife whom he rails at for what she symbolizes about his own aging. Margaret Leighton is very fine. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 6.)

The Watcher in the Woods—With Bette Davis, Lynn-Holly Johnson, David McCallum, and Carroll Baker; directed by John Hough. (Ziegfeld; through May 1.)

Where the Buffalo Roam—With Bill Murray and Peter Boyle, directed by Art Linson. (Gemini 1, Greenwich Playhouse 2, 57th St. Playhouse, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through May 10, tentative.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. With Brad Dourif, Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce. (2/25/80) (Quad Cinema, New Yorker 2, and Criterion Center; through May 1.)

Xala (1975)—A Senegalese film, directed by Ousmane Sembène. In French. (Art; May 4-5.)

Young Törless (1968)—The first feature film directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who had previously worked with Resnais, Malle, and Melville. The story is from Robert Musil's classic novel about a German military academy before the First World War. The film is better than the book—more lucid, and not overbearing in its tacit points about the guilt of the passive. In German. (Art; April 30.)

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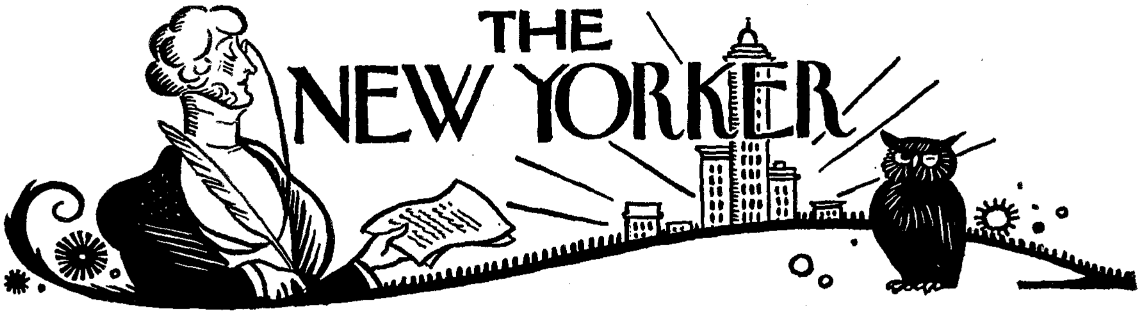
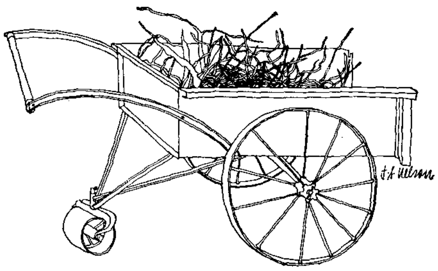


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the week between President Carter's threat to consider the use of force against Iran and the tragic and abortive mission to rescue the American hostages in Teheran, the country at large seemed to collapse into a mood of inert resignation, in which it reconciled itself to the prospect of war in the Persian Gulf. In the press as well as in official thinking, an assumption apparently took hold that irresistible impersonal forces were propelling us toward hostilities. A government official reflected the prevailing mood when he was quoted in the *Times* as saying, "This is really a Greek tragedy. . . . We are inexorably marching to a disaster with the best intentions." In a Greek tragedy, of course, it is not men but the fates who guide the action and bring about disaster. The Washington *Post* carried the imagery of human helplessness to a further extreme in a headline that read "LOGIC POINTS TO MILITARY MOVE BY U.S." Of all the processes known to man, including natural forces, logic is probably the most inexorable, the most coldly immune to human will. Even the President, in whose hands the decisions lie, seemed to have been infected by the fatalistic mood. Speaking as though he were struggling against a mysterious pressure, he told reporters, "We have been trying to avoid that kind of action [military action] and we are still attempting to avoid that kind of action," although the "availability of peaceful measures, like the patience of the American people, is running out."

One might have thought that the aborted raid would cool the talk of military action, but instead the Carter Administration has maintained that in fact last week's effort is to be considered not a military measure but only a "humanitarian" mission, while saying at the same time that all "options"—including, presumably, what it would regard as genuine military action—remain open. Moreover, several political figures have been saying that the rescue mission, even though it was a failure, has served to add credibility to American threats of force in the future. The world is said to have now been alerted to the extreme perturbation of the United States over the hostage issue. In short, the public is apparently being told that *real* military action is more likely than ever. But if it is assumed that the fates have not decreed war with Iran, that logic has not predetermined American policy, and that there is still scope for human deliberation and human action, it seems important to look into the question of what forces actually do propel us toward war. There is, of course, the calculation of some government officials that some form of military action exists which might somehow shock the Iranian militants into giving up the hostages, but balanced against that slender hope is the militants' response to the rescue mission, which was to announce that the hostages were being dispersed all over Iran, in order to make any rescue impossible—and, of course, the militants' earlier statement of their intention to kill the hostages if any military action should be taken by the United States. But the major force propelling the nation toward war may well be the impatience of the American public alluded to by President Carter, who also told European television reporters, "If I have been criticized in my own country for any aspect of my behavior, it has been because we have been too patient, not too precipitous." And now to impatience has been added grief over the death and injury of American volunteers in the raid; disappointment over its failure; and, increasingly, a numbness, an emotional fatigue that weakens our power to think clearly about our own and the world's predicament. But if it is our impatience and anger, brought to bear on the President through electoral politics, that moves our country toward a catastrophic war, then we must acknowledge *ourselves* to be the shadowy implacable force that shapes events, through a relentless "logic." And if we are indeed that force, we have fallen into a trap that we were warned against by none other than George Washington, who, in his famous farewell letter to the nation, stated, "The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest." By a twist of our own, we have turned this slavery—a human institution, after all—into logic or fate, and bowed down before our own aroused passions as though they were unalterable law.



Whatever the logic that has us in its grip, our allies, it seems, are free of it. Among them a different logic holds sway—one that was given blunt expression by a European official a few days before the rescue mission when he told the *Times* that the only way to prevent the President from leading the world into disaster was "to go along with his preliminary arrangements for Armageddon and spin them out as long as possible in the hope that something would turn up to ease the situation in the meantime." In military action they see only risks, including a rapprochement between Iran and the Soviet Union (which, it appears, is already under way); increased Soviet adventurism in other parts of the Middle East; an outburst of hostility against the United States in the Islamic world, leading to possible interruptions of Middle Eastern oil supplies to us and our allies; a radical division between Europe and the United States; increased troublemaking in Europe by the Soviets; and, most ominous of all, a possible confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union in the Persian Gulf, bringing to a higher pitch the danger of global war which has already been raised by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Bearing these weighty considerations in mind, our allies, far from following our "leadership" in a matter of common interest, have been devising steps to soothe and placate us in the hope of deterring us from a senseless, calamitous course of action. In other words, their immediate concern is not the release of the American hostages—although they certainly hope for that, too—but the release of the President from the vise of American opinion and American politics. Recent events have led many Americans to wonder what the purpose of our having allies is. One purpose, of course, is to give aid in the defense against a common foe; another, it seems, is to rescue us, when the need arises, from ourselves.

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Dramathon

THE Quaigh Theatre, an Off Off Broadway house on West Forty-third Street, not long ago staged a dramatic marathon called Dramathon '80, consisting of a non-stop series of plays and other theatrical productions—cabaret acts and so forth—which lasted more than fifty-three hours. At 6:30 P.M. on Friday, about an hour before the Dramathon was to begin, we headed for the theatre, which occupies a former meeting room at one end of the mezzanine of the Hotel Diplomat. After climbing a flight of stairs to the mezzanine—part of which, enclosed by a balustrade, overlooks the hotel's lobby—we saw balloons and crêpe-paper streamers hanging from the ceiling. We also saw about a dozen people—actors and members of the crew—hurrying past a small box office and past tables at which one could buy sandwiches, hot dogs, quiche, pastries, apples, bananas, soft drinks, wine, and coffee. Near the box office, we found Will Lieberson, who is the Quaigh's artistic director, and who was going to supervise the weekend's activities. He is a cheerful-looking man with curly graying hair, and he sat down on a leatherette divan across from the box office and told us something about the event.

"We borrowed the idea from the New Playwrights' Theatre in Washington, which has been putting on a Dramathon for the past three years," Lieberson said. "Robert Graham Small, who used to be with the New Playwrights', is now with the Quaigh, and he's serving as artistic producer for Dramathon '80. We hope to catch the public's imagination, and also to give some of New York's theatre people an opportunity to show off their talents. All the proceeds will benefit the Quaigh—like most O.O.B. theatres, we're always short of funds. We started planning this thing last November, and we were immediately deluged with offers from people who wanted to participate. We ended up scheduling thirty-six productions for this weekend—the actual number may vary, because of last-minute changes—and we've got the services of more than two hundred actors, directors, and crew members. Everybody's working without pay, and Actors' Equity has given us its blessing. At this point, we're all a little jittery, but we're also very excited."

Patrons were climbing the stairs to the mezzanine and buying tickets—which were available either for the entire weekend or for one or more of four segments of the weekend, each lasting twelve hours or so—and Lieberson invited us to come and go as often as we liked. We told him that we would stay for a while that evening and would drop in on the Dramathon again from time to time over the weekend. This is how it went:

7:35 P.M. Friday. The theatre, which can hold about a hundred people, has seats on three sides, and they slope down to the stage, which is rectangular. (The theatre's fourth side is used for sets. Throughout the Dramathon, a set was used that contained two archways, double doors, and a window, and adjustments were made in the set to suit the various plays.) Seventeen people were in the audience. The stage lights went up, and Lieberson welcomed everyone to the Dramathon. Then the first production began. It was a one-man show called "From Shakespeare to Sholem Aleichem" and performed by Joseph S. King. During the intermission that followed, we spoke to a young man in a plaid shirt and jeans who was sitting in one of the front seats and had an overnight bag on the floor beside him. He told us that he was Allan Grosman, that he taught science at Junior High School 109, in Queens, and that he intended to stay the weekend. We asked him what was in his overnight bag, and he said, "Fruit, broiled chicken, and a change of clothes."

11:07 P.M. Friday. A new play called "Avenue of Dream," by Elyse Nass, had just begun. About fifty people were in the audience. In the part of the mezzanine that overlooks the lobby, we ran into Robert Graham Small. He is a slim, bearded, intense-looking young man, and he said, "In Washington, we always got enormous crowds for our Dramathons—they're a real community event—but, of course, in New York City we've got a little more competition."

12:15 A.M. Saturday. About thirty people were in the audience, laughing at Sean O'Casey's "Bedtime Story." At intermission, we spoke to a young woman who was sitting behind an auction table not far from the box office. She told us that people were being invited to write down their bids for various goods and services donated by friends of the Quaigh, and that the winners would be notified the following week. She added that the items up for auction included a cookbook written and autographed by Salvador Dali, a weekend in Connecticut, and a subscription to *Barbara Cartland's World of Romance*, a monthly.

5:17 A.M. Saturday. Everyone in the audience had left for the night except Grosman, who—looking a bit bleary-eyed—sat watching an all-female improvisational group called Belle Geste.

3:30 P.M. Saturday. Some thirty people watched a performance of a new play called "Geranium," by Knox Turner. We checked with Grosman, who had changed into a beige turtleneck and brown trousers. He told us that he felt fine. Then we went out to the box office and spoke with Irene Klein, a dark-haired woman in a mauve sweater, who was serving as the Dramathon's executive producer. She said, "Guess what. I think we may make a profit on the food and drinks."

11 A.M. Sunday. During a break between Tennessee Williams' "At Liberty" and Chekhov's "The Harmfulness of Smoking Tobacco," we spoke with Lieberson again. "Things have been picking up," he said. "Last night, the house was packed—we had a hundred people watching Lanford Wilson's 'Ludlow Fair.' "

12:20 A.M. Monday. "Mr. Wilson's Peace of Mind," a new play by Mark Stein, was the Dramathon's last production, and when it ended Lieberson returned to the stage and thanked everyone for coming. Then, as people began to leave the theatre, we spoke again with Grosman, who had stubble on his chin. "If you ask me, they should do this every year," he said. "I've been up for about sixty-five hours altogether. I think there were a couple of times during the weekend when my *mind* sort of went to sleep, but *I* didn't go to sleep—if you know what I mean. Now I have to go home and do about an hour's work. Then I'll get a few hours' sleep, and then I have to be up early to teach school. Strangely enough, I don't even feel tired at this point. Somehow, all that live theatre has kept me feeling invigorated."

Working Country

THE other day, we drifted into a characteristically strange conversation with our old friend E. M. Frimbo, the persistent railway buff. The subject was corn on the cob. All of us know about city corn: that whether we encounter it in a very good restaurant or whether we buy it enshrouded in husks and wildly plumed at an open-air Korean market or whether Gristede's sends it around already husked and stripped of its plumage, all, all of it implacably suggests that the joyous days of its youth are gone. "I know," said Frimbo. "You have to forage for it yourself. And last summer I did."

When Frimbo drops a leading remark of that sort in our lap, it is nearly always instantly followed by a long chapter of his oral autobiography. Well, then! He and friends had departed the city on another of their semiannual excursions in a railway car owned by one of them—a rolling hotel, really, with bedrooms, shower baths, a kitchen, a dining room, and a platform at the rear from which they could observe *en plein air* the passing countryside. Attaching their vehicle to first this train and then that, and attended to by a ranking chef known only as Robbie and an old-school majordomo known as Harris, A. J., they had rolled through Montreal and were a hundred and fifty miles west of it when their train halted, backed up for a number of miles, and then halted again: a demon truck driver had knocked a bridge off its pins up ahead, and a new way west must be sought out. "It was that certain hour of the afternoon, so we assembled on the observation platform and went to work on our brandy Alexanders and whatnot," Frimbo said. "The air was fresh, and so was the breeze, and there was nothing but working farmland all about—not a building of any sort in view. Then our host came on deck to announce that we would be so delayed that instead of reaching Winnipeg, practically a thousand miles west, early next evening we would be arriving at three in the morning—not the finest time of day to lay in our next supply of vegetables, even on Madison Avenue in the Fifties. Beside us, in a field so vast that its limits could not be discerned, stood row upon row of ripening, tasselled corn. I rose and put together an ad-hoc victualling party, and as one man the party climbed a fence and set to work. The provender in a field of that size is always for cattle—no succulent Corey's Early or Golden Bantam or Country Gentleman or Black Mexican—but if you search out the ears, even of cattle corn, whose silky mane has not turned dusty brown, and if you then burrow a hard thumb through the husks and run it along the rows of kernels, you pretty well determine which ears are, even in August, still young and tender. Stuff as succulent as that needs only a blanching in boiling water and a liberal buttering and salting. Our host was in error: we reached Winnipeg at two-thirty-five in the morning, not at three. But no matter; next afternoon, on one more train, en route to Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, we had a long wait for an eastbound freight to get past us, and there, alongside, was another cornfield, and our ad-hoc committee was at once reactivated."

We said that perhaps the unauthorized collecting of ears of corn was not the real purpose of the journey.

"Well, no," said Frimbo. "You will recall that in the early forties a very large war had begun. Soon afterward, my friends and I got rather detached from our civilian life, and I found myself in western Canada. There was word that the Japanese had invaded the Aleutian Islands and were on their way to Alaska, and there was news

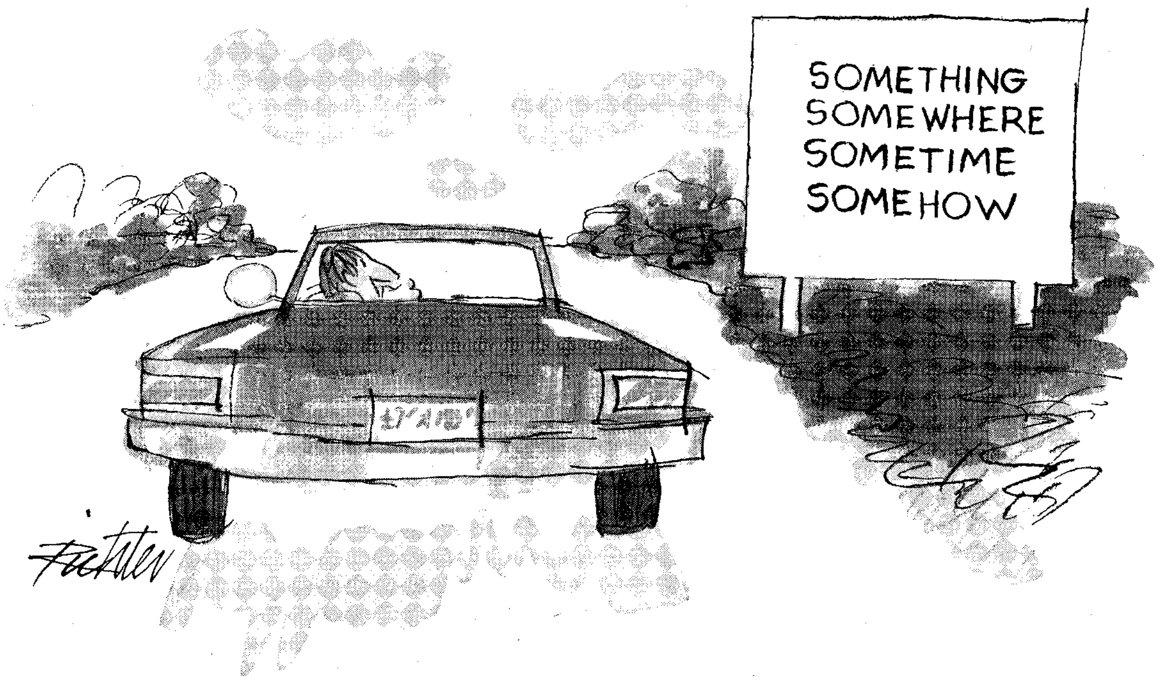
of Japanese submarines patrolling the Pacific Coast, so the railways in that part of Canada were of a sudden awash in a traffic they had not been built to cope with. Even so, it was not easy for any one of us out there to realize that a world war was in progress. In between the occasional huge field of cattle corn and the occasional field of oats or barley and the occasional hamlet, there was nothing but prairie under that big blue sky, and in the spring, when there was still ice on the Lesser Slave Lake, which was in our domain, the land became an Oriental carpet as what they call the Canada bluebell and other floral displays popped out of the ground. And there was that silence—broken only by railway trains, made up of cars and locomotives that had been begged, borrowed, or stolen from a dozen American railways to help move the traffic. Then, after the Allies had beaten the Axis back into a plowshare and Japan was folding up, the problem arose of what to do with the German prisoners of war who had been exported to Canada. The Japanese-Canadian detainees were no problem; they had been put in open camps in northern British Columbia—open because the country round about was so stern and desolate that any of them who ran away would starve to death in the wilderness—and they were just released. But there were many German prisoners of war, and the Canadian government, always mindful of being short of manpower in a big country, invited these men—who were not really men, for the prisoners I saw were between sixteen and eighteen, and who, some of them said, did not want to live in a ravaged Germany—to return to Canada after repatriation and move out into the prairie country where we were and become growers of fodder corn and wheat. I had the excellent luck to be aboard the first train—out of Edmonton, which seems ten times that size today—that carried a contingent of these young men into a very, very New World. Sixteen-year-old soldiers—that indicates the plight of Hitler's armies. But that first night out they were all singing—healthy-looking, well-muscled, well-fed boys. Canada was, you will recall, one of the great food-exporting nations during that war, manpower shortage or no. And when we reached the part of the land which is called the Peace River Country, after the tremendous and beautiful river that flows toward the Arctic Circle, the train stopped at what the timetable said were towns—a wooden station, three houses, a grain elevator. Two or three of the Germans were set down, and their baggage, their tenting, their food supply, their farm machinery, and boards and nails and carpenter tools followed them, out of the train's freight cars. From there on, it was up to these young men to take care of themselves, out on the prairie of a completely foreign country, without friends, without girls—especially without girls. Two summers ago, when I was in Prince Rupert, a city on the coast of British Columbia, and saw three grim black Russian freighters and two fairly nondescript vessels flying the Chinese flag, all of them loading grain, I felt I knew what had been going on in the Peace River Country in the thirty-five years since last I visited it, and that is how the expedition in our private railway car came about. Those of us who had been there all wanted another look."

We suggested that there might have been a less complicated way.

"Sir, you don't know the country," Frimbo said. "It's not resort country, it's *working* country—corn, oats, wheat, and now oil. The roads are mostly minor, the hotels basic, the restaurants basic, too—except those run by the great-grandchildren of the Chinese camp cooks who fed the men who were building the railways back in the nineteenth century. As for planes, they are few. Indeed, even the passenger trains have all been laid to rest. So, approaching an official of the Canadian National Railways who is appropriately close to the throne room, we were able to rent a locomotive to haul our train around the Peace River Country where and when we wished, and at our own pace."

We wanted to know what he had discovered.

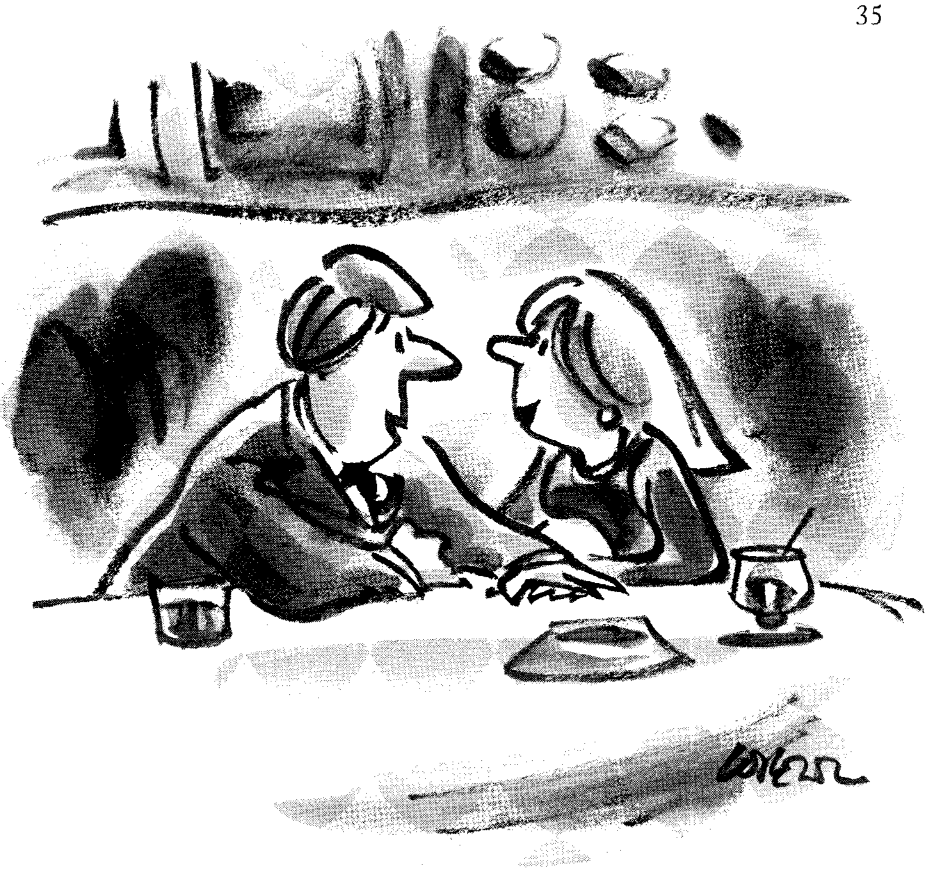
"Oh, looking for those young Germans was like looking for the lost colony of Roanoke—those early white settlers who came over here four hundred years ago. The Peace River Country is so vast that it could swallow up a few hundred more farmers in a minute. But later, when I was telling this story at lunch on a train between Halifax and Montreal, a man spoke up. He said we had put him off the train at Watino, a couple of hundred miles northwest of Edmonton. He and two comrades had worked their farms as a communal project until he married a girl he had met at a dance hall—the daughter of a Ukrainian miner whose own father had been one of the German émigrés to southern Russia years ago. She was the first person he had met in Canada who spoke German, and that was why he married her. Now he was a salesman of something or other. We agreed, as we parted, *not* to say that it is a small world. Out in the Peace River Country last summer we had seen that much more land had been put into crops since our previous trip, yet we had also seen that man's atavistic longing for a great big open space could still be satisfied there. And we were allowed to be the first and maybe the only passenger train ever to travel on the Alberta



Resources Railway, which runs through the Smoky River wilderness—a lot of which the Alberta government plans to keep a wilderness, and a magnificent stretch of wilderness it is. And, as so often happens when I travel with Chef Robbie and Majordomo Harris, A. J., I picked up another household hint.”

Naturally, we swallowed the bait.

“The three of us were chatting after breakfast. After all, I had been travelling with Harris, in his role as Pullman and railway employee, for forty-four years. And while they were polishing the silver—and it was silver, not stainless steel or aluminum—Robbie said he had run out of silver polish. So Harris stepped to a supply cabinet and brought out a bottle of White Rock. ‘Just as good as polish,’ he said. ‘There’s a mineral in it that cleans silver like nothing else.’ I watched, and it does.”



“What do you say, sweetheart? Two can tread water as cheaply as one.”

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Two Gatherings

INVITATION received in the mail: “Please help us welcome Kelly Collins, Bo Derek’s younger sister, as the new spokesperson for Zena Jeans on Tuesday, April 22. . . . Cocktails at Noon, Lunch at 12:30.”

Tens of thousands of other luncheons were the brothers or sisters of this luncheon. It happened at a restaurant on Fifty-eighth Street, a street that is a sibling of such famous cross streets as Fourteenth Street, Twenty-third Street, Thirty-fourth Street, and Forty-second Street, and that actually intersects well-known Lexington Avenue, Park Avenue, Madison Avenue, and Fifth Avenue, to name only a few. A photographer so large that he could have been two sets of twins in a big suit asked a woman from the jeans company whose responsibility it wasn’t why he and the people he was sitting with were not being served, and she said, “I’ll take care of it,” with a smile that was a fourth cousin eleven times removed to a real smile that conveys affectionate regard. Jane Modine, the full-figured model who does some of the television commercials for the jeans company, pirouetted on the heel of one of her purple shoes before the owner of the company, in a gesture that was a trusted member of the warm, supportive nuclear family of cute gestures. The first course of the luncheon was a salad made of broccoli, which, as a member of the cabbage family, is related to kohlrabi, kale, brussels sprouts, cauliflower, and collard greens—important ingredients of salads and other vegetable dishes all over the United States. The luncheon happened in New York City, which twenty years ago was named sister city to the city of Tokyo, Japan.

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THE expatriate Soviet conceptual artists Vitali Komar and Aleksandr Melamid told a group of college students in Bronxville about their work a week ago last Wednesday. They said (through an interpreter) that they were in the business of buying and selling souls, and they showed slides of themselves buying and selling souls. They said that they could guarantee people that their souls would have eternal life, because each soul was preserved on microfiche. They said that Andy Warhol’s soul was bought for nothing and sold in Moscow for thirty rubles. They said that they helped people interested in tracing their roots, and that they provided people with portraits of their ancient ancestors. Then they showed a slide in which a painting of an Allosaurus in a gilt frame hung over a mantelpiece with a man standing proudly before it. They told the life story of a Russian Neo-Realist painter they had made up who got in a fight with a Futurist and lost one eye and from then on included the side of his nose in the foreground of every painting he did. They said that this Neo-Realist moved to the country after the Revolution of 1917 and from then until 1938 he did fifty-eight landscapes, identical except that the seasons changed, a church that was in the early landscapes was torn down, and a tree withered. Each landscape had a nose in the foreground, and they said that in the winter landscapes the nose was blue. They said that after they left the Soviet Union they went to Israel, where they built a temple—the Third Temple—which they showed slides of, and that at the base of the temple they made a burnt offering of one of their suitcases. They said that the temple burned and after that they went to Hell. They showed a slide of themselves in Hell. They said that they assigned notes on the piano to all the letters of the Cyrillic alphabet, and then they played a cassette tape of the way a Soviet document would sound. A student asked them how they managed to work in collaboration, and they said that the Impressionist painters used to drink together in cafés and then return to their studios and work alone, but they (Komar and Melamid) worked together and then went out and drank alone. A student asked them about repression in the Soviet Union, and they compared it to the way in which the National Endowment for the Arts goes about making grants in this country.

HEROES

THESE guys, you know, if they don't know what's the story how can they . . .

—Exactly.

—So I inform myself. *U.S. News & World Report. Business Week. Scientific American.* I make it a point to steep myself in information.

—Yes.

—Otherwise your decisions have little meaning.

—Right.

—I mean they have *meaning*, because no decisions are meaningless in and of themselves, but they don't have *informed* meaning.

—Every citizen has a right.

—To what?

—To act. According to his lights.

—That's right.

—But his lights are not going to be that great. If he doesn't take the trouble. To find out what's the story.

—Take a candidate for something.

—Absolutely.

—There are all these candidates.

—More all the time. Hundreds.

—Now how does the ordinary man—

—The man in the street—

—*Really know.* Anything. About these birds.

—The media.

—Right. The media. That's how we know.

—Façades.

—One of these birds, maybe he calls you on the telephone.

—Right.

—You're flattered out of your skull, right?

—Right.

—You say, Oh my God, I'm talking to a goddam *senator* or something.

—You're covered with awe.

—Or whoever it is. He's got your name on a little card, right? He's holding the card in his hand.

—Right.

—Say your name is George. He says, Well, George, very good to talk to you, what do you think about the economy? Or whatever it is.

—What do you say?

—You say, Well, Senator, it looks to me like it's a little shaky, the economy.

—You've informed yourself about the economy.

—Wait a minute, wait a minute, that's not the point. I mean it's *part* of the point but it's not the *whole* point.

—Right.

—So you tell him your opinion, it's a little shaky. And he agrees with you and everybody hangs up feeling good.

—Absolutely.

—But this is the point. Does he *act* on your opinion?

—No.

—Does he even remember your opinion?

—He reaches for the next card.

—He's got just a hell of a lot of cards there.

—Maybe two hundred or three hundred.

—And this is just one session on the phone.

—He must get tired of it.

—Bored out of his skull. But that's not the point. The point is, the whole thing is meaningless. You don't know one damn thing more about him than before.

—Well, sometimes you can tell something. From the voice.

—Or say you meet him in person.

—The candidate. He comes to where you work.

—He's out there in the parking lot slapping skin.

—He shakes your hand.

—Then he shakes the next guy's hand. What do you know after he's shook your hand?

—Zero. Zip.

—Let me give you a third situation.

—What?

—You're standing on the sidewalk and he passes in his motorcade. Waving and smiling. What do you learn? That he's got a suntan.

—What is the reality? What is the man behind the mask? You don't learn.

—Therefore we rely on the media. We are *forced* to rely on the media. The print media and the electronic media.

—Thank God we got the media.

—That's what we have. Those are our tools. To inform ourselves.

—Correct. One hundred per cent.

—*But*. And this is the point. There are distortions in the media.

—They're only human, right?

—The media are not a clear glass through which we can see a thing clearly.

—We see it darkly.

—I'm not saying these are intentional. The ripples in the clear glass. But we have to take them into consideration.

—We are prone to error.

—Now, you take a press conference.

—The candidate. Or the President.

—*Sometimes they ask them the questions that they want to be asked.*

—Pre-prepared questions.

—I'm not saying all of them. I'm not even saying most of them. But it happens.

—I figured.

—Or he doesn't pick the one to answer that he knows is going to shoot him a toughie.

—He picks the guy behind him.

—I mean he's been in this business a long time. He knows that one guy is going to ask him about the economy and one guy is going to ask him about nuclear holocaust and one guy is going to ask him about China. So he can predict—

—What type of question a particular guy is going to pop on him.

—That's right. Of course some of these babies, they're as smart as he is. In their own particular areas of expertise.

—They can throw him a curve.

—He's got egg on his face.

—Or maybe he just decides to tough it out and *answer* the damn question.

—But what we get, what the public gets—

—The tip of the iceberg.

—There's a lot more under the surface that we don't get.

—The whole iceberg.

—We're like blind men feeling the iceberg.

—So you have to have *many, many* sources. To get a picture.

—Both print and electronic.

—When we see a press conference

on the tube, *it's not even the whole press conference.*

—It's the highlights.

—Just the highlights. Most of the time.

—Maybe there was something that you wanted to know that got cut out.

—Five will get you ten there's something touching your vital personal interests that got cut out.

—Absolutely.

—They don't do it on purpose. They're human beings.

—I know that. And without them we would have nothing.

—But sometimes bias creeps in.

—Very subtle bias that colors their objectivity.

—Maybe they're not even aware of it but it creeps in. The back door.

—Like you're looking at the newspaper and they have pictures of all the candidates. They're all out campaigning, different places. And maybe they run one guy's picture twice as big as another guy's picture.

—Why do they do that?

—Maybe it's more humanly interesting, the first guy's picture. But it's still bias.

—Maybe they ought to measure them, the pictures.

—Maybe they *like* the guy. Maybe they just like him as a human being. He's more likable. That creeps in.

—One-on-one, the guy's more likable.

—But to be fair you should print the guy's picture you don't like as big as this guy's.

—Or maybe the guy they don't like, they give him more scrutiny. His personal life. His campaign contributions.

—Or maybe you want a job if he gets elected. It's human.

—That's a low thought. That's a *terrible* thought.

—Well, be realistic.

—I don't think that happens. There aren't that many jobs that they would want.

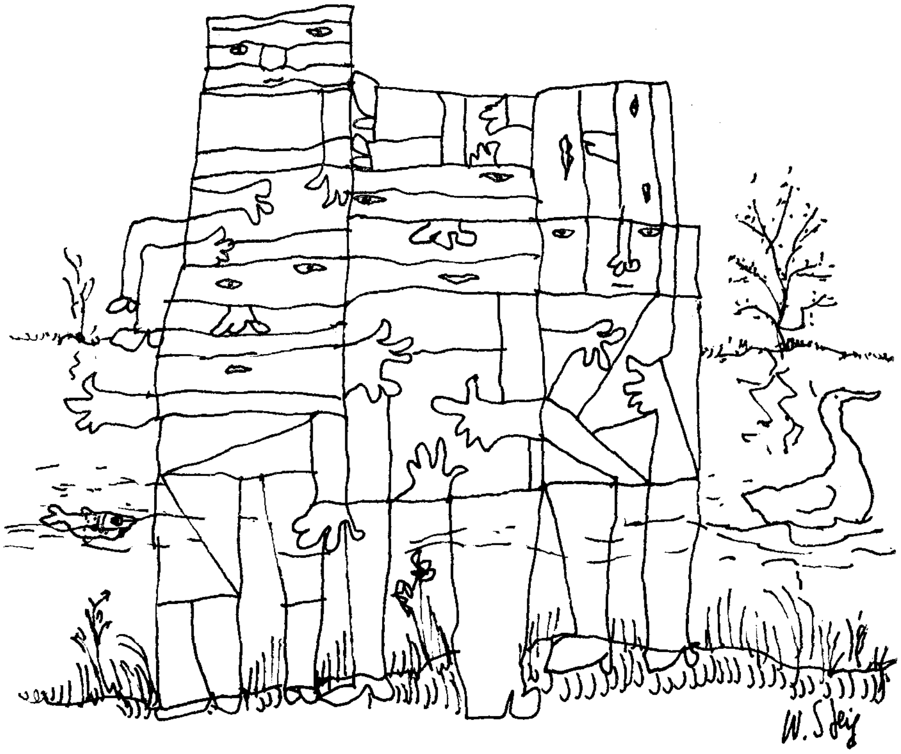
—In the damn *government* there aren't that many jobs?

—That were better than their present jobs. I mean which would you rather be, some government flunky or a powerful figure in the media?

—The latter. Any day in the week.

—I mean what if you're the goddam *Wall Street Journal*, for instance? A powerful voice. A Cassandra crying in the wilderness. They're scared of what you might reveal or might not reveal. You can hold your head up. You bow to no man, not even presidents or kings—

—You have to stand up if he comes into the room, that's the rule.



Lakeside Community

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—Well, standing up is not bowing.

—The thing is to study their faces, these guys, these guys that are running, on the tube. *With the sound turned off.* So you can see.

—You can read their souls.

—You can't read their souls, you can get an idea, a glimpse. The human face is a dark pool with dark things swimming in it, under the surface. You look for a long time, using your whole experience of life. To discern what's with this guy.

—I mean he's trying to look good, the poor bastard, busting his ass to look good in every nook and cranny of America.

—What do we really know about him? What do we know?

—He wants the job.

—Enormous forces have pressured him into wanting the job. Destiny. Some people are bigger than you or I. A bigger destiny. It's tearing him apart, not to have the job, he sees some other guy's got the job and he says to himself, My destiny is as big as that guy's destiny— If I can just get these mothers to elect me.

—The rank and file. Us.

—If I can just get them to rally to my banner, the dummies.

—You think he thinks that?

—What's he going to think? It's tearing him apart, not to be elected.

—We're mere pawns. Clowns. Garbage.

—No. Without us, they can't realize their destinies. Can't even begin. No way.

—We make the judgments. Shrewd, informed judgments. Because we have informed ourselves.

—Taking into account the manifold distractions of a busy fruitful life.

—If it is fruitful.

—It's mostly going to be fruitful. If the individual makes the effort, knows what's the story—

—How did they know before they had the media?

—Vast crowds would assemble, from every hearth in the land. You had to be able to make a speech, just a dilly of a speech. "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold"—William Jennings Bryan. You had to be larger than life.

—The hearer of the speech knew—

—They were noble figures.

—They had to have a voice like an organ.

—The vast crowd swept by a fervor, as if by a wind.

—They were heroes and the individual loved them.

—Maybe misled. History sorts it out.

—Giant figures with voices like a whole church choir, plus the organ—

—A strange light coming from behind them, maybe it was only the sun . . .

—DONALD BARTHELME

BERKELEY HOUSE

ALTHOUGH Charlotte O'Mara lived in San Francisco, and her third and final stepmother, Blanche, in Berkeley, just across the bay, they traditionally communicated by postcard, an aversion to the telephone being one of the few things they had in common. Thus it was by way of a crowded card from Blanche that Charlotte first heard that the Berkeley house in which she had grown up was being sold.

That night, at dinner with her lover, Lyman Clay, a bookseller from Portland, Maine, a tall tow-headed young man, Charlotte drank too much wine, and she cried out to Lyman, "You don't know how much I loved that house!"

Since theirs was a relatively recent friendship, a couple of months old, Charlotte had not, so far, talked much, if at all, about her parents, both now dead. And she had said nothing about the house other than that it was in the Berkeley hills. And so, although kind and intelligent, intuitive, Lyman was understandably puzzled at the extremity of her reaction. "It was a really great house?" he asked.

"No, actually it was pretty peculiar. Adobe, all sprawled out. It's just that—just that I always lived there," she told him hopelessly.

The next day, along with some gratitude for Lyman's kindness, and a slight hangover, Charlotte had an embarrassed sense of falseness. "Love" was too simple a word for her feelings about that house. She had reacted to its sale with rage and anguish, with an acute and wild sense of loss that she could not, for the moment, fathom, any more than she could get rid of the pain.

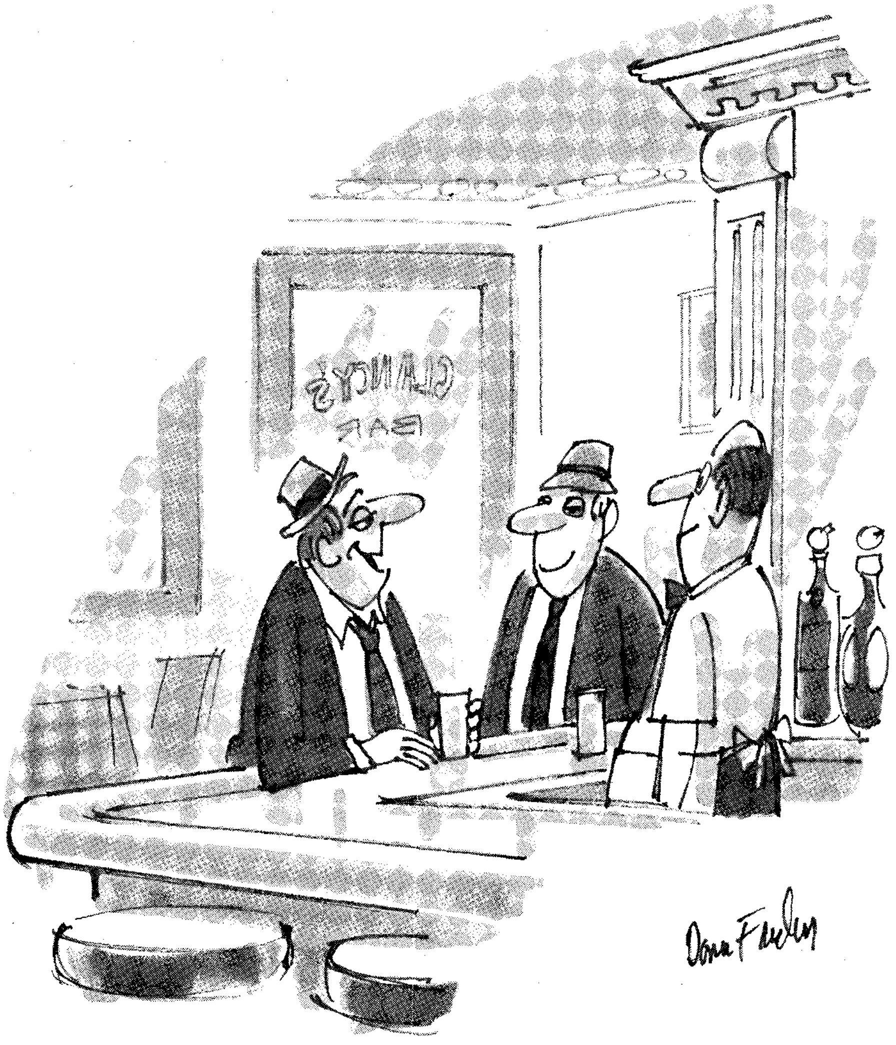
Charlotte was a painter, and in that precarious way she made her living—although that year, the year of the sale of the house, she had a very good fellowship. She thought she knew a lot about joy and grief, about broke and flush, failure and relative success. Still, she was surprised at the violence of her feelings about the house, about Blanche's selling it. Waking at three in the morning, she thought of crossing the Bay Bridge from Potrero Hill, where in their separate flats both she and Lyman lived, and going over to Grizzly Peak Boulevard, in Berkeley, where the house was. And burning it down. If I can't have it no one will, she wildly thought, at that most vulnerable predawn hour.

And she had no right to any of those emotions, any more than she had any "legal" right to the house. After all, her father, Ian O'Mara, had left the house to Blanche, his fourth wife, "to make her feel more secure." He had told Charlotte this in the same letter in which he first told about his will. But at that time Charlotte was living in Paris, studying, happily broke, and she hardly paid attention to what he said. She could not then focus on anything as distant and unlikely as her father's death.

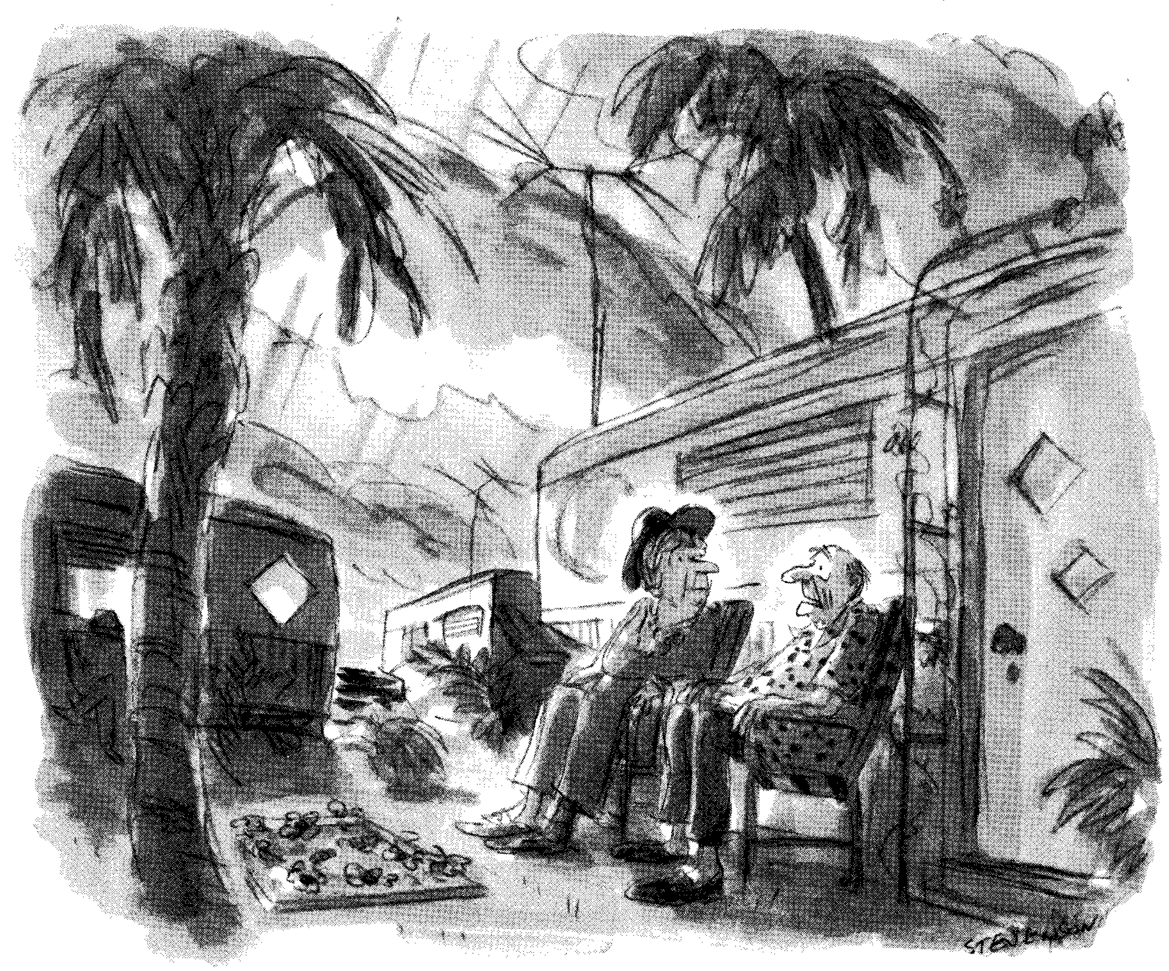
She was aware, though, in a distant way, that Blanche, a fading tall blond Southern belle from Savannah, had not found much security in Berkeley, with those threatening academic people, or with Ian, who was inveterately mean to women: mean to Charlotte's mother, who had died young, and miserable; mean to his next, long-wooed wife, Pinky; and mean to Avis, the third. Mean to Blanche, often not speaking to her for days. In a way, leaving the house to Blanche was one of Ian's kinder gestures, although not exactly kind in regard to Charlotte.

LATER, back from Paris and living in New York, very broke, nowhere near making it, Charlotte had remembered Ian's letter, and with uncharacteristic bravado—she was generally, and with good reason, quite frightened of her father—she wrote to him and said, "What exactly did you mean about leaving Blanche the house? Don't I get any of it?" And Ian, a smooth talker, wrote back reassuringly, "Of course Blanche will leave it to you. You'll get it all, eventually." But he did not say that in his will, and, what with taxes and repairs, the place probably was too much for Blanche, who was getting on. No surprise that she would have to sell the place, except that Charlotte was surprised; she was horrified.

A week or so after the postcard came, after Charlotte had begun to lie awake thinking always of the house, she had lunch with her friend Margery, an architect. Charlotte had



"I don't care where they build the MX mobile-missile system, as long as they don't run it through Clancy's Bar."



"My only regret is I did it my way."

formed the habit of telling Margery much, although never all, of what was on her mind. That day she talked for a while to Margery about Lyman, saying that it bothered her that he was five years younger, although why should that be a problem? She did not say that she really liked him enough to scare her, a little.

And then she tried to say what she felt about the house. She spoke, however, without much hope of comfort or understanding; she believed that because of her profession Margery would have a rather anatomical view of houses. To Margery, a house would be a shell for living in, designed and built in a certain way, in a certain state of repair.

Charlotte said, and she felt her breath tighten as she spoke, "It's crazy, the very idea of that house's being sold makes me feel dislodged. Deracinated." She tried to laugh, and coughed.

Margery laughed, too, and then she said, "Well, once I felt pretty much that way, when the house in Illinois that I grew up in was being sold. And then I thought, What's wrong with me? I spent the worst years of my life in that house, I was miserable there."

"Oh, Margery," Charlotte cried out. "It was horrible. My mother dying, and then Ian fighting with Pinky, and then Avis. Not speaking to Blanche."

HOME from lunch, in her studio, from which on clear days she could see the Berkeley hills, Charlotte thought back to all the misery and unhappiness of the Grizzly Peak house. And maybe now, remembering, she would be all right?

But she was not all right. Lyman had gone to a convention of booksellers in Los Angeles, and that night, instead of sleeping, Charlotte argued ragingly with Ian, who had been dead for five years: "Why didn't you say in your will that I was supposed to have the house? What made you trust Blanche? You know she doesn't like me, none of them have. Why didn't you think of me when you made your will?"

And to Blanche: "If you're so broke why don't you go to work, for a change? You could try interior decoration, or real estate. I've always supported myself, one way or another, and if you think I liked being a waitress at Zim's . . ."

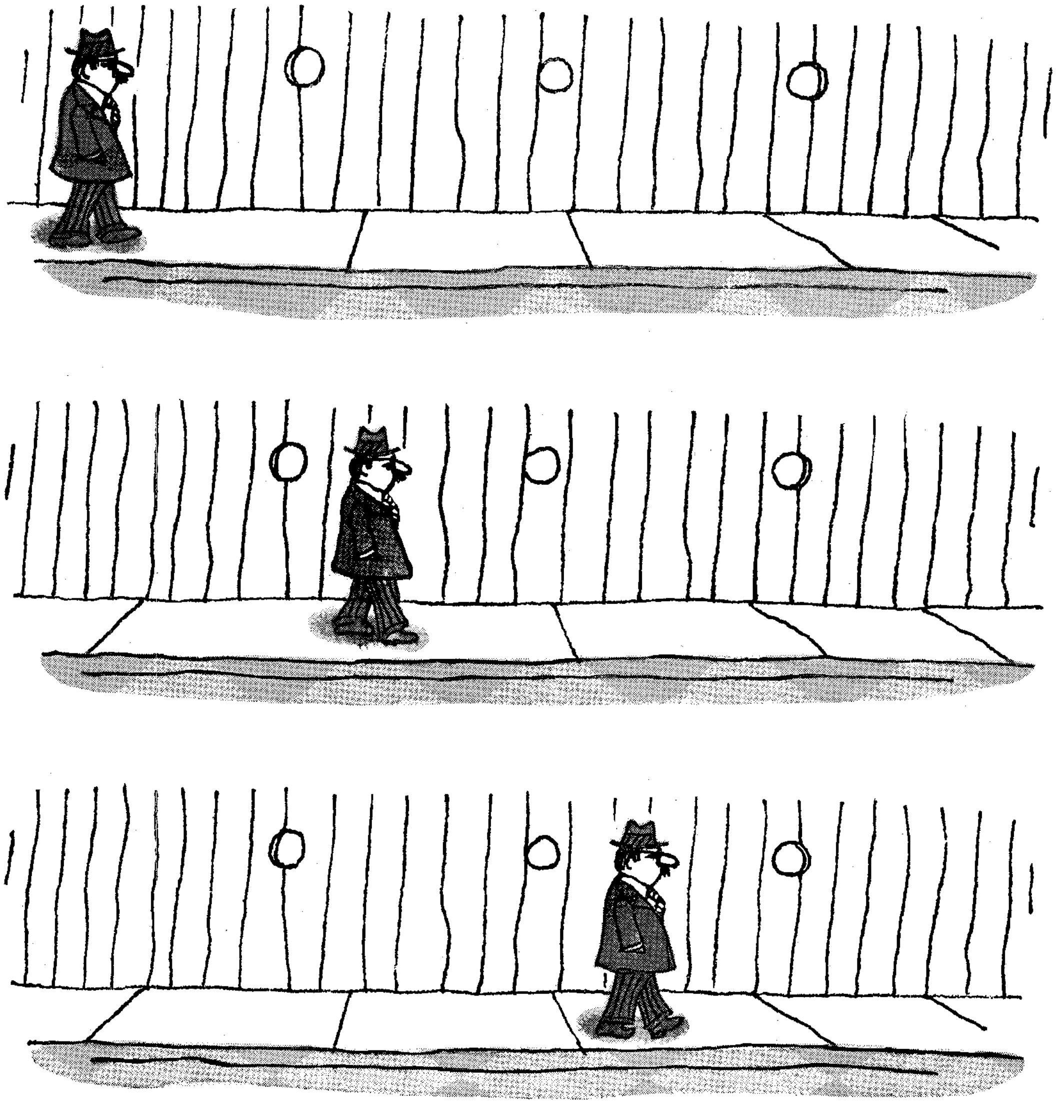
She got up in the morning scratchy-eyed, heavy in the head and heart, with no mind for work. She did work, though, on a stylized landscape, its tidiness possibly being a counter to the confusion in her mind: a great flat yellow stretch of fields, hills nearly the same color, and a paler, yellow sky.

ONE of the things that Charlotte did not tell Margery—and she hated to think what a shrink would make of this—was about her dreams: almost always, all her life, they had taken place in that pale adobe hilltop house, with its sprawling wings, in its high grove of redwood and eucalyptus trees. Even in Paris, or New York, in her dream life, there she would be. This struck her as unbearably sentimental, not to mention infantile. Nevertheless, it was true.

FOR a time, then, Charlotte managed to get her worrying about the house down to ten or fifteen minutes a day; during those minutes she would still rave and rage, first at Ian, then at Blanche, but afterward she would get to work. She was working well, on that yellow landscape.

Also, she was getting along happily with Lyman Clay—surprisingly, since most of her love affairs had been marked by turbulence. Lyman was in fact such a gentle man, sensitive and keenly appreciative of her painting, and of her, that at times Charlotte wondered if he could be gay; no evidence pointed in that direction, it was just a way that living in San Francisco in those end-of-the-seventies years could make you think. She very much liked his unmanageable white-blond hair, his flat Maine voice, and his Yankee wit.

A COUPLE of weeks after getting the first postcard, in a mood of relative peace Charlotte decided that, in a simple and honest way, she



would tell Blanche that she was indeed upset about her selling the house but that she now almost understood. She could almost stand it. After all, Blanche had been nicer than her two other stepmothers; once she had taken the trouble to polish and pack and deliver some old wineglasses of Charlotte's mother's (just in time, Charlotte was sure, to keep Ian from breaking them). But Charlotte forgot, as she thought of writing to Blanche, Blanche's deep suspicion of anything Charlotte did or said. Suspicion, Charlotte had to admit, not entirely unfounded. "I've tried to love Charlotte," Blanche had remarked one time to Ian, who reported this to Charlotte, in a concurring way—the effort of loving her being too much for anyone, it would seem.

And so, in answer to her postcard, Charlotte got back a long typed letter from Blanche, mainly to the effect that Charlotte had no legal right to the house. As if Charlotte didn't know her father's will by heart.

Even in her postcards, Blanche spoke what Charlotte thought of as "Southern," by which she meant the content as well as the accent. It was always necessary for Charlotte to shove aside a lot of words to get at what Blanche meant. That letter, translated, meant: Your father didn't care about you at all, he only cared for me. Which Charlotte had heard and even concluded on her own. Still, it hurt to have it pointed out.

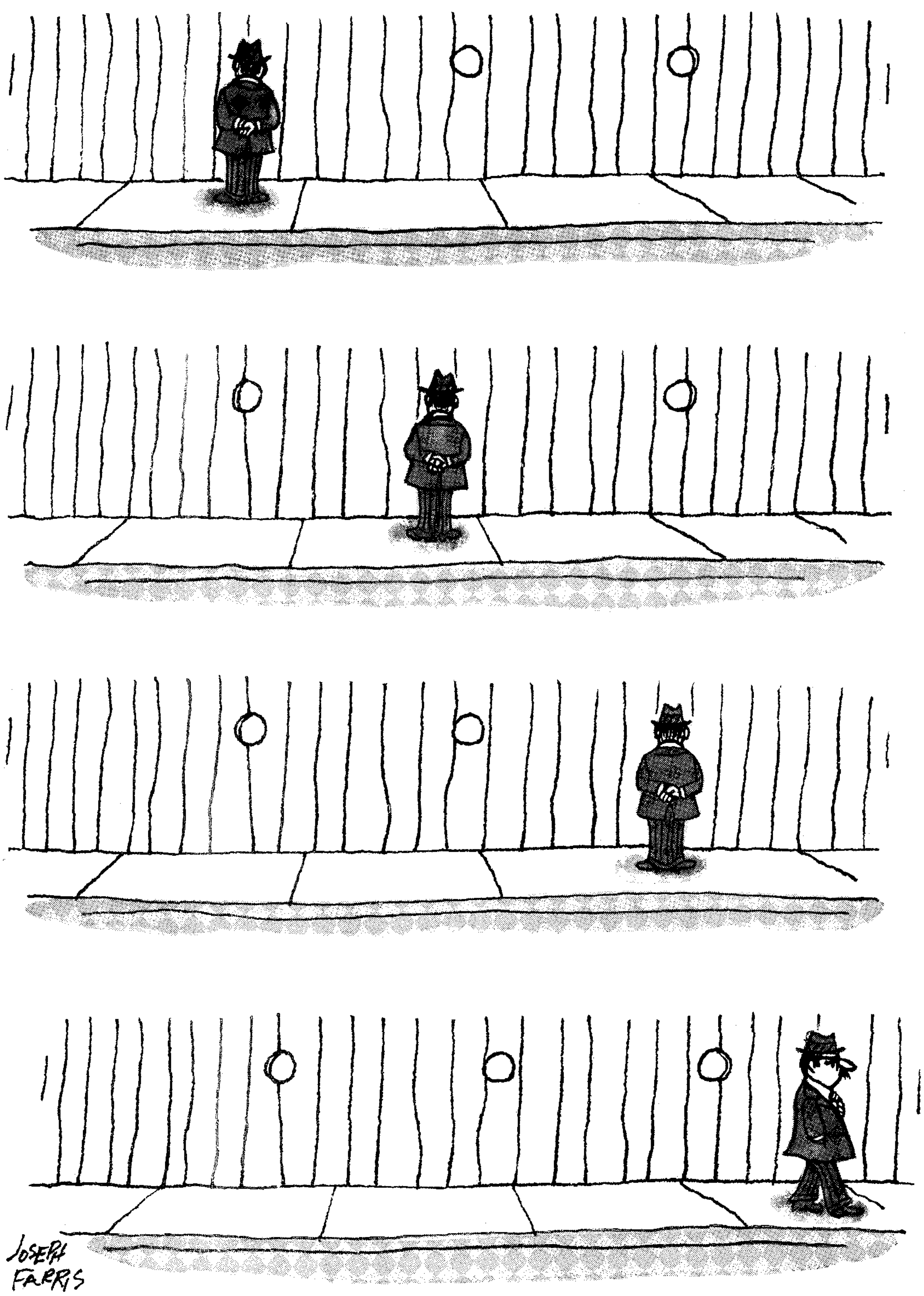
In other, lighter moods, Charlotte could almost think of Blanche as funny; she was much a master, or mistress, of the velvet barb—as when she once remarked to Charlotte, "And I've always thought you were so pretty, even if no one else ever did." Well, Charlotte had never thought of herself as especially pretty—except maybe for a few minutes, sometimes. She no more needed to have that pointed out than she needed to be reminded of her father's non-caring. Still, the way Blanche got it across was fairly funny, Charlotte guessed.

BECAUSE Charlotte had been only six when her mother died, her memories of Eugenia, though clear, were brief, truncated. Eugenia had played the recorder, and she had gone to all the chamber-music concerts that came to Berkeley—a lot of concerts. Her erudition in both musical and literary areas was legendary. To this day she was talked about. She had had many friends in the academic community—professors, musicians, literary types, who no doubt disliked noisy, self-made Ian, as he probably disliked them back, and disliked Eugenia's friendships with them, and finally disliked Eugenia. And turned to beautiful, rich Pinky.

What Charlotte remembered best was lying in bed, her wing of the house juxtaposed to her mother's solitary wing, and hearing Eugenia weeping, weeping—hours of tears. Those terrible sounds were what Charlotte instantly, audibly remembered when her friend Margery said how miserable she had been in her parents' house. Eugenia's tears, her thick and heavy unhappiness had made the child Charlotte sick and heavy with unhappiness as Eugenia lay there crying over Ian—Ian the handsome, the unkind, the menace to women.

GIVEN Ian, then, it is hardly surprising that Charlotte should have had her share of troubles with men. And maybe more. It sometimes seemed that way to Charlotte. She had been known to fall madly in love with the most impossible men—but a lot of women did that. What Charlotte also did, and what seemed even more dangerous, was: on the rare occasions when she was involved with a nice man, she would somehow induce him to behave in a cruel way. Or, even if she did not really succeed in that enterprise, she would somehow, nevertheless, begin to see the nice man as cruel.

THE next Blanche postcard announced that since the house was for sale, and she was thinking of mov-



ing to Santa Barbara, she was putting the furniture in storage; if there was anything Charlotte wanted, would she please come over and get it right away, at least before next Tuesday. Well, "next Tuesday" was the day after Charlotte got the card, and for that and several other reasons she decided not to take Blanche up on her offer.

Other considerations being: if there was anything Charlotte really wanted, Blanche would come up with a strong justification for not giving it to her. That had been established when Ian died, and the carved Spanish bench that Charlotte asked for turned out to have already been promised to a distant cousin.

"I just never would have known you wanted that little old bench," rambled Blanche, in her explanatory postcard. "You never once sat on it when you came here to visit, and I just knew it was too teeny and old-fashioned to be anything you'd ever want."

Of course I never sat there, not since I was a child, but I liked to look at it—it's so graceful and pretty—is what Charlotte despaired of trying to say to Blanche. Except for the bench, which would have been nice, furniture was actually the last thing Charlotte needed, her apartment being already crowded with canvases. Finally, and maybe most important, she could truly not bear the thought of going to the house, and going over all those remaining things, those silver and mahogany souvenirs of her past. With Blanche.

Any more than she could bear the house's being sold.

"It isn't so much the money that's involved," Charlotte had said to Margery when telling her of the house, "but it hurt my feelings, being disinherited." She had meant what she said, but as she listened to the echo of her words she heard an unexpected sanctimoniousness in them, a falseness, really. It was certainly true that her feelings had been hurt, badly hurt, but it was also true that she minded about the money. Her livelihood was precarious; certainly she could have used the proceeds from the sale of a large house.

"How much do you think she'll get for the house?" asked Margery, who had never seen it, Charlotte not being given to taking friends over to meet Blanche.

"I haven't any idea. I don't know about real estate," Charlotte said. "It's a big house, though. Sort of spread out."

"Well, anything in the Berkeley hills is worth at least two hundred grand," said Margery, who did know about those things.

Two hundred thousand dollars. With even half that, decently invested, Charlotte figured that she could live for the rest of her life. Not worry about selling paintings. Just paint.

But, in a way, the realization that something as concrete as money figured in her pain was comforting; it made her feel less blackly doomed—less crazy.

Margery mused, "It would be interesting to know what she'll get for it."

"I can't exactly ask her, though."

"Maybe I could find out."

As though things in her life were not difficult enough at that moment, Lyman Clay began to push Charlotte toward getting married. Or that is how Charlotte felt: pushed.

Typically, he presented his ideas in a literary way, over a dinner at his place. A dinner that he had cooked. And Lyman's cooking was another source of amazement and slight suspicion for Charlotte.

"A marriage is like the imposition of form on feeling in poetry," Lyman said. "Or in painting, for heaven's sake."

With a sharp leap of her heart, Charlotte saw what he meant; she felt it, but she was too disturbed—about the house, about Blanche, about Ian—to think in a serious way about what Lyman was suggesting.

And gloomily she foresaw that she and Lyman would eventually come to a parting over this issue, since he was clearly serious in what he said. A year or so later, when Lyman had married someone else (lots of women really want to marry, she knew, and Lyman was exceptionally nice), she, Charlotte, would wish that she were with him; then she would mourn for Lyman, as she had for various other departed men.

It was at Lyman's that Margery reached her—not wanting to wait to call Charlotte in the morning. She had to tell her the news.

"I can't believe this," said Margery over the phone. "The place is going for a hundred thousand. Honestly, Char, it must be a wreck."

Not grasping the sum of money, her mind instead wandering back to the actual house (a wreck?), Charlotte only said, "Well, it didn't use to be."

"Who ever would have thought that a hundred thousand could come to look like a bargain?" said Margery.

Vaguely offended at the word "bargain" being attached to her house, Charlotte murmured, "Not I."

An odd lapse, or confusion, of memory had been disturbing Charlotte, along with her other troubles, ever since first hearing from Blanche about the house: simply, she could not remember whether a giant pine that had been near the side porch had been cut down or not. In her earliest memories it was there; as a small child she had played with dolls and Dinky toys among its roots. And she could remember it when, as an older girl, she had sat there on the porch, making out with some boy. But then: Had there been talk about cutting it down? Had Ian said it had to go, that it menaced the roof, or the porch? Possessed of an unusually active visual imagination, Charlotte could see the waving heavy-boughed pine, and she could also see its stump, raw and flat and new—or was she seeing the stump from another tree, somewhere else?

WITHOUT waiting to show it to Lyman or to Margery—to anyone—Charlotte took the yellow landscape to her gallery, a new one, in Embarcadero Center, and it was sold the next day, for more money than Charlotte could believe: enough to live on for five or six months, she thought.

To celebrate, and because, marriage or not, he was an extremely nice man, Charlotte took Lyman out to dinner, inviting him to a new French place, all polished brass and big mirrors and white linen, which they had sometimes walked past.

Exactly the kind of occasion that should be fun and won't be, Charlotte thought as she dressed, putting on an unaccustomed skirt and silk shirt and high sandals. Lyman will make some dumb scene about not letting me pay, and we won't have anything to talk about except the food, which will not be good.

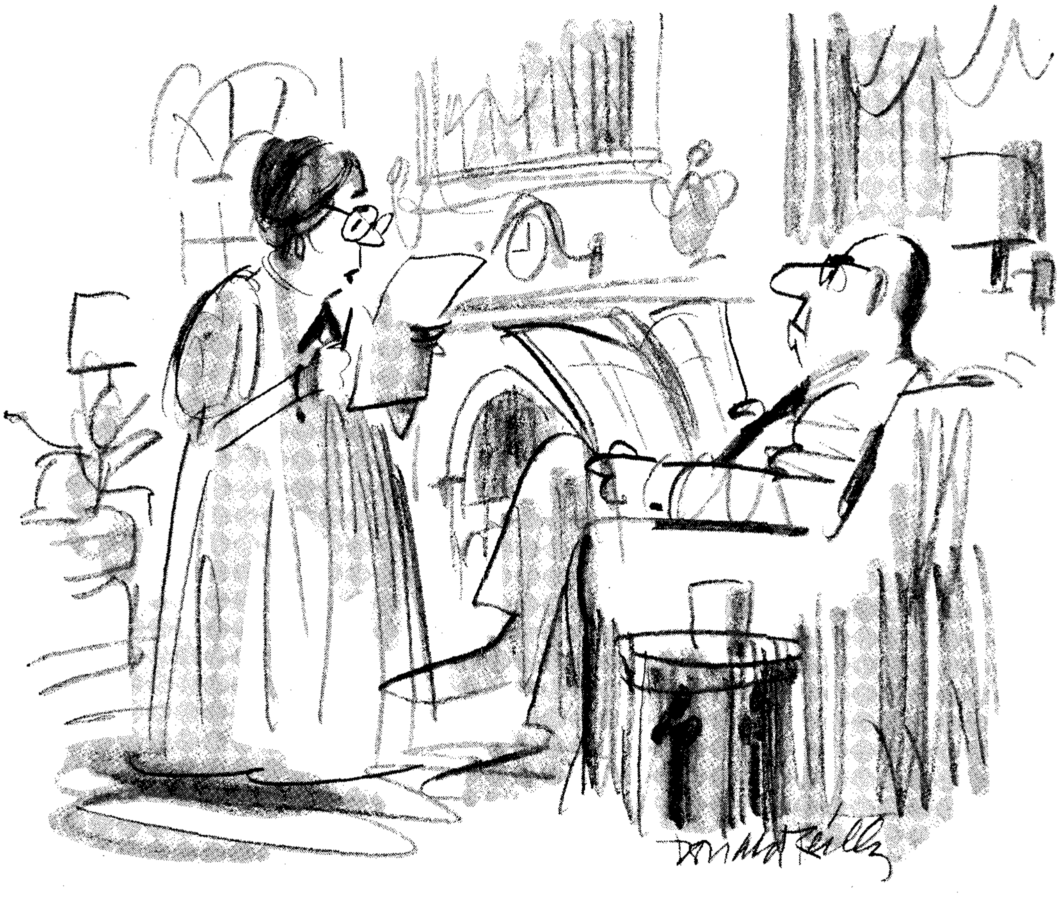
The restaurant was attractive. And as they sat down, Lyman in a coat and tie, straw hair under control, Charlotte thought, Well, we do make a fairly handsome couple.

Easily Lyman told the waiter to put the wine on a separate check, he would take care of that.

"*Mais bien sûr, Monsieur.*"

As Charlotte thought, Well, so far so good.

The food, too, was good, but then after a while something in the tone of the restaurant, maybe, began to make



"Shall we risk having the Bollers? They're Anderson freaks."

N AND S PET SHOP
$50 REBATE
$25 REBATE
$100 REBATE
KOREN

• •

them unfamiliar to themselves. Charlotte heard Lyman talking in a new and stilted way—indeed, discussing the food—and she began to think, I was right.

Mainly for something new to say, she asked, "How come you never talk about Portland?" more complainingly than she had meant to. "Did you like it, growing up there?"

He grinned, showing white, white teeth. "Well, I really did," he said. "It's still small enough to be comprehensible, sort of. There are even some cobbled streets left. And we lived out on Cape Elizabeth, right on the Atlantic."

He went on and on about Portland—the coast, the beaches, the rocks—and Charlotte could see it all vividly as he spoke.

But why was this conversation making her so sad? And then she knew: she was hearing the nostalgia in Lyman's voice; his missing the place he came from was making her miss her own place, her house.

SHE also took Margery out, for lunch, for further celebration.

"I honestly think I must be going crazy," Charlotte said. "Lyman could not be a nicer person; he's kind and smart, and being five years younger than I am is not important, really. But I keep making trouble. If I had better sense I could be perfectly happy with Lyman. I sometimes am."

Margery laughed. "If you had better sense you might not be a painter."

"Well, I guess."

Margery raised her wineglass in a toast, and then she asked, "What ever will you do with all that money?"

Charlotte frowned, her hands gestured helplessness. "I don't know, it's been worrying me. I should do something—sensible."

"What about our buying the Berkeley house?"

"*What?*"

"Your house in Berkeley. I have some money saved up . . . and I could . . . and you could . . . we could . . . rent . . . invest . . . property values."

MARGERY made the appointment and got the key from the real-estate agent—all the negotiations would have to be in her name, obviously—and on a bright October afternoon she and Charlotte drove over to Berkeley: two prospective buyers of an empty house.

They drove up Marin, and up and up, and then turned right on Grizzly Peak, at which point the sheer familiarity of everything she saw accelerated and heated the flow of Charlotte's blood: how she *knew* all those particular turns of the road, those steep sudden views of the bay. And then there it was, in a clump of tall waving eucalyptus: her house. Sand-colored adobe bricks and a red tiled roof, a narrow wooden porch stuck out to one side like an ill-advised whim, long one-storied wings seeming to wander off behind. Perhaps because of the five years' lapse since she had been there, or maybe because she was seeing it with Margery, Charlotte thought, What a nutty-looking house, it's crazy. But that was an affectionate thought; the house could have been an eccentric relative. In fact, it reminded her considerably of Ian: uncontrolled, given over to impulse. (An adobe house in the Berkeley hills had been itself an eccentric impulse, or a sentimental one: Ian and her mother had spent their honeymoon in Mexico.)

When Margery had parked the car, they got out and walked toward it, toward Charlotte's house. All the vines and shrubbery had increased considerably in the five years since her last visit; a green growth of wisteria almost covered the porch.

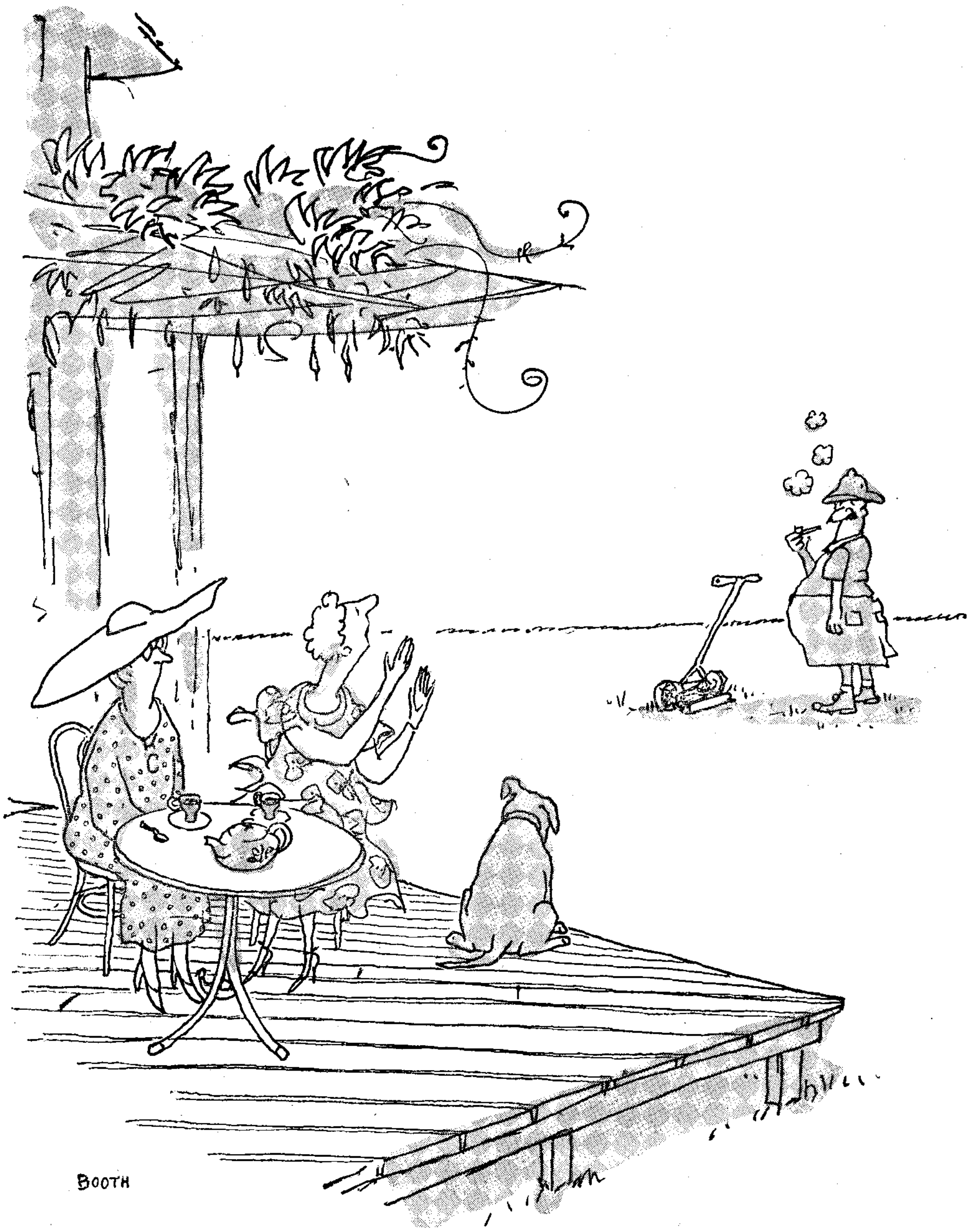
Like a thief, an accomplice in crime, Charlotte followed Margery up to the front door, which, with the real-estate agent's key, Margery opened, and they walked into an absolutely empty, echoing house.

But why was Charlotte so frightened? She could have been an actual intruder, even a thief, so violent was her apprehension as they walked from room to room, both of them on tiptoe. And along with this fear came a total disorientation: Was this small stained room the one that had always been called the guest room but where Ian slept from one wife to another? And was this smaller room her own, in which she had lain and listened to Eugenia's weeping? Shivering, to Margery she whispered, "It all looks so small."

"Rooms do, without any furniture. Honestly, they weren't kidding about its being in bad shape."

"I'm going back outside," whispered Charlotte.

Outside was more familiar: the sweeping view of the bay—the water and sky, the darker skyline. The shrubs and trees and vines were all in their proper place, except for the big pine, which indeed was missing. Nor was there any stump where Charlotte thought the tree had been. Instead, in that spot Blanche (it must have been Blanche) had put in a bed of geraniums, her favorites; in the intense October sunlight they gave off a dusty, slightly rancid smell.



"Frank fretted for years about developing, as he put it, 'a pear shape,' and I'd always say, 'Frank, honey, don't worry about it,' but I have been thinking he's right to be concerned and I should be honest and say to him, 'Frank, honey, you have developed a pear shape, and you should do something about it.' Don't you agree, Mrs. Rosenquist? Yoo-hoo! Frank, honey . . ."

Margery came out at last, and together she and Charlotte walked around the house, Margery stopping to peer down at foundations, to mutter about dry rot.

Once back in the car, seemingly having put dry rot out of her mind, Margery began to talk animatedly about possible reconstruction of the house: "It really has marvellous potential; it needs a lot of work, but I could . . . knock out walls . . . open up . . . a deck."

By this time they were on the bridge, crossing the shining water far below—that day an interesting slate blue, a color that wet stones sometimes are.

"Well, so what do you think?" asked Margery.

"I don't know. I guess it really doesn't seem my kind of thing," Charlotte said, with a certain effort.

"But I thought you wanted—I thought it would help." Although clearly intending kindness, sympathy, Margery sounded very slightly huffy: her professional imagination was being rebuffed.

MARGERY would get over her huffiness in time, Charlotte thought. And while Charlotte could not entirely "get over" her pain at the loss of what she continued to think of as her house, it would perhaps become bearable, little more than an occasional sharp twinge.

She began a new painting, this time all shades of blue, from slate to brightest azure.

When, a few weeks later, a postcard came from Blanche, in Santa Barbara, showing lots of palms and flowers, and announcing that she was going to marry the most wonderful (underlined) man with a lovely house on the ocean, near the Biltmore Hotel, Charlotte stuck the card in a box with letters that she meant to answer soon.

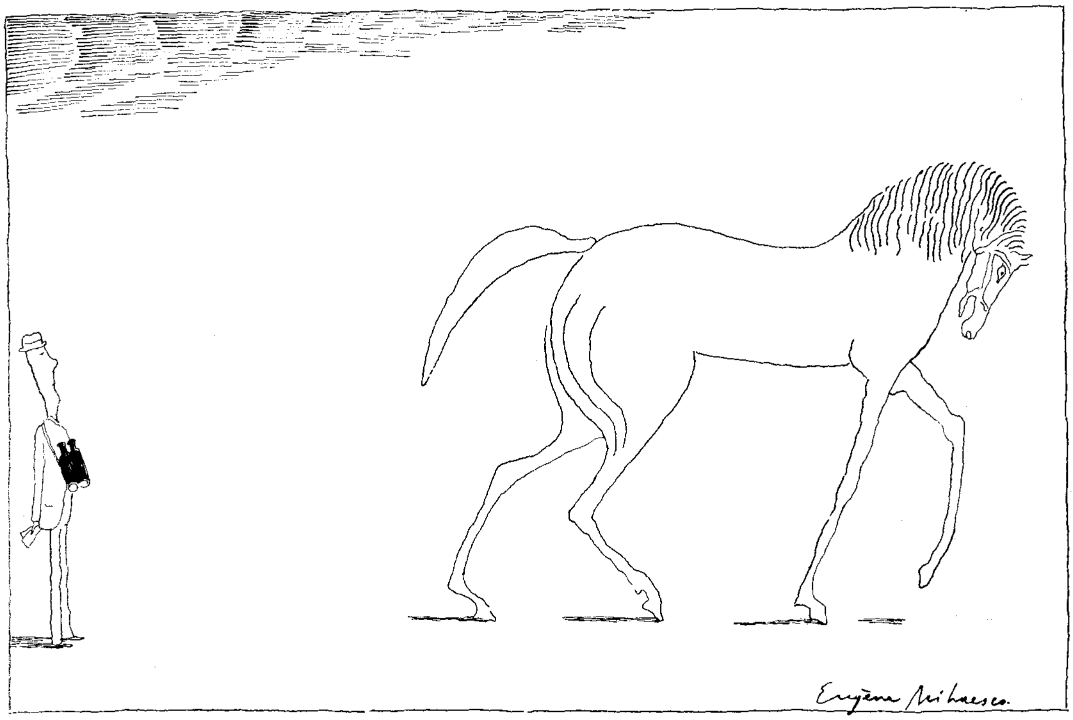
IT was a few months after that, near Christmastime, that, waking with Lyman in his wide, eccentrically carved oak bed—their most recent decision had been to make no decision, no firm plans about legalities or moving in—in a wondering voice Charlotte said, "You know, it's curious, I don't dream that I live in Berkeley anymore. My dreams don't take place in that house."

"I didn't know they ever did," Lyman said. —ALICE ADAMS

THE SPORTING SCENE

RACE TRACK

I—LAUGHING IN THE HILLS



I AM not by nature a compulsive gambler, so it came as a surprise to me when I started playing the horses compulsively. This happened some years ago, during a bleak midwinter season I spent on Long Island. I was visiting my mother, who had cancer. She was a good patient, easy to be around, but the progress of her disease was mean and slow and often difficult to witness. Whenever it overwhelmed me, I left the house and took a walk through the old neighborhood. One afternoon, I passed something I'd never seen before, an Off-Track Betting parlor, and stopped in and made a blind two-dollar bet on a horse named Quiet Little Table, who was running at Aqueduct, and then went home and listened to a broadcast of the race on the radio. Quiet Little Table dropped from contention in the stretch, but the race was still electric, and made my heart pound and my body feel light and untroubled. Even my mother, who had always cautioned her children against gambling, seemed excited; I thought some adrenaline might have seeped into her system and briefly relieved her pain.

The next thing I knew, I was driving to the newsstand every morning to buy a *Daily Racing Form* from a sleepy-eyed Romeo who peppered his otherwise salacious conversation with hot tips. The *Form* is an indispensable publication that gives a compact symbolic history of the horses entered in the day's races at major tracks nearby. Beginners usually find it unwieldy, since it offers more information than anybody could possibly absorb, including a horse's age, sex, color, parentage, birthplace, breeder, owner, trainer, racing record over the past two years, and amount of money won, but most serious gamblers won't make a wager without first studying its contents. At home, I spread the *Form* on the kitchen table and began the perilous exercise known as handicapping, which involves weighing the merits and defects of all the entrants in a given race over and over until the apparent winner emerges. The most telling facts were to be found in the past-performance records. These blocks of statistics, one per horse, showed in copious detail just how well that horse had done in its most recent outings: the fractional times for each of its races; the running line, or exactly where it had been positioned during five different phases—first call, second call, third call, stretch call, and finish—of each race; the calibre of competition it had been facing; its relative speed and preferred distance; and several other factors essential to the handicapping process. I had studied the *Form* before, but never with such intensity; now I bent to the pages like an adept parsing mystical texts. Sometimes they were runic, impossible to decipher, but at other times winners stepped readily forward to speak their names.

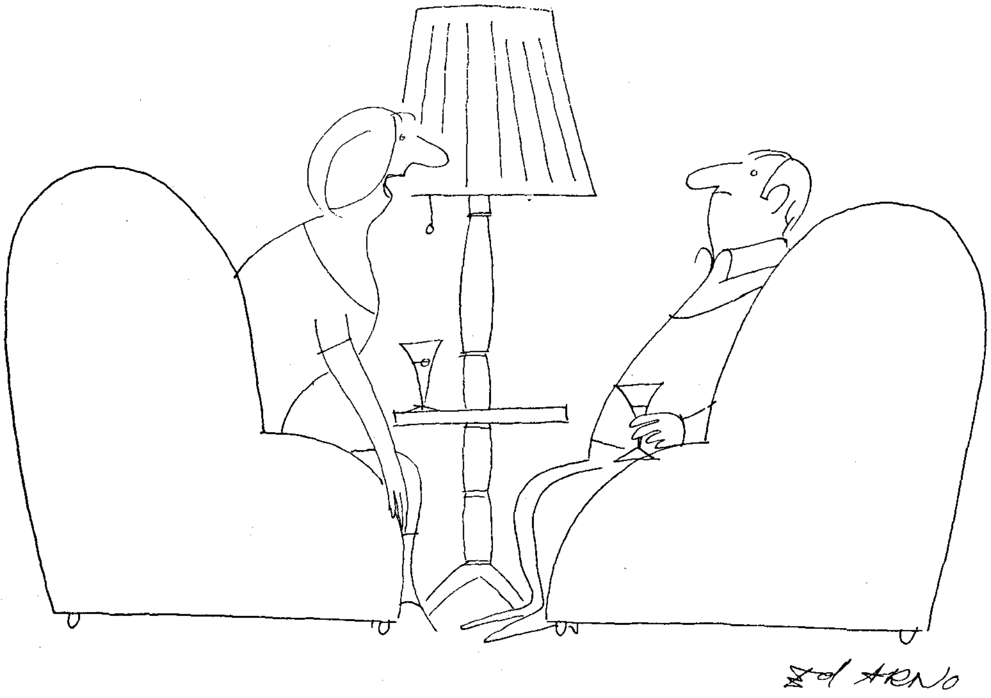
When I finished handicapping, I went to the OTB office to fill out my betting slips. I liked to watch people come in and slowly erode the antisepsis of the place, jabbing wet cigar butts into polished ashtrays and dragging muddy boots over clean tile floors. They were intent, blind to their surroundings, and they all looked terrific, at least until the first race had gone off. Optimism put a bloom on every cheek. Anything might happen, could happen, probably *would* happen—that was the notion being entertained at OTB. If you hit the triple, you might walk out the door a millionaire, your pockets crammed with greenbacks. Even the fat man, who was otherwise shrewd, believed this. I met him one afternoon when he squeezed in next to me at the counter. He was so big his trousers had been split at the seam and stretched out by the addition of a panel of unmatching cloth. He had diabetes, he said, and a bum ticker about to burst, and he'd been holed up at his sister's house in Hempstead since Thanksgiving. His own home was in Des Moines, but he couldn't bring himself to go back there. "No OTB in Iowa," he said, and I knew exactly what he meant.

After my mother's funeral, I flew back to Northern California, where I was renting a small house overlooking a river. The river had once been a prime steelhead stream, but now, with the gravel necessary for spawning being excavated, and a dam about to be built, the fish were scarce. But I still anticipated a fresh start, some sort of release; instead, I fell into a lingering depression. There were more illnesses in the family, more and more obstacles to surmount, and, for the first time ever, I felt myself slipping. I had no appetite for work or pleasure. Most afternoons, I drove my old Valiant station wagon aimlessly around the countryside, drinking cheap supermarket beer and playing the radio loud. Wherever I went, I saw town houses and condominiums devouring orchards and vineyards, and the sight only served to stoke my depression. Sometimes, instead of driving, I forded the river and hiked through the oaks and madronas of a neighboring sheep ranch. I found the skull there, hidden in Spanish moss. It was small and dry, abraded in spots, and I could peel away its tissuelike layers with my fingers. I thought it might have belonged to a coyote, but a friend checked the dentition and said that it was more likely a sheep's skull. Maybe a coyote had killed the sheep, he said, but, if so, the coyote was long gone and ghostly, laughing in the hills. The image of a laughing coyote began to haunt me; I wanted to make a similar escape.

Early in 1978, I made it. I could have chosen a romantic spot—Dubrovnik, Tahiti, or even Florence, where I'd spent many happy hours when I was younger—but I remembered the electricity I'd experienced on Long Island, and decided on a race track: Golden Gate Fields, in Albany, near San Francisco and Oakland. Elegantly situated on Point Fleming, a rocky outcrop that extends into the eastern portion of San Francisco Bay, Golden Gate is a slightly run-down plant featuring indifferent and often curious racing early in the week and more bettable affairs toward the weekend. The plant encompasses two hundred and twenty-five acres, with stalls for fourteen hundred and twenty-five horses, seats for thirteen thousand and four human beings, and enough space over all to cram in a crowd of thirty thousand, although no such crowd has materialized of late. In 1978, the daily attendance averaged nine thousand three hundred and seventeen, down eight per cent from the previous year, while the handle remained firm at about $1,450,000. The average fan wagered a hundred and fifty-five dollars every time through the turnstiles. Two separate racing associations, Pacific and Tanforan, sponsor meetings at the track. The Pacific meeting usually begins in late January or early February and runs through mid-April; Tanforan, which is always shorter, ends early in June. Between them, the associations distribute purses totalling seven million dollars over ninety-some racing days. The grandstand at Golden Gate, like grandstands everywhere, is divided into levels connotative of social class: General Admission, Clubhouse, Turf Club, and the exclusive Directors' Room, a glass-fronted enclosure where the track's directors and their guests can eat, drink, and wager without plebeian interference. To the left of the Turf Club and the press box, just beyond the executive offices, there was until quite recently a penthouse apartment reserved for special friends of the management. Rumor has it that Jimmy Durante once spent a honeymoon there, but nobody seems to know whether he won or lost.

In Albany, I had difficulty finding a place to stay. There were a few motels near the track, but their managers seemed to live in perpetual fear of guests. One woman spoke to me through a round metal speaker set into a shield of Plexiglas. Her voice had the absolute timbre of creaking hinges. "We're all full," she said, but her "VACANCY" sign was still blinking when I drove off. At the next motel, I rang the bell five times, but nobody answered. When I looked through the office window, I saw an old man reclining in a lounger, his paper open to the racing page. Finally, I settled in at the Terrace Motel, in El Cerrito—a decent place with friendly owners, clean rooms and apartments, three-legged chairs propped against the walls, and a swimming pool. I never saw anybody in that pool, not once. The Terrace's population was constantly shifting, except for an Indian who wore his hair in braids and a few track employees and elderly people who rented apartments, which were in a building adjacent to the main motel. On warm evenings, just at twilight, somebody there played songs like "The Impossible Dream" on a very percussive piano, reminding me of every cocktail lounge I'd ever been in, and the solace of bourbon over ice.

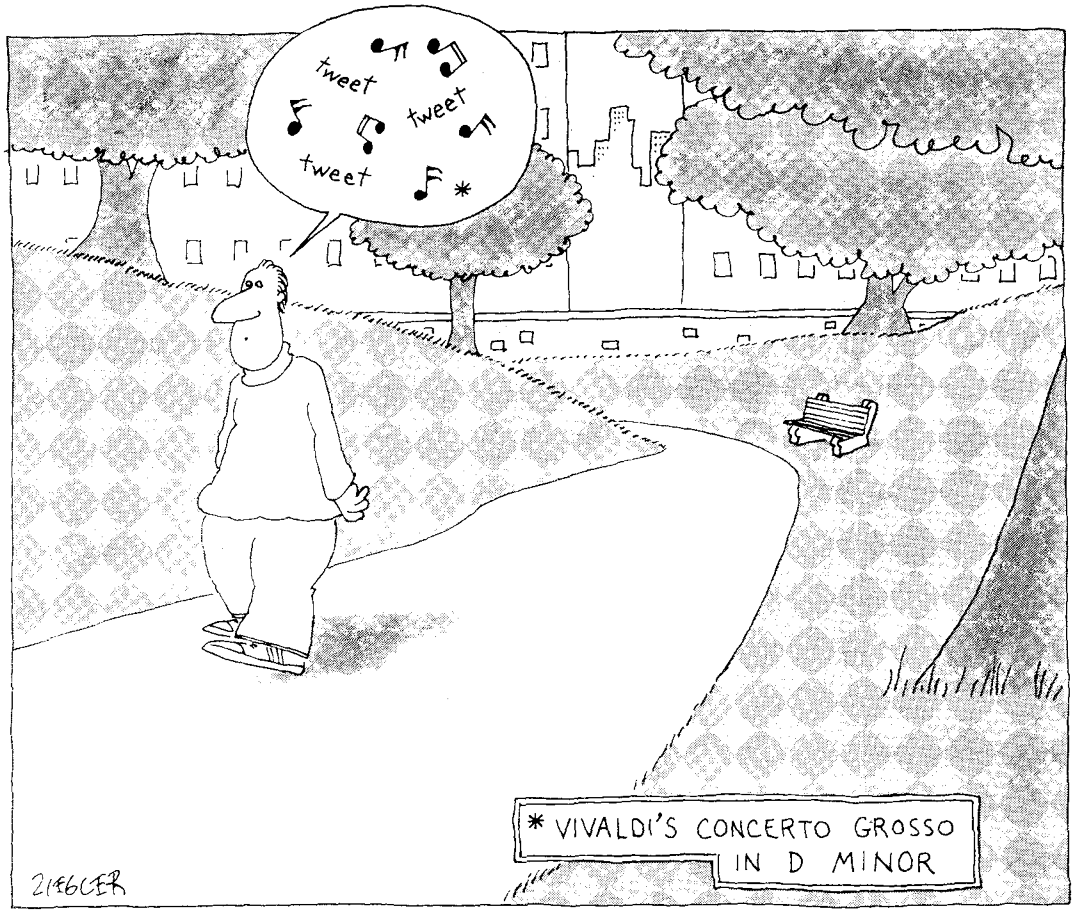
On April 18th, the night before the Tanforan meeting began, I sat at my imitation-wood-veneer desk and prepared to handicap the following day's races. I had no system or standard approach, but there were a few things I always took into account before making a tentative selection: *speed*, which could be gauged in general fashion from a horse's recent running times; *class*, which was a function both of breeding and of the level at which a horse had been competing (races were ranked by the size of the purse offered, stakes first, then allowance and handicap, then claiming and maiden); and *condition*, which meant fitness and was expressed by a horse's recent finishes (if they were good or improving, the horse was said to be "on form") and by its showing during the daily exercise period (workout times were given at the bottom of each horse's past-performance record). The trainer and the jockey associated with a horse also affected my decision. Certain trainers were downright inept and never won a race regardless of their stock, and not a few riders at Golden Gate were



"Of course I hear what you're really trying to say. What you're really trying to say is the same damned thing you've been saying for the past twelve years."

incapable of handling their mounts.

I also considered post position as a potential factor in the outcome of a race. Before leaving home, I had compiled a post-position survey of races run during the Pacific meeting, which was just ending. I'd done this to see if a horse gained an advantage by breaking from a particular post (the slot a horse is assigned in the starting gate; there are rarely more than twelve horses entered in a race). Moreover, I had wanted to determine whether front-runners—horses who break quickly, take the lead, and try to hold it throughout (going wire to wire)—fared better at Golden Gate than one would expect. The results proved instructive. In races over a mile, called routes, the outside posts, seven through twelve, were as disadvantageous as usual; horses stuck out there had more ground to cover. In races under a mile, called sprints, the survey turned up a surprise. Ordinarily, the best posts in a short race are those closest to the rail, but during the Pacific meet horses starting near the middle of the track, at posts four and five, had won more often than horses inside them. Furthermore, horses breaking from the seven slot had won almost as often as those breaking from the one slot. I discovered as well that front-runners won more than thirty per cent of all sprints at Golden Gate. Facts like these can be invaluable when you're trying to choose between two otherwise closely matched thoroughbreds.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* VIVALDI'S CONCERTO GROSSO IN D MINOR
ZIEGLER

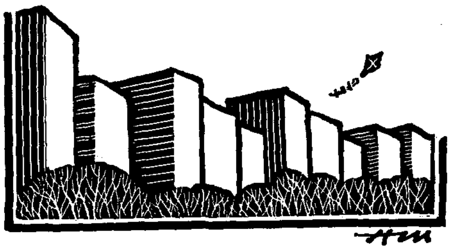
To give me an additional edge, I'd brought along three books on handicapping technique: Tom Ainslie's "Complete Guide to Thoroughbred Racing," Andrew Beyer's "Picking Winners," and Steven Davidowitz's "Betting Thoroughbreds." These books were not typical of the genre; most handicapping tracts are lurid affairs that sucker readers into parting with a few dollars in exchange for an easy-to-follow system guaranteed to produce eight million dollars in just three short weeks. Ainslie, Beyer, and Davidowitz were serious, intelligent men who never underestimated the complexity of the sport. Ainslie was the dean of the company. His book was the most informative about all aspects of racing and is still the best primer around. He favored a balanced approach to making a selection—weighing all the factors, much as I had been doing. Beyer was more dogmatic. As an undergraduate at Harvard, he'd got hooked on racing, and he had since "perfected" a system based on the digital-computer research of Sheldon Kovitz, a fellow-student and a doctoral candidate in mathematics. Apparently, Kovitz was too busy feeding numbers into his IBM 360 Model 40 to succeed at handicapping himself, but Beyer saw in his calculations the seed of Something Big, a way to incorporate relativity into speed ratings. Most ratings, like those given in the *Form*, were suspect, because they were derived from nonexistent absolutes. A horse who had earned an 80 on Tuesday was not *exactly* as fast as a horse who had earned an 80 on Wednesday, because the track surface changed every day (or even from moment to moment), and Tuesday's conditions were always different from Wednesday's—faster or slower by critical fractions. Beyer adopted Kovitz's method, improved it, and parlayed the results into a complicated mathematical system. It was the best in the world, he claimed. "Speed figures are the way, the truth, and the light," wrote Beyer. "And my method of speed handicapping is, I believe, without equal." I found Davidowitz's book the most pithy and accessible. He seemed a little tougher than the other men, more hard-nosed, and it showed in his jacket photo. While Ainslie looked like a businessman and Beyer like a computer programmer with a side interest in recreational drugs, Davidowitz looked mean. His face had a demonic cast; an eyebrow was arched in perpetual scrutiny. I liked the knack he had for making direct, incontrovertible statements: *When a three-year-old is assigned actual top weight in a race for horses three years and up, the three-year-old has little or no chance of winning.* Such gems were inlaid throughout the text, always supported by statistics. Davidowitz further endeared himself to me by being quick to point a finger at the criminal element in racing whenever he encountered it. Most turf writers were unwilling to print anything but bland idealizations of the sport.

After skimming through the books, I put all the materials aside and reached into my pocket, as I'd been doing every hour or so since leaving home. Again I counted my money—five hundred dollars in twenty-dollar bills. It looked pitiful stacked on the desk, the smallest stake any would-be gambler ever started with. I felt embarrassed. I thought that the stake was correlated directly with my life: empty wallet, impoverished spirit. Such stupid flashes of guilt often overtook me after midnight. I tried to ignore this one, though, and took a shower and went to bed.

EARLY the next morning, I went to Golden Gate Fields ready to win. The grandstand was empty and quiet, with the cool feel of a stainless-steel mixing bowl waiting for ingredients. The sun climbed slowly over the eucalyptus trees on Albany Hill—huge blue gums, planted there a century ago to shield the town from the booming of the dynamite factory that had once occupied the Point. From the Clubhouse railing, I could see the backstretch and the neat rows of wooden barns and the soiled straw piled high at the corners of the rows. The hotwalking machines were turning. They were a recent addition to the track and had made obsolete a job that grooms used to do—walking horses until they'd cooled down after exercising. Each machine consisted of a power pack from which rose a thin shaft with four metal arms at the top forming a horizontal cross. The arms were about six feet long and were about eight feet above the ground. When the power was on, the shaft rotated slowly, and the horses, hitched by their halters to insulated cords dangling from the arms, were forced to circle until their pulse rates dropped and their breathing was not so labored. As they circled, they looked like flywheels turning within the greater geometry of the backstretch, suggesting an intricate timepiece thrown open to bits of biology.

I took the escalator down to the ground floor and toured the vacant paddock. The green wear-forever carpet was worn thin, the railings were chipped and needed paint, and the saddling stalls, green and white, were scarred with half-moons and incised by hooves. I walked over to the infield, crossing the track and then the turf course, which was not nearly as lush and smooth as it had looked from above—weeds and crabgrass gave it a stubbly texture. The par-three course on the infield green was soon to be closed for lack of patronage, but an "Open" sign hung in the pro-shop window. I heard a harrow going by, and turned to watch it work the track. House sparrows followed behind it, pecking at seeds the harrow had uncovered and hopping around among the horse apples. Nearby, two redwing blackbirds were mating in the caked mud of a drainage ditch. The male's epaulets were scarlet, brilliantly exposed as he drew his lover into a caped embrace.

About eleven-thirty, fans began arriving in steady streams, and as I watched them come in I had the sense of a form evolving, something entirely apart from horses and jockeys. It was modelled on notions of symmetry and coherence. The electronic devices around the track reinforced the fiction in the warmup patterns they flashed: the infield tote board showed four rows of zeros balanced one on top of another, the smaller totes inside offered odds of five to five at every slot, and the closed-circuit TVs featured tiny dots boxed at perfect intervals within a neatly squared grid. The gift-shop lady displayed her horsehead bookends in a horseshoe-shaped arc, and the popcorn lady, her striped smock in harmony with the trim of her booth, checked to see that the empty cardboard boxes she would later fill were distributed in evenly matched stacks. The fiction was carefully, if unconsciously, projected, and didn't begin to dissipate until the national anthem had been played and the horses came sauntering up from the barns in single file for the first race. Then order gave way to chaos.



The moment when horses enter the paddock before a race can be a bad one. Statistics that had earlier seemed so definitive are translated peremptorily into flesh, and flesh is heir to miseries—bandaged legs, a limp, a nervous froth bubbling on a filly's neck. Many times, I've heard people groan when they saw what their figures had led them to—some poor creature with downcast eyes. I was fortunate on the opening day of Tanforan. The horse I'd chosen at the Terrace, Southern Gospel, looked good. He was a rangy chestnut gelding with a polish to his coat. He was breaking from the preferential five hole, too, which should have set my mind at ease, but I was feeling anxious. I'd been away from the track for some time, and my responses to its stimuli were heightened, exaggerated. Every flickering move-

RETURN TO THE SWAMP

To begin again, I come back to the swamp,
To its rich decay, its calm disorder,
To alders with their reddening catkins, to hummocks
Of marsh grass floating on their own living and dead
Abundance, and wait on the shore. From my shallow angle,
Even shallows turn solid: a castoff sky,
A rough sketching of clouds, a bearable version
Of the sun in a mist, the upside-down redoubling
Of cattails, and my eyes, shiftless,
Depending on surface tension like water striders.

What did I hope to find? This crystal-gazing
Brings me no nearer what the mergansers know
Or the canvasbacks keeping their distance or the snipes
Whirring away from me, cackling, their beaks down-turned,
Heads cocked for my false alarm as they swivel
Loudly and jaggedly into the next bog.
Here among shotgun shells and trampled blackberries,
How can I shape, again, something from nothing?

Edgy and mute, I wait at the edge,
And a bass taking a fly—a splashing master,
Ringmaster of refracted light—remakes the world,
Rippling out beautiful exchanges of stress
And yield, upheaval and rearrangement, scattering
And then regathering the shards of the day,
And suddenly near, there, near in the water,
Where he's been floating motionless all this hour,
The hump-browed bullfrog staring at me closemouthed,
Fixing on me his green, princely attention.

—DAVID WAGONER

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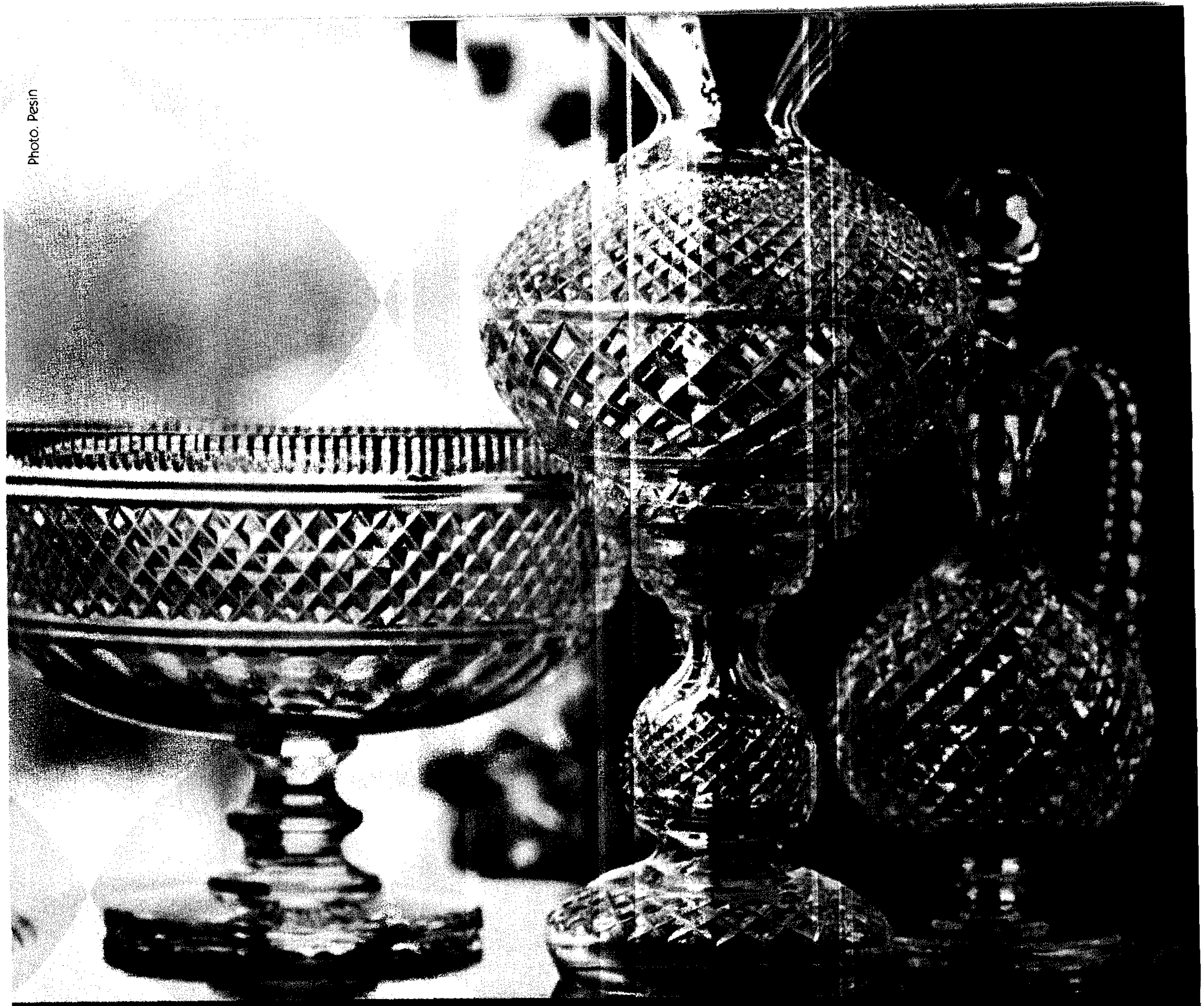
Photo. Pesin



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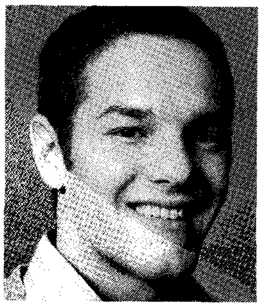

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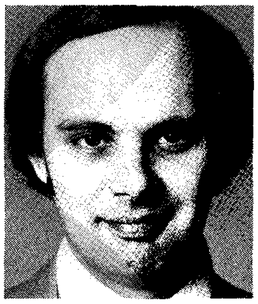
—N. Emanuel, Walpole, MA

"After Howard and I have one of our 'discussions', I serve Campari. Why? Because a bit of better bittersweet makes a bitter sweetie better!"
—M. Weitsen, Yonkers, NY

"My fellow musicians and I prefer one glass of Campari and orange juice to a Fifth of Beethoven!"
—D. Denniston, Ridgewood, NJ

"Most drinks simply tickle my whiskers—but Campari tickles my fancy as well!"
—E. Cortese, Nutley, NJ

"At a party someone inquired about my funny red cocktail. 'Is that a Bloody Mary?' they asked. No, I replied, it's bloody wonderful!"
—E. Green, Cleveland, OH



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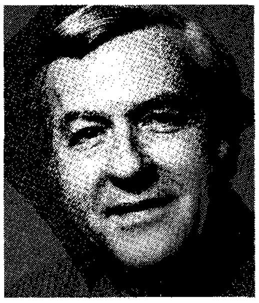
—D. Shear, NY, NY

"I am an archaeologist who really digs Campari!"
—N. Broeder, Riverside, CT



"If I have to take the bitter with the sweet, make it Campari." *—J. Jones, Grand Rapids, MI*

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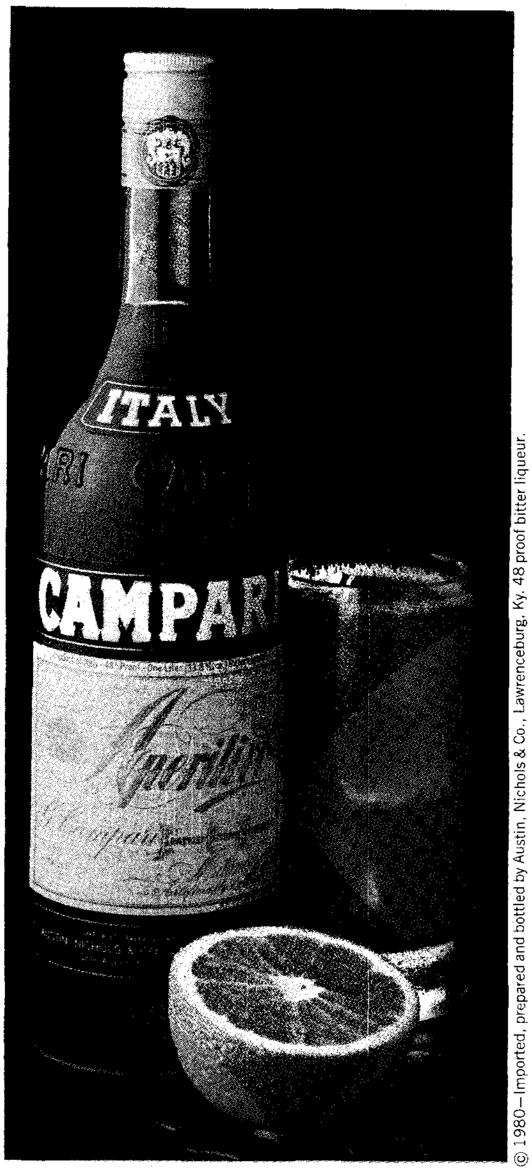

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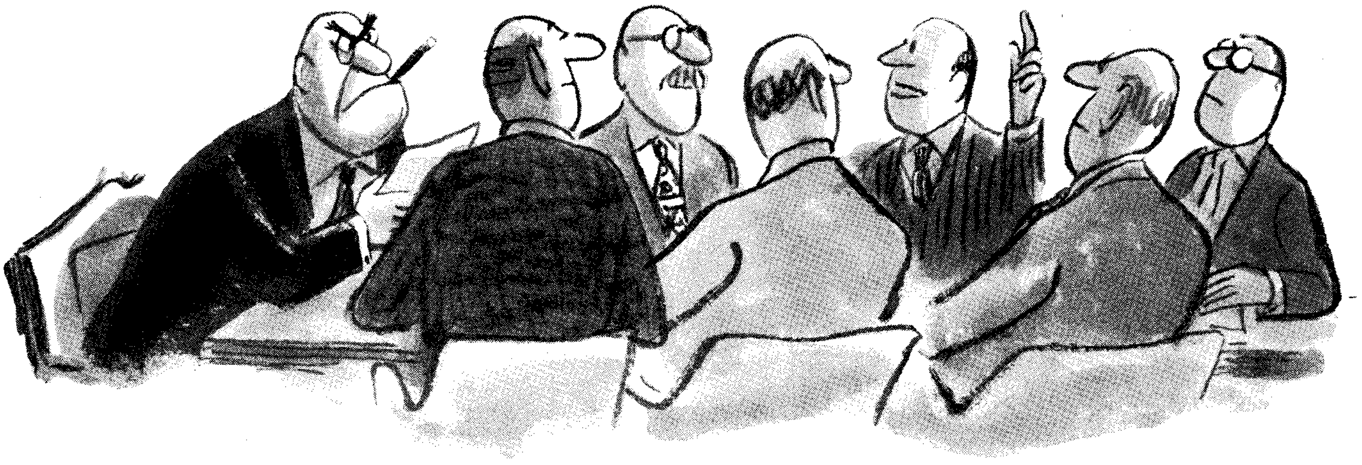
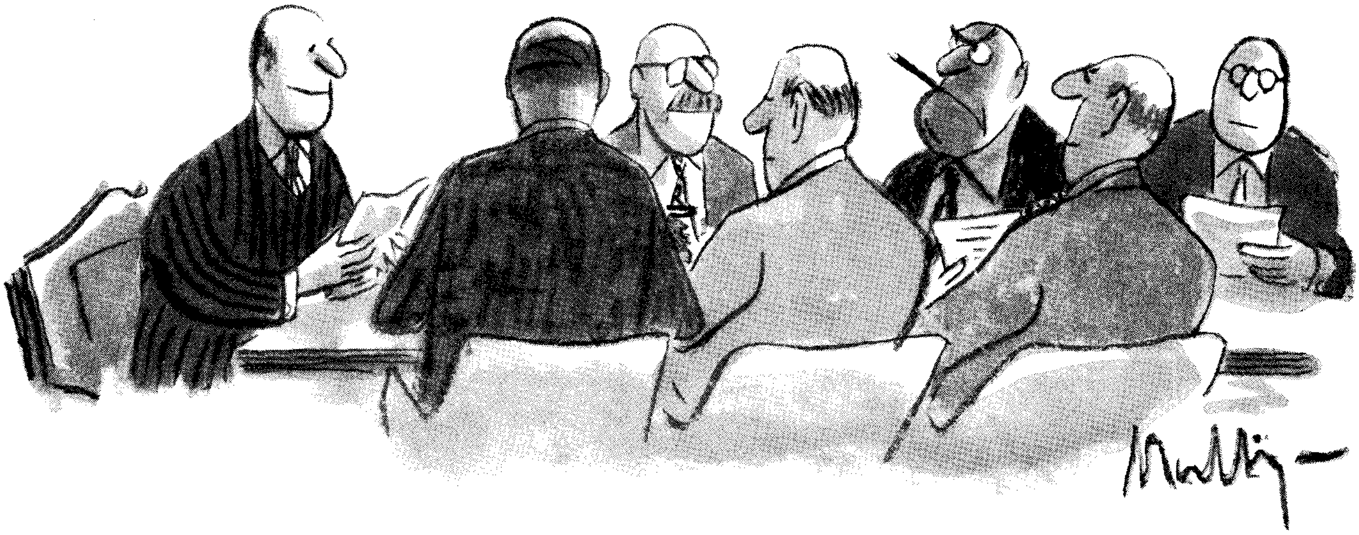


"Mr. Chairman, I would like to make a motion and have it put to a vote."



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ment made an impression on me, and I tried to take each into account. Suddenly, other horses began looking good. Folklore's Lite, who'd earned a high Beyer speed rating, was up on his toes. When I opened the *Form* to compare him with Southern Gospel, I saw instead something I'd missed before—excellent workouts for Top Pass. Was Top Pass ready to make his bid? Davidowitz might think so. The more I read, the more confused I became. The *Form* kept bursting open, punctured by discoveries, ruining my cartographic efforts.

Next, I felt the concentrative energy of the bettors around me. They were staring at the paddock just as piercingly as I was, working hard to affect the outcome of the race. It was as though many versions of reality were competing for a chance to obtain. The man next to me was steaming. He wore the intense expression of a monk in his tenth hour of *zazen;* smoke was about to issue from his ears. I stood there paralyzed, unable to make a choice. I was afraid that if I lost my first bet, a downward trend would be irreversibly established. With three minutes to go, I ran to the windows and bet a horse I hadn't even considered before, Spicy Gift, because I had noticed that he'd had some bad luck last time out, which indicated, absolutely, that he was bound, perhaps even *compelled*, to win. When I walked away, I realized I'd just put ten bucks on a twenty-to-one shot. Handicapping overkill, the brain weaving useless webs. Spicy Gift finished somewhere in the middle of the field, beaten by Bargain Hostess, a filly and first-time starter who broke from the outermost post. These factors had eliminated her from contention in my mind; now I saw them for what they were—markers of talent.

But it was too late, I was locked into a loser's mind-set and couldn't shake free of it. All day long, I compounded my mistakes, playing the most improbable nags on the card, hoping to get even, to start over, the slate wiped clean, Hong Kong Flew, Skinny Dink, throwing what little expertise I had out the window, Hey Mister M.A., a toad at fifty-seven to one, *giving* it away, then Queequeg in the eighth race because of Melville and what they'd found taped to the inside of his desk after he died, a scrap of paper on which he'd written *Keep true to the dreams of thy youth*, but Queequeg drowned, too, leaving me adrift, not even a coffin for support, and in the ninth, a broken man, I latched on to the favorite, Crazy Wallet, and watched in disgust as he hobbled home fifth. Down I went, spiralling, down and down, done in but good, sixty dollars fed irretrievably into the belly of the beast and still the breeze did blow.

THE whiskey at the Home Stretch bar was soothing, lucid, unstatistical, and I sipped it and stared at the photographs on the back-bar wall: pictures of horses and people, and a large oil painting of Emmett Kelly, the clown, his bumhat wreathed in losing tickets. About seven o'clock, a skinny man in a new denim leisure suit came in, accompanied by a short, silent Mexican who looked as though he'd just eaten a shoe.

"Glad you're alive," the bartender said to the Mexican, grinning sarcas-

"What are you given to?"

• •

tically. "You want more Cutty and Seven, or'd you get enough last night?"

"Give him a beer," the other man said. "He doesn't need any Cutty. He was sick all over the barn this morning. Somebody else had to rub his horses. Isn't that right?"

The Mexican smiled happily and drank his beer.

A slim blond girl, barely out of her teens, was dancing with a man even smaller than the Mexican. He was jockey-size and had the powerful shoulders and arms that jockeys often develop. The blonde drank a beer as she danced, tipping back the bottle and closing her eyes. When the music ended, she came over to the man in the leisure suit, pushed out her chest, and asked to borrow twenty dollars. "I have three tickets I can cash in tomorrow," she said. "I've been holding on to them. As soon as I cash in, I'll pay you back."

"Honey," the man said, not unkindly, "that story has a beard."

She shrugged, looking unruffled, as though she made this pitch on a daily basis and expected a certain percentage of turndowns, and went back to the jockey-size man and asked him for five dollars. When he delivered, she used part of the money to buy a six-pack, then fed the jukebox and started dancing with another man, also very small, and when the music stopped this time, she left with him, wiggling her compact hips.

"You ever see anybody who *needs* money forget to cash in?" the man in the leisure suit asked. "No way. Does not happen. That girl loves jockeys. I think she might be a groupie."

The Home Stretch was often like this—friendly, wistful, and a little ragged at the edges. Grooms, trainers, winners, losers, mailmen, any and all of them were likely to wander in and sit down and order a drink and then tell you their life story, or, at least, the most immediate part of it, how they'd dropped a sawbuck on a sure thing only to see the horse go wide on the turn and wind up in the parking lot. The day bartender, Benny, a cigar-chomping five-by-fiver out of a Joe Palooka comic strip, ran the place with an iron hand and brooked no displays of unnecessary roughness. He yelled as loudly at friends as at enemies. "Whaddaya want? A Bud? Speak up. Can't *hear* you!" Once, I heard somebody say to him, "Benny, like you to meet a friend of mine, he's a nice guy." Benny frowned. "We're *all* nice guys in here," he said. On the wall there was a photo of him and Rocky Marciano. Benny had his head on the Rock's shoulder and he was smiling like a baby. After dark, when the regulars disappeared, the Home Stretch underwent a subtle transformation. Drunken grooms began talking to themselves, and pale outsiders with unauthorized business to effect somewhere in the night sat alone and sipped iced gin, their eyes on the clock.

IT was past midnight when I left the bar, but I still wasn't ready to sleep. Back at the Terrace, the TV sets would be tuned to Johnny Carson, and I wanted to avoid those emanations at all costs. Watching Carson robbed you of your essence, I thought. He occupied strange latitudes, flat plastic zones of the interior, and if you watched him long enough you could feel yourself oozing through the tube and being sucked onto the "Tonight" set, where you became a part of Burbank, perhaps forever. It was even possible you might start wearing vinyl trousers and telling jokes about your mother-in-law. So instead of returning I drove across the railroad tracks to see what Golden Gate Fields looked like by night. Down by the rocks at the edge of the Bay, somebody was fishing. He wore a black knit cap pulled low on his forehead, and he was whistling softly. A package of salted anchovies rested at his feet, and moonlight caught in the crystals and blinked like charges of phosphorus at the tide line. I asked him what he was after.

"Striped bass," he said.

"Doing any good?"

"Nothing, man. I need some grass shrimp or something, some pileworms."

He worked as a groom and it wasn't bad work, he said, but the climate

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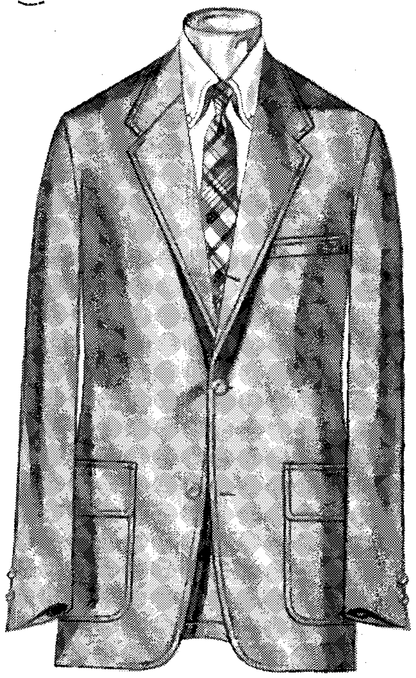

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didn't agree with him and the fishing was strictly for amateurs. In the town where he'd grown up, near Mazatlán, even kids caught big snook, and he himself had nailed a black marlin in the Sea of Cortés when he was just fourteen. I told him about fishing for steelhead on the river at home, and how they had the same lustrous quality as stripers, an opalescence shimmering on their scales. They were an anadromous species, living most of their lives in salt water but returning unerringly to the fresh waters of their birth at spawning time. We knew where they chose to spawn, in creeks and estuaries, but I wondered if there was an equally distinct point deep in ocean waters which marked the other half of the egg.

I told the groom about the dam that was being built on the river and how it would eventually kill off the wild steelhead. He wanted to know why the dam was being built, and I said I didn't know, but, of course, I did. The dam would impound water to form an artificial lake, and the land around the lake would appreciate in value, and the realtors and developers would build the usual tacky resort facilities, and the people who made their fortunes by destroying things would be a little richer but not any safer from death. The dam was also a product of the zones that Johnny Carson occupied, and of the current bias against historical modes of perception and the relevance of the past. But these matters were too disheartening to talk about after midnight on a losing day, so I gave the groom the last beer from my six-pack, wished him good luck, and drove away.

IN the morning, I felt better. Morning is the best, the most optimistic, time at any race track; everything seems possible again. Some mornings when I left the Terrace early, just after six, to watch the horses working out, the dawn light filtering through the fog on the Bay echoed the gold I'd seen in painted halos all over Florence. I thought I could feel its healing properties. Out on the freeway, the first commuters were tangling, but from where I stood along the rail I was aware only of the animals. Around me there rose the smells of manure, tobacco, coffee, and new-mown grass, and I found myself agreeing implicitly with Slaughterhouse Red, the gateman who supervised the comings and goings of riders, when he raised his abused face to the sun and said, "Anybody don't like *this* life is daffy!" Red was a former cowboy who had grown

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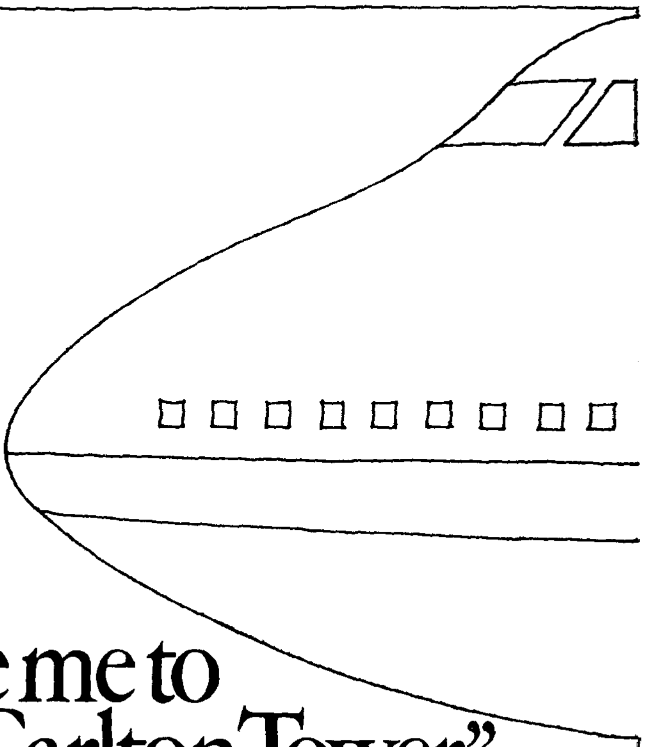
up in the old Butchertown section of San Francisco and had earned his keep as a boy by herding cattle from stockyard trains to the slaughterhouses lining the streets. He worked at the track until noon and then, if the weather was good, left for Martinez, where his fishing boat was docked. If the weather was only fair, or if an old buddy was in town, or even if he just had the itch, he stayed around for the afternoon's races. Once in a while, if the itch was bad, he'd drive directly from Golden Gate to Bay Meadows, some thirty-odd miles to the south, so he could catch the quarter-horse races held there at night.

Horses came up from the barns in constant process, differing appreciably in their approach. Some looked half awake, some looked sore, and some looked lazy. Some kicked up their heels because they were feeling good, while others, the rogues in need of stricter handling, bucked and snorted and let it be understood that they were performing under duress. The true race horses were always ready. They took to the track prancing, and when they returned from a gallop they were slick with sweat and their veins protruded in marmoreal splendor. A few of them wanted to keep right on running, and their riders were forced to hold them tight, pulling in on the reins, which put a crook in the animals' necks and gave the horses the look of knights on a chessboard. They were beautiful. Ponies and human beings were interspersed among them, but they provided the movement, the exhilaration. Back at the barns, they were bathed and brushed, then hooked to hot-walkers and set to circling. Everywhere I looked, I saw horses—chestnuts, bays, browns, and blacks—and I felt locked within the clashing perspective of a battle scene painted by Paolo Uccello.

Right from the start, horses move fast. A mare gives birth in something between fifteen and thirty minutes, and during parturition her foal, born with eyes open, begins to pull away, tugging its legs out of the vagina and breaking the umbilical cord. In less than an hour, the foal is standing and looking around, and in two hours it can suckle, walk, vocalize, and show affection for its mother. Before the first day is out, the foal can trot, gallop, protect itself from insects by nipping, kicking, and shaking its tail, play, and even forage. The mare's milk gives the foal antibodies and serves as a purgative. Even the digestive system of horses is geared to acceleration. They process food almost twice as fast as cows and can live



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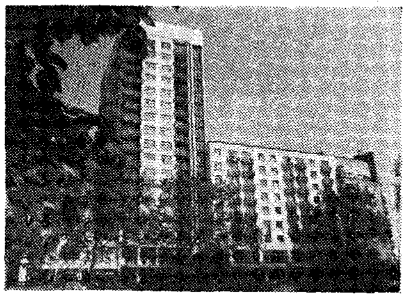

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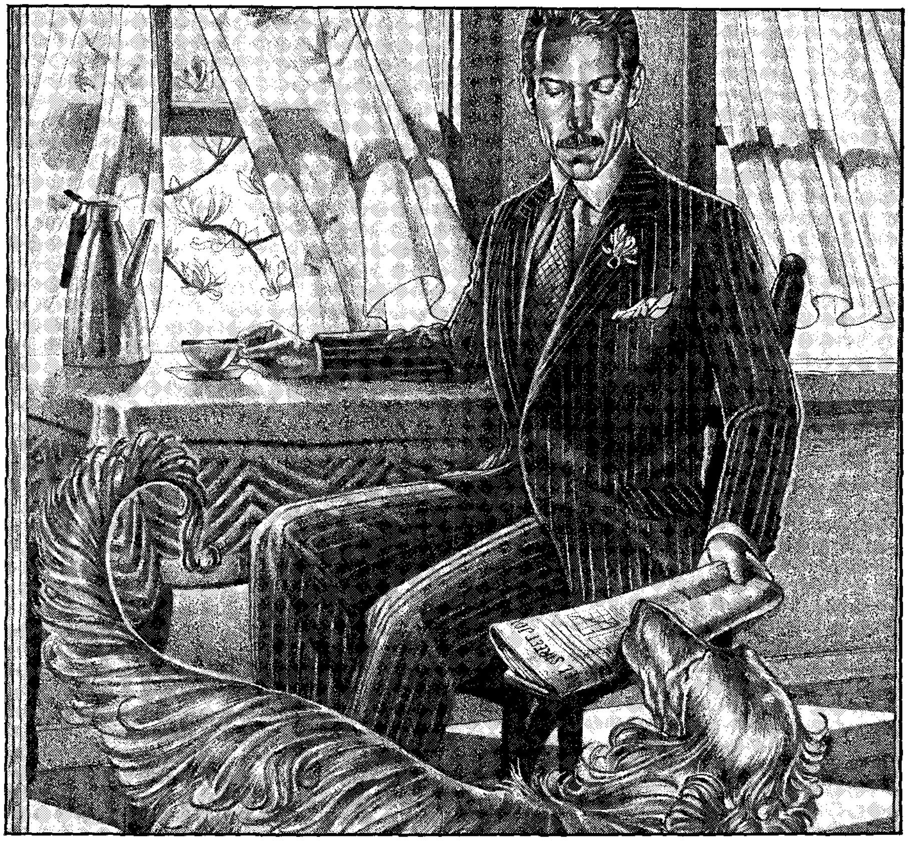

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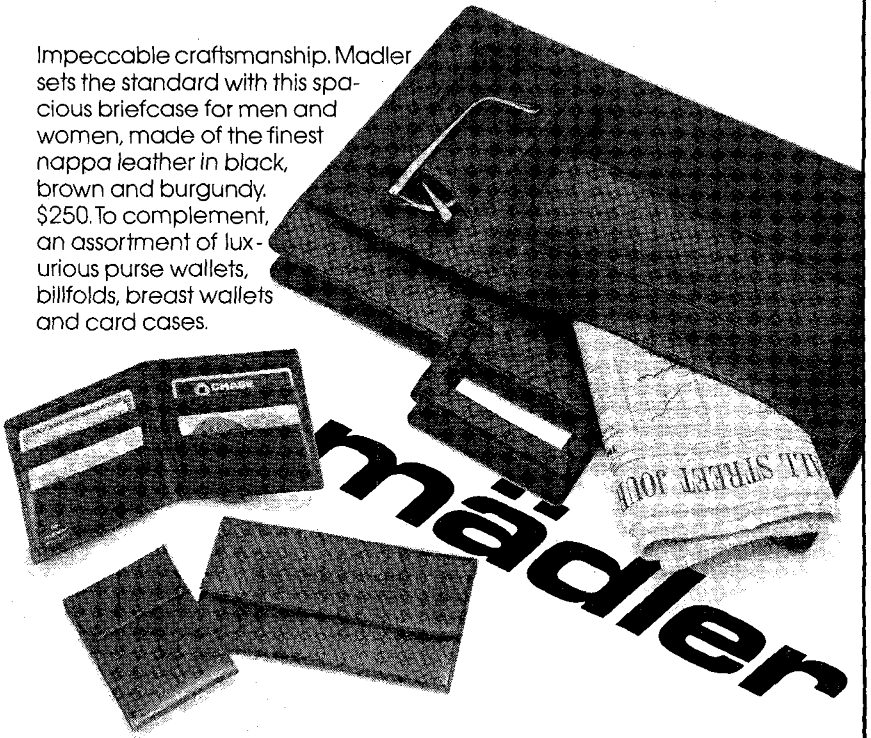

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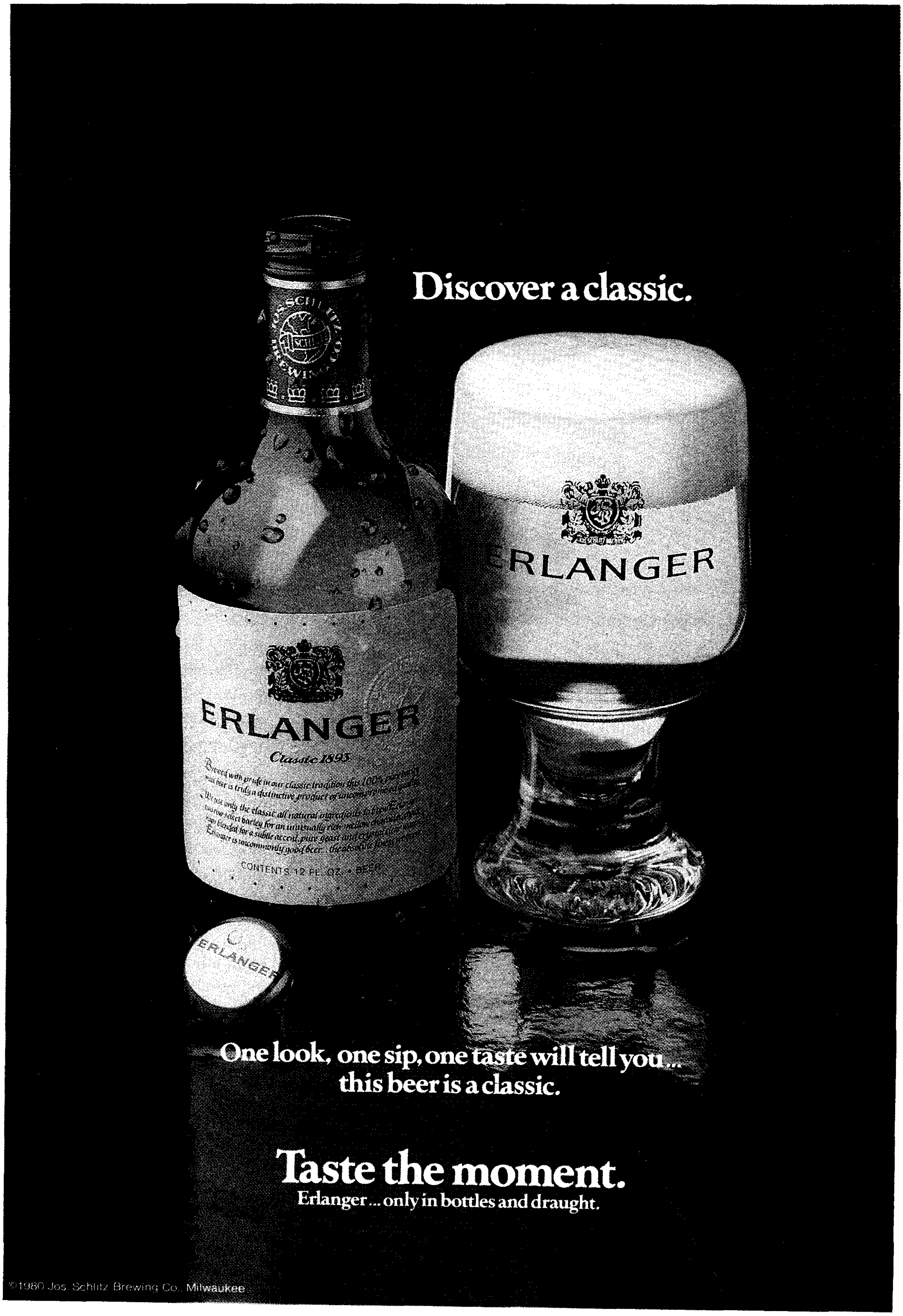
on poor-quality graze, because their digestive system rapidly transforms any available protein into amino acids. But they have to eat twice as much, twice as fast, and their teeth are sometimes worn down to the jawbone by the high silica content of grass. In the wild, horses without teeth starve to death. Race horses are fed hay and oats with an occasional taste of mash—a healthy, balanced diet—but their relatives in other parts of the world exist on oddments like grapevines, lawn clippings, compost, bamboo leaves, and dried fish. Whatever they eat passes quickly through them. They defecate from five to twelve times a day and urinate from seven to eleven times. They have a normal body temperature of 100.3 degrees Fahrenheit, which they maintain by shivering and sweating. The panniculus muscle, just beneath their skin, allows them to shake off excess moisture, along with pesky flies, and acts as a thermostatic control.

Horses don't see very well, especially close up. They are often astigmatic, and suffer, too, from color blindness. To them the backstretch—the barn area behind the racing strip, which also functions as a meeting ground and sometimes a home for trainers, jockeys, grooms, and other track habitués—appears as a band of varying shades of gray. They don't register individual items like pails, hoses, or saddles, but they know when their groom is moving, by changes in relative brightness and tone. On the other hand, horses have an excellent sense of hearing. Their ears are concave and can move in any direction, like dish antennae, picking up sounds at a great distance—a mouse scratching five stalls down. When a horse pricks its ears, its nostrils flare simultaneously, so the receptors can work in tandem. Stallions can smell a mare in heat miles away if she's upwind, and even an average animal can locate water or snakes by following its nose.

While I watched the horses come and go, business was booming around me. Jockeys' agents, carrying small notebooks with hand-tooled leather covers, moved from barn to barn booking mounts. If they represented a live rider, a kid who had been winning lately, trainers met them eagerly, and even offered them a cup of coffee, but if they were pushing a loser, their eyes were often sunk in rummy sadness and they were treated like pariahs. "Lemme know if you get something Richie can't handle!" they shouted to Bob Hack, the agent who held Rich Galarsa's book, and Hack steered them on oc-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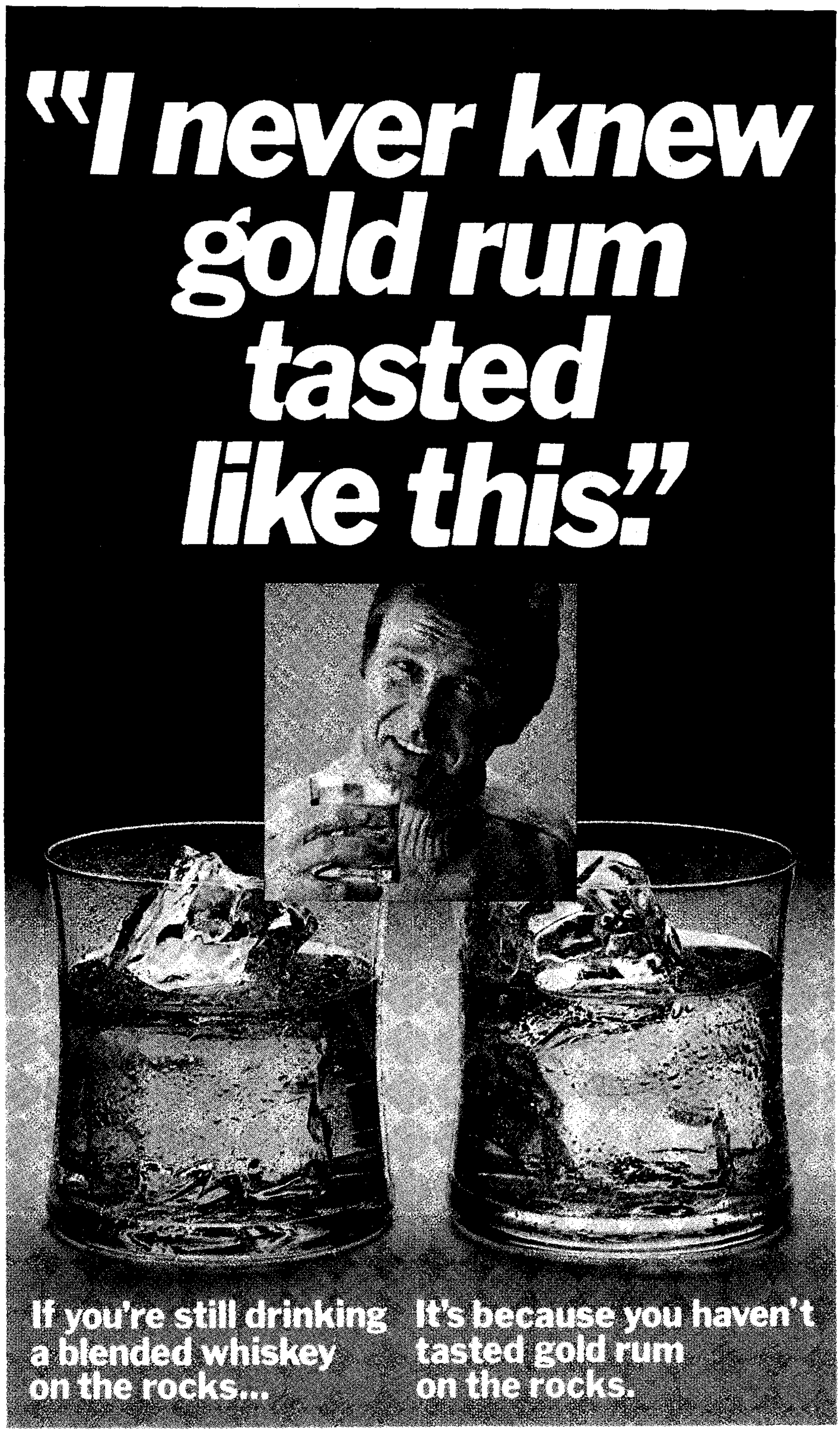
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casion to a needy trainer. Everybody wanted to use Galarsa, because he was live and still had the bug, a five-pound weight allowance granted to apprentice riders—riders who are still in the twelve-month period following their first five wins. Apprentices are called bug boys, because an insect-like asterisk appears next to their names and weights in the program, distinguishing them from journeymen, who receive no allowance. Some trainers thought that the bug was more important than skill. If they couldn't have Richie, they'd ask for Enrique Muñoz, Hack's other boy, or try to corner Tony Diaz or Bill Mahorney or another of the handful of pros at Golden Gate who knew the difference between race-riding and just sitting on a horse's back and saying "Go." It was tough for middling-ability jocks, like Art Lobato, who had lost the bug and now spent mornings doing his own hustling, but it was even worse for those who clearly weren't going to make it. They stood near me at the rail, wearing caps stitched with their names, and they were always solemn and moved their whips idly through the air. "Catch me a little later! I'm busy now!" trainers shouted at them, disappearing into the barn-area cafeteria, even as these jocks would later disappear, dropping through the levels of the track—Portland Meadows, Yakima Meadows—until they slipped at last into space.

Trainers had more vital things to do than to mess with importunate jockeys. They had horses to clock, owners to call, grooms to supervise, and orders to place with tack salesmen and feed suppliers, and they had to be ready when the vet arrived to examine sick or damaged stock. Furthermore, they had to waste precious time trying to read the Condition Book, which was about as cleanly written as an I.R.S. pamphlet. The Condition Book set forth the eligibility requirements for future races, and it was updated every ten days. You needed a postgraduate degree to unscramble its sentences:

> Starter Allowance, Purse $9000. For four-year-olds and upward, non-winners of two races at one mile and one-eighth or over in 1978, which have started for a claiming price of $16,000 or less in 1977-78 and since that start have not won a race other than maiden or claiming, or a claiming or starter race exceeding $16,000.

"*Jay-sus!*" the trainers cried, dumping the book into an empty feed bucket. Most of them relied on agents when it came time to enter a horse. "Where do you think I ought to run ole Wind Chime?" they'd ask, and Hack or somebody else would set them straight, presenting the options.

Trainers (they were the first to tell you) had a rough job—even established guys, like Bobby Martin and Bill Mastrangelo. Maybe Mastrangelo seemed relaxed when he walked around the barn singing Jerry Vale ballads at the top of his lungs, but he felt the pressure anyway. He had to feel it, because he had to deal with *owners*, who applied it. Owners were almost always trouble. Sure, they looked classy when you saw them on TV at the Kentucky Derby, rich, polite, soft-spoken, but this image was deceiving. In fact they were part of the incomprehensible freeway universe, and ninety per cent of them knew absolutely nothing about horses or racing. Five of the remaining ten per cent *thought* they knew something but didn't, and four of the final five per cent knew a *little* bit but not enough to make a difference. They'd buy a rickety colt as a tax loss, and when the colt broke his maiden, finally winning his first race after sixteen tries, the jerks thought they owned another Man o' War and ordered the trainer to jump the colt to stakes races, where the competition was much tougher, and then when the colt lost repeatedly, by grotesque margins, they blamed the trainer or fired him or moved the colt to another track and skipped out on the balance of their bill. What could you do, take them to court? So trainers were to be forgiven, at least by other trainers, if at the end of workouts, at ten, they left their stock in the care of grooms and ducked over to Spenger's restaurant for a few belts of confidence before the first race.

Inside the barn-area cafeteria, a resonant humming of hot tips bounced off glass and Formica surfaces, and various intrepid characters huddled with their brokers, studying the day's program. All-night newsboys of indeterminate age distributed papers from pouches slung over their necks, looking a little like Hummel figurines. Discarded news sections littered the floor, but you couldn't find a sports page anywhere. "I don't think the five horse'll stop today," one plunger said. "I think he'll keep running right to the finish." Every now and then, the voice of the Racing Secretary—he was responsible for writing the Condition Book and carding the races—came over the loudspeaker to make a plea. "Gentlemen," he might say. "Your attention, please. We need help in the fourth on Tuesday. We're short two horses." And some trainer

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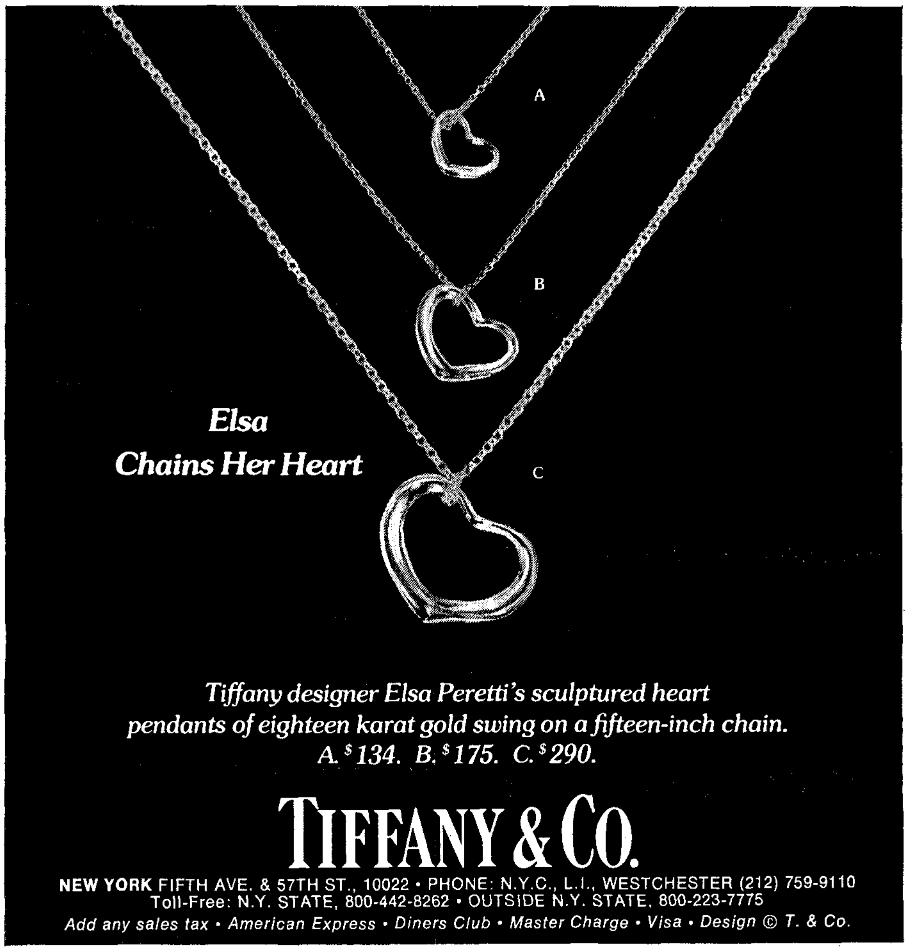

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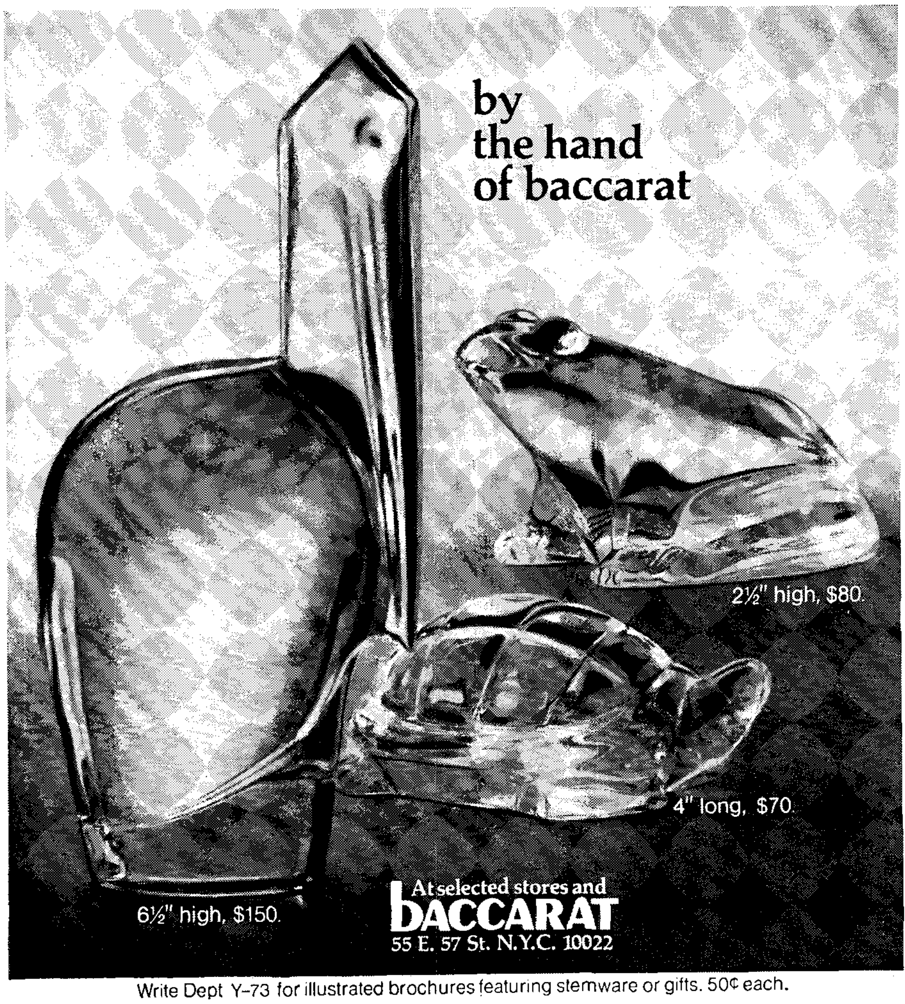

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who owed him a favor or had a horse he wanted to run for exercise would go to the office and enter the animal to fill out the field. Management liked large fields, especially in exacta races, because they made for wacky odds and bank-breaking payoffs, which, in turn, made for free publicity. "I had that exacta the other day," somebody said, "the nine-hundred-dollar one, only I didn't play it." The manure wagon roared by outside, collecting dirty straw, followed by the water wagon (dust control), whose driver seemed to like nothing better than dousing people. Everywhere, last-minute connections were being made before the security guards chained shut the two backstretch phone booths, sealing off the community from bookies and would-be fixers until after the ninth race.

GARY HEADLEY, a trainer, and his groom, Bo Twinn, were having coffee the first time I visited their barn—No. 25, a cobwebby structure situated in nonpreferential territory, among the shops of feed merchants, tack salesmen, and purveyors of riding silks, at least a quarter mile from the track. They sat in lawn chairs, smoking and reading the *Form*, and rested their cups on a round, low-slung table—a salvaged telephone-cable spool. There were doughnuts on the table, and empty almond packs and soda cans. Both men looked tired and dirty after the morning's work. Headley's blue nylon windbreaker was creased as though he'd slept in it, and his blond hair wandered off in random shocks. Bo hadn't shaved yet, and his face looked weather-beaten and old. It was the sort of face that occurred in hot, dusty places. I'd seen it before, in Depression-era photographs. Over the years, Bo had developed a crusty personality to match his face, and he could be formidably short-tempered on occasion, but he loved horses and they loved him. "If you was smart, you wouldn't have to ask that question," he would say, pursing his lips like a schoolmarm. Headley, who was in his late thirties—younger than Bo—took great pride in employing him. "Best groom on the grounds," he'd say confidentially, hiding his mouth behind a hand, "and the best paid, too." There was no way to substantiate such statements, and, besides, Headley made them all the time.

Headley was a hyperbolic and something of a flake, not the best trainer at Golden Gate but also not the worst. His life so far had been a model of fluctuant behavior. His brother Bruce, a respected trainer on the Southern Cali-

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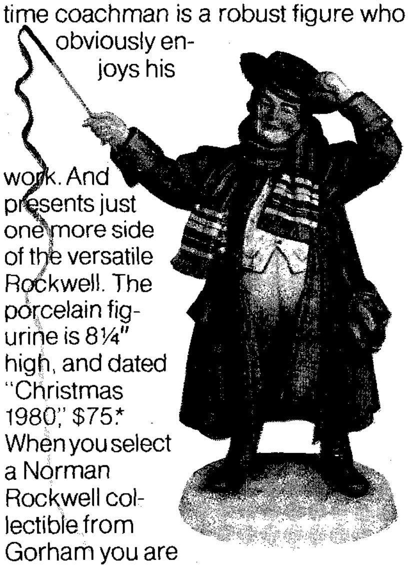

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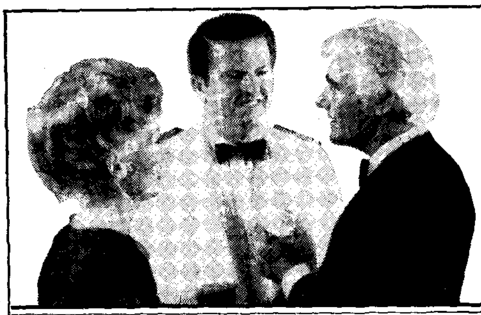
fornia circuit, had hired Gary, taught him the trade, and introduced him around, but Gary had never been able to commit himself absolutely to the track, not for any length of time. He'd work for a while, building up his business, then wash out and drift through odd jobs in the real world or (if he had a little money saved) stay in his apartment, behind closed curtains, sipping wine and watching TV. Then he'd decide that training horses really was right for him, and he would go back to work, starting at the bottom, and keep at it for a few years before becoming disillusioned or bored or upset and washing out again. Headley recognized the pattern but seemed incapable of breaking it. This was his major problem. The track, like any subculture, extracts a mean price for ambivalence, and Headley had been paying it too long. His marriage—to a legal secretary, a woman who knew nothing about racing—had recently fallen apart, and the failure bothered him. "First divorce in the family in seven generations," he said, as though reminding himself. These days, almost in compensation, he seemed more dedicated than he had in the past, although the odds were even that he might flip-flop at any minute, disappearing from the backstretch without leaving a forwarding address. "It's a lot safer in here than it is outside," he said—stuttering, as he did when he got excited. "Take a walk through downtown Oakland sometime, you'll see what I mean. You'll probably get your throat slit. You ever see any of those movies about racing? They're not true. All the trainers wear striped suits. They have molls around and fool around with them in the stalls. Maybe that happened once, but it's not that way, not really. There's a few bad apples, but you can still leave your tack room unlocked and when you come back your stuff's still there. It's much worse outside. If you don't believe me, go take a walk in Oakland—you'll get cut up so bad you'll look like spaghetti."

Bo had other problems. He lived in a tack room—a compact space, ten by fifteen feet, ordinarily used for storing saddles, bridles, and the like—and two female cats had adopted his residence as their own and presented him with ten kittens. "I got all kinds of cats," he said, showing me the litter nursing on his bed. The room smelled overpoweringly feline. There was a TV set on the bureau, a few shirts hanging from a rod inside an open closet, and pictures of horses taped to the walls. "The two mama cats, they take turns nursing. I never did see anything like



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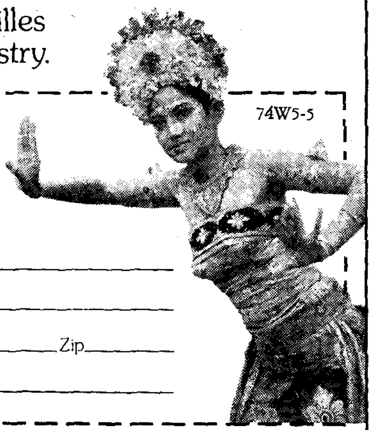

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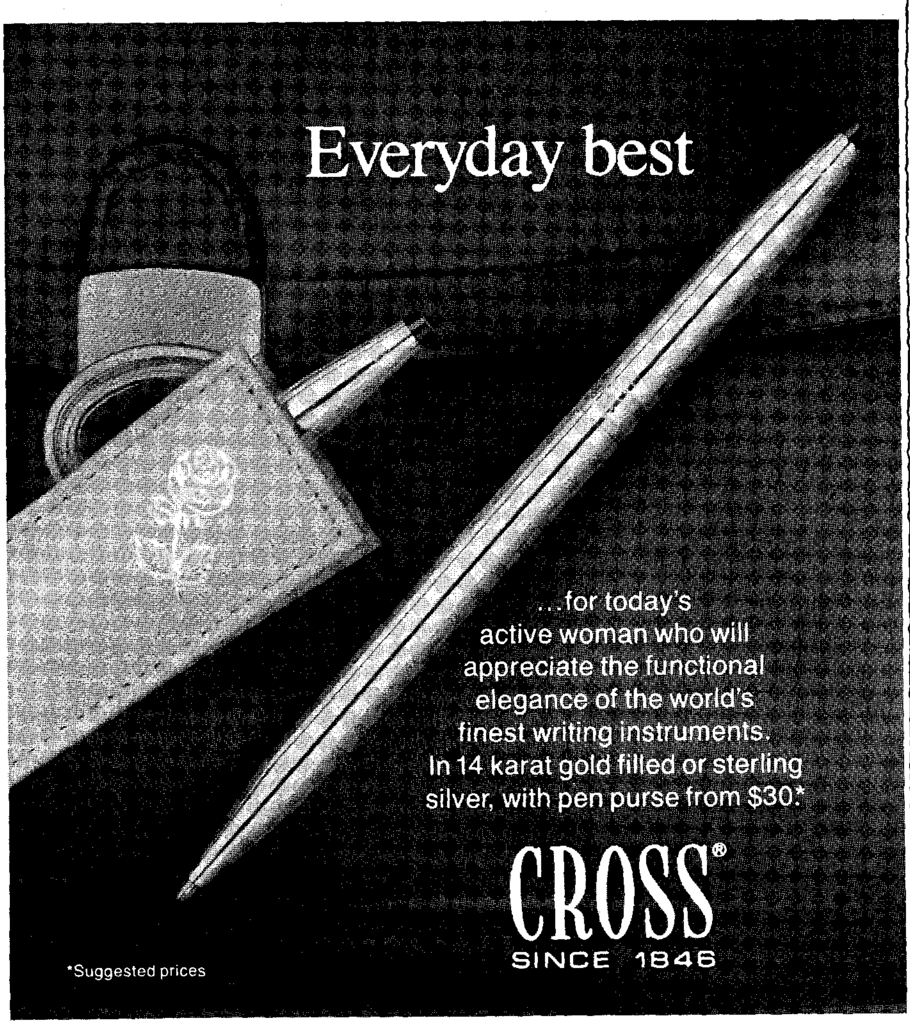
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it before. One nurses and then the other. This kitten here's the prettiest." He picked up a long-haired calico by the scruff. "I might even keep her. Don't know what I'll do with them others, though. I got 'em in every possible color. That little guy over there, he's the runt. They push him around. Maybe you'd like a cat for your house?"

Headley took me around his barn, which he shared with Bud Keen, another trainer. Keen kept a goat in his section to help quiet a high-strung filly. When the goat saw us coming, he backed off, making goat noises. Headley had six stalls, and the horses in most of them were hurting in one way or another. "Think this horse is sound?" he asked rhetorically, stopping in front of a bedraggled-looking mare. "She's raced twice in six months, that's how sound she is. I could get a better class of horse, but I don't want the hassle. I used to train a big string at Santa Anita, but the owners drove me nuts. See this?" He pointed to a deep cleft between his eyebrows. "I got this from worrying." Next, he showed me a handsome two-year-old, Urashima Taro, who hadn't raced yet. "I think this colt's a winner," he said. "This colt's my dream horse. I already nominated him for the Del Mar Futurity and the Hollywood Juvenile. It's cheaper to pay the entry fees now than waiting." We continued down the shed row. "See this filly? She was crazy when she came in. I couldn't even touch her. She was wrecked. Her owners are nice people, though. For a change. They gave me plenty of time with her. Now she's rounding into shape. What are those people, Bo? The Sandomirs. What are they? They speak Spanish, but I know they're not Mexicans. The wife speaks English pretty good. I think they might be Panamanian. Are those people Panamanian, Bo?"

"All's I know is they're not Mexicans," Bo said.

"No, they're not Mexicans. I think they might be Panamanians."

"What's the filly's name?" I asked.

"Pichi," Headley said. "Don't ask me what it means."

I NEVER met Gregory Sandomir, a native of Argentina, but his wife, Mary, once explained his involvement in racing quite succinctly. "My husband has the feeling since he's very young," she told me. "He likes the horses very much." Sandomir, who manufactured bluejeans in Los Angeles, had always wanted to own a thoroughbred, and in the summer of

1976 he began shopping around. He knew some trainers, and they sent him to various breeding farms and ranches to look at the stock for sale, but it took a while before he found what he wanted. At Walnut Wood Farm, in Hemet, California, he fell for an eight-month-old chestnut filly by Dr. Marc R out of Atomic Jay. Sandomir knew little about conformation (the ideal physical structure of a thoroughbred) or bloodlines (its all-important heritage), but this served him well, because the filly had nothing much to commend her except a distant, minimal relationship to War Admiral, which might have accounted for her willful nature. She was pretty and excitable, and Sandomir, thoroughly smitten, made the purchase and named her Pichi. This had been his nickname for his daughter, who was married now and gone from his house.

As a two-year-old, Pichi was consigned to a Hollywood Park trainer who had no tolerance for her moodiness, and soon she was locked into a battle of wills. She resisted most stringently at the starting gate. She hated the machinery and balked whenever she went near it. Instead of trying to ease her in, comforting her, the trainer apparently used force, which aggravated matters. Horses who have an aversion to the gate can usually be counted on to break poorly in a race, sometimes a half second behind the field, and Pichi followed the rule. In her first race, a five-and-a-half-furlong sprint (eight furlongs equal a mile), she finished eighth by thirteen lengths, and two weeks later, against weaker opponents, she loped home tenth, twelve casual lengths behind the leader. Sandomir became concerned about her condition. She didn't look well. There was no reason, he thought, to extract victory from a horse's hide, so when the meet ended and the action shifted to Del Mar, he arranged for Pichi to be trained by Ross Fenstermaker, who ran her twice at a mile. She improved, breaking better both times, but she was still far from winning a race, or even finishing in the money. Fenstermaker would have stayed with her, but he got an offer to train a string of first-class horses for Fred Hooper, an owner of some prominence. Owners like Hooper tend to demand exclusivity from their trainers in exchange for the privilege of working with quality stock, so Fenstermaker had to get rid of his outlaw. His old friend Gary Headley was just getting back into the game at Golden Gate, and he urged Sandomir to give Headley a try. The competition was

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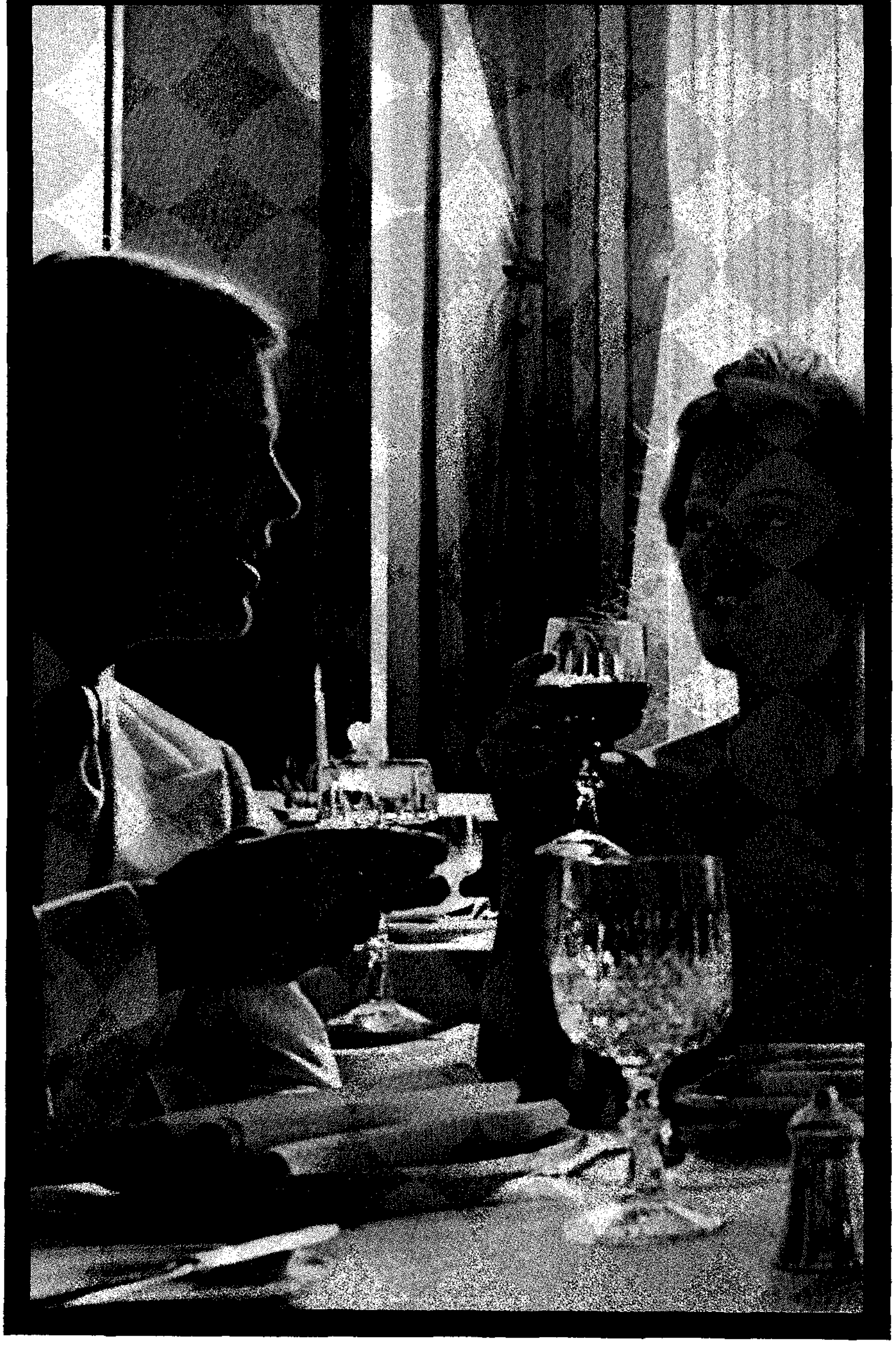

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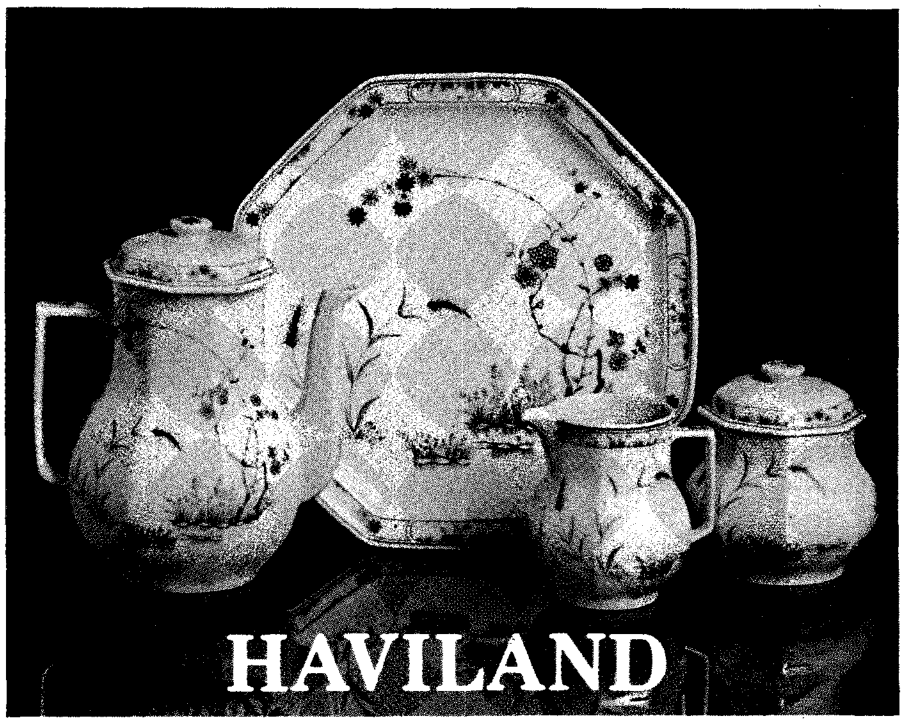
much cheaper in the north, and Pichi would have a better chance at breaking her maiden. Fenstermaker gave Headley a single caution: Watch this filly, she's murder in the gate.

Pichi arrived by van in February of 1978, toward the end of a long, cold, wet winter that had broken the back of a two-year drought. Rivers were running again, the snowpack was deep around the Sierras, and Pichi, who had spent a few months standing in mud, had an awful-looking pair of hind legs, raw and infected. Headley led her to his barn. He examined his new charge and thought, *Another cripple.* He had plenty of cripples on hand already, representing varying degrees of unsoundness—here a grapefruit-size knee, there a quarter-cracked hoof—and Pichi fit right in. She hadn't raced in half a year and was in miserable shape. Headley found a crescent-shaped scar on her rib cage and figured that somewhere along the line a groom must have hit her with something heavy and broken a rib. But the rib appeared to have mended on its own, although imperfectly. She had other imperfections as well. The tip of her tail was missing, nipped off in a starting-gate accident; she had muscle spasms in her back; and when she ran, her vulva opened abnormally wide and she sucked air into her vagina, which caused a certain amount of discomfort. She also had what Headley called "psychological" problems. She was tense and wouldn't let anybody touch her. Nor would she eat, no matter what was served—oats, hay, some special mixture—and she was mean-tempered and kicked at Bo whenever she could. When she wasn't acting up, she remained aloof, staring at the rear wall of her stall like an infanta trapped in a tower, her regal bearing violated, and she flicked her tail at passersby and pinned her ears at the slightest provocation.

Fortunately, Headley liked working with cripples. They were puzzles to him, engines in need of tinkering, and it gratified him to watch a jockey boot home a horse who only a month before had been sulky and limping, totally unfit. He would have preferred working with good stakes horses, but such animals were not his current lot, and he was realistic enough not to suffer from their absence. He liked Sandomir, because Sandomir didn't push. Some owners demanded that their horses run every ten days regardless of condition, even if it meant injecting an unstable joint with cortisone, but Sandomir was willing to accumulate feed and veteri-



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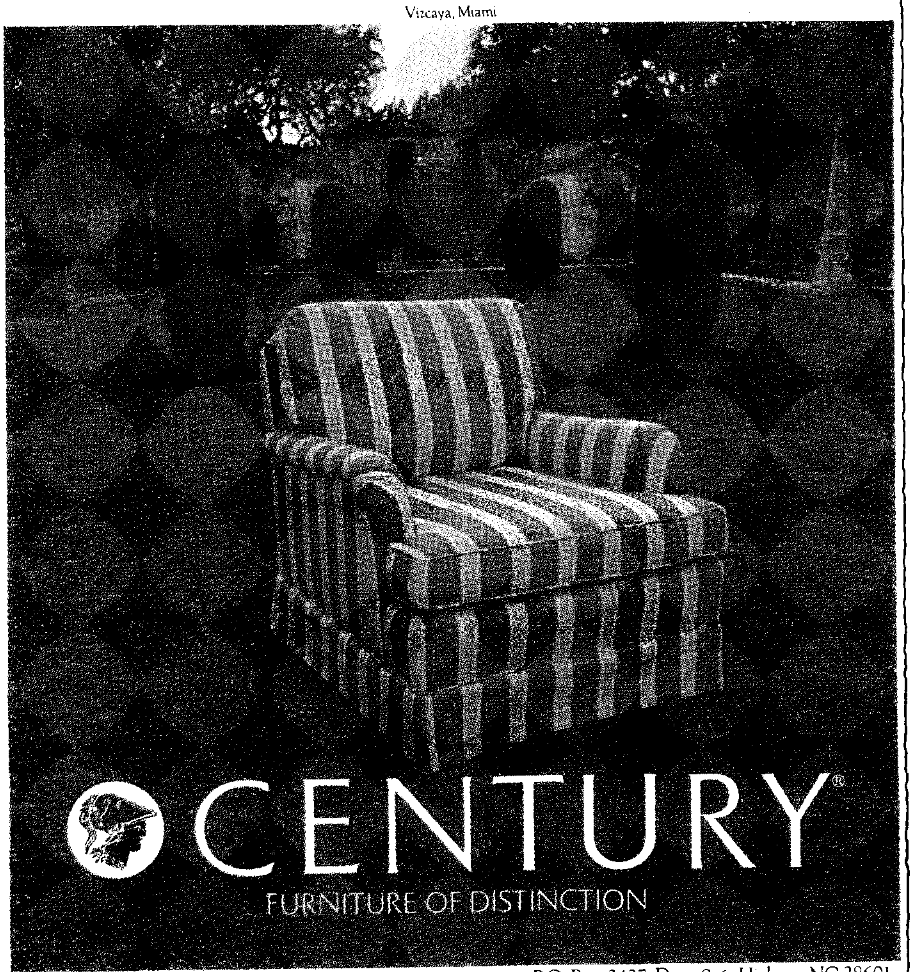

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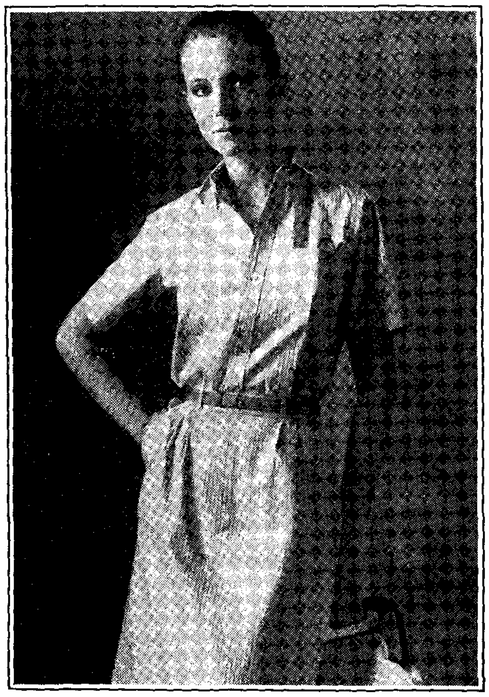
nary bills, which could be staggering, until Pichi felt better. So Headley proceeded slowly. He began by having a vet sew up her vulva, to mitigate the air-sucking problem, and gave her Robaxin, a muscle relaxant, for her back. Then he started her exercise program, walking first, followed by some light galloping. Bo worked on her legs, applying poultices, liniment, and bandages, talking to her in his cranky old flatlands voice. "She's a radical son of a bitch," he would say, mixing genders freely, but he was pleased when at last he could clean her stall without expecting to catch a hoof in the middle of his forehead.

One morning when she seemed particularly calm, Headley decided to school her in the starting gate. He was a little apprehensive, recalling Fenstermaker's warning, but Pichi seemed so placid and yielding he thought she might be ready. A special gate for schooling horses was set up away from the track, back in the shade of some live oaks, and Headley led his pupil to it. But as soon as Pichi approached the gate, she went wild. She attacked the machinery, kicking and rearing, and when it failed to collapse she tried to jump over it. This was precisely as feasible as a cow jumping over the moon. Her exercise rider, with the help of a couple of assistant starters, managed to restrain her and lead her away before she injured herself. Headley was incredulous, but he kept schooling her patiently, with tender supervision, until she went into the gate without resisting and stood there moderately still, waiting to be released.

ALL gamblers look for signs, and I was given an appropriate one the first week of the Tanforan meeting when a filling from one of my molars popped out. The image of *emptiness* should have been transported to my brain, but it was not, and I kept losing steadily. Naturally, I had alibis, and ample time in which to consider them, but in the end they had no effect on the ledger, which was negative. During one inglorious sixteen-race period, I picked nine consecutive losers. Six of them finished out of the money entirely. Nobody else was doing so poorly, of that I was certain. Scrawny old guys in panama hats and suspenders were cashing in at the fifty-dollar window, and old ladies playing systems based on the sum of their nieces' birthdays divided by the pills in an Anacin bottle were hitting the daily double daily. They jumped, they howled, they clapped their hands and



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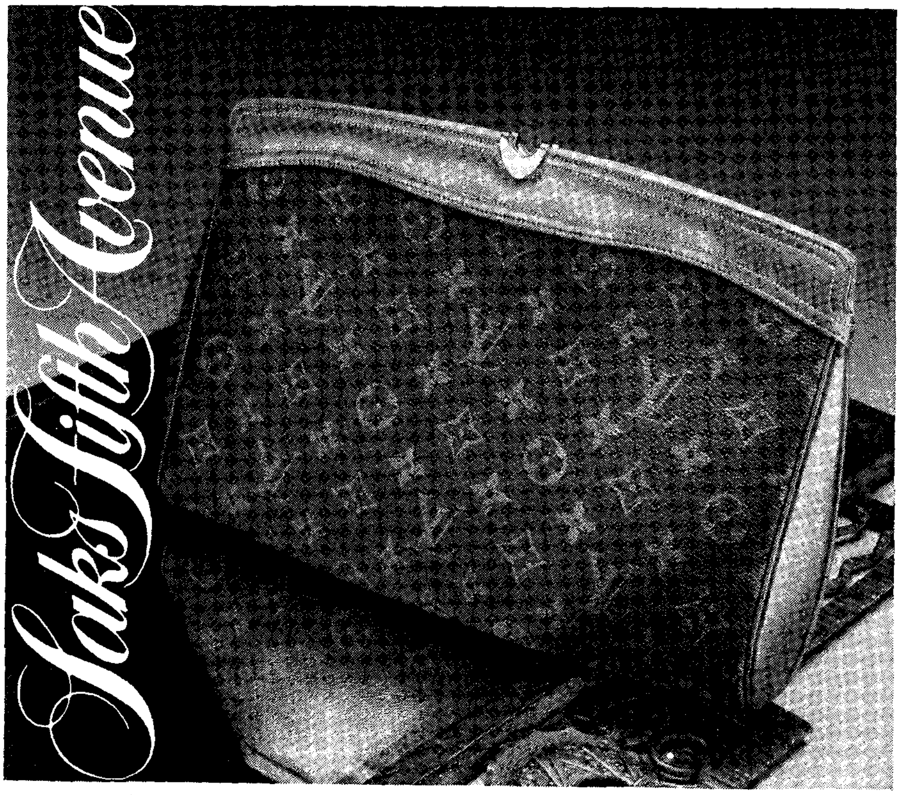

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shed joyful tears, and I wanted to bust their kneecaps with a baseball bat.

Losers form strange partnerships; I formed mine with Arnold Walker. Together, we licked our wounds. I thought Arnold resembled a diplomat, in his elegant pin-striped suits and Cesar Romero locks, fog-gray and fragrant as pastilles. The Turf Club matrons loved him. He looked like an envoy sent from a far country for the express purpose of breaking hearts. If all gamblers are innocents, sharing a nostalgic longing for a condition prior to habituation, then Arnold was a superior gambler, by virtue of his superior innocence. He refused steadfastly to learn anything from experience, and even winning thousands of dollars did not satisfy him for long. What he wanted couldn't be found at the track, but there was no telling this to him. He'd spent a lifetime avoiding the truth. He was fifty-three, and thrice married, and his face, tanned to a Boca Raton brown even in April, was entirely free of lines. Arnold liked me, because I was a writer. "Writers are class," he said. He claimed to have seen Ernest Hemingway during the Second World War in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria with a gorgeous broad on his arm and a glass of champagne in his hand, and this remained his picture of how writers lived. One night, he insisted on buying me dinner and made me order lobster. Arnold had inherited a chain of drugstores on the Peninsula and wanted to show me that money didn't mean a thing to him, but, of course, it did. Over drinks, he confessed to being down three grand for the year. "Down at Del Mar once," he said, cracking a lobster claw, "I had the best day of my life. I hit two exactas big and won thirty-eight hundred dollars. Then I went to a party and picked up a movie star and took her back to the motel." He looked cautiously around before whispering her name. I didn't believe him for a second.

Beyer and his speed figures were the first thing I threw out of my handicapping-support system, not because Beyer was wrong or inaccurate but because using figures went against my grain. I was learning that to win you had to work within the net of your own perceptions. For me, speed had negative connotations. It was too American a preoccupation, too insistently the grammar of motorcyclists and technologists. *Passo a passo si va lontano*, I had heard them say in Florence—step by step, one goes a long way—and this accent on the qualitative

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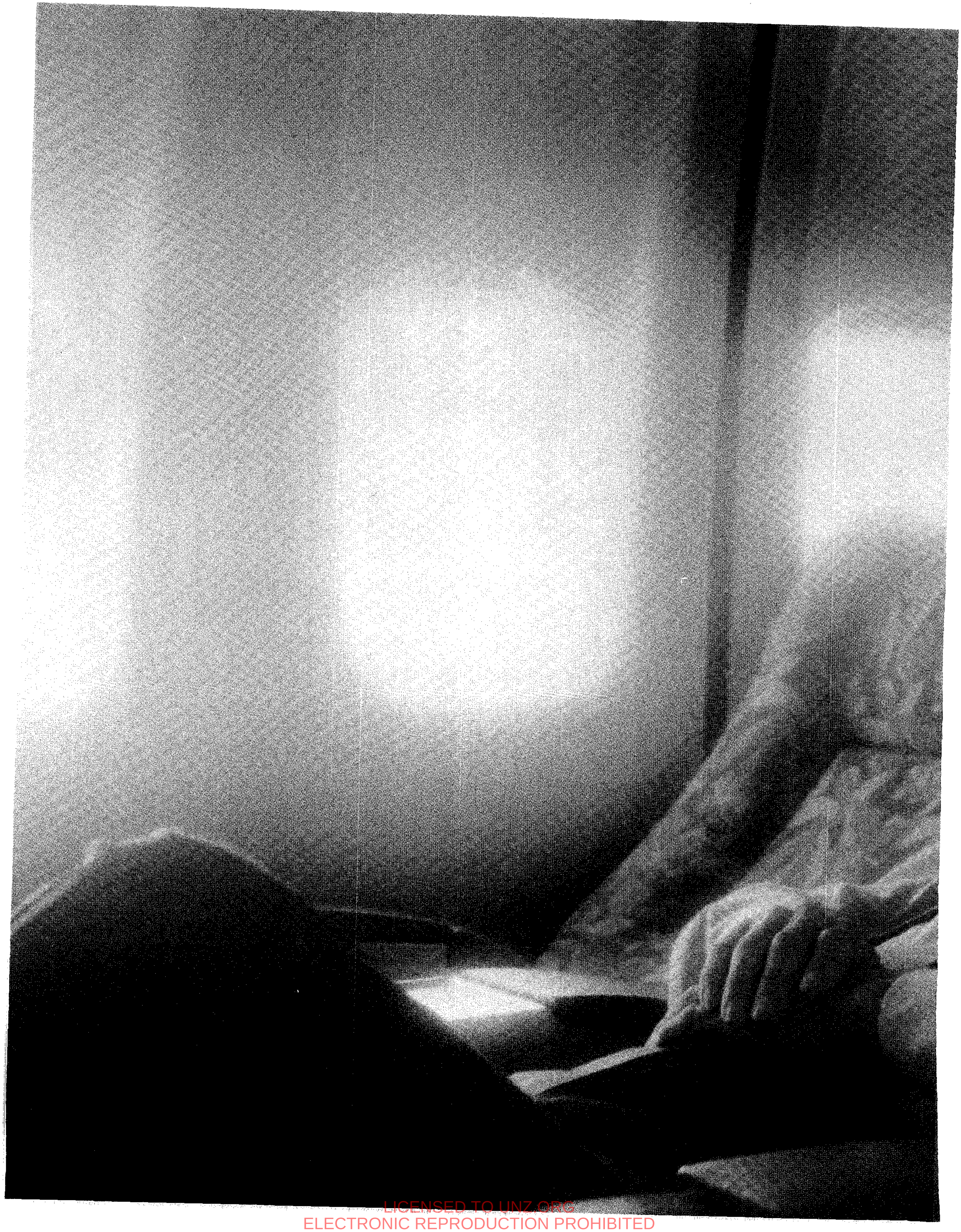

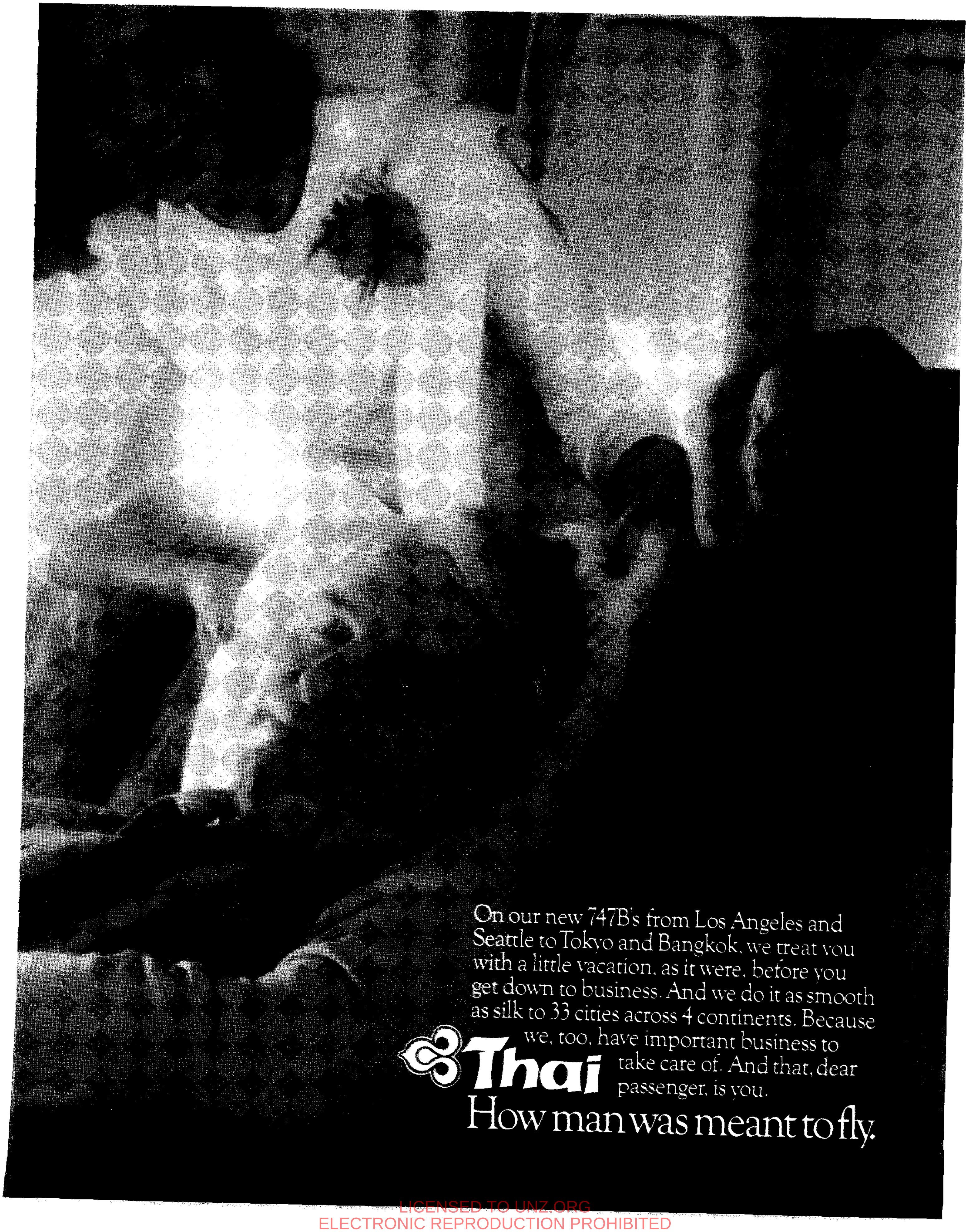

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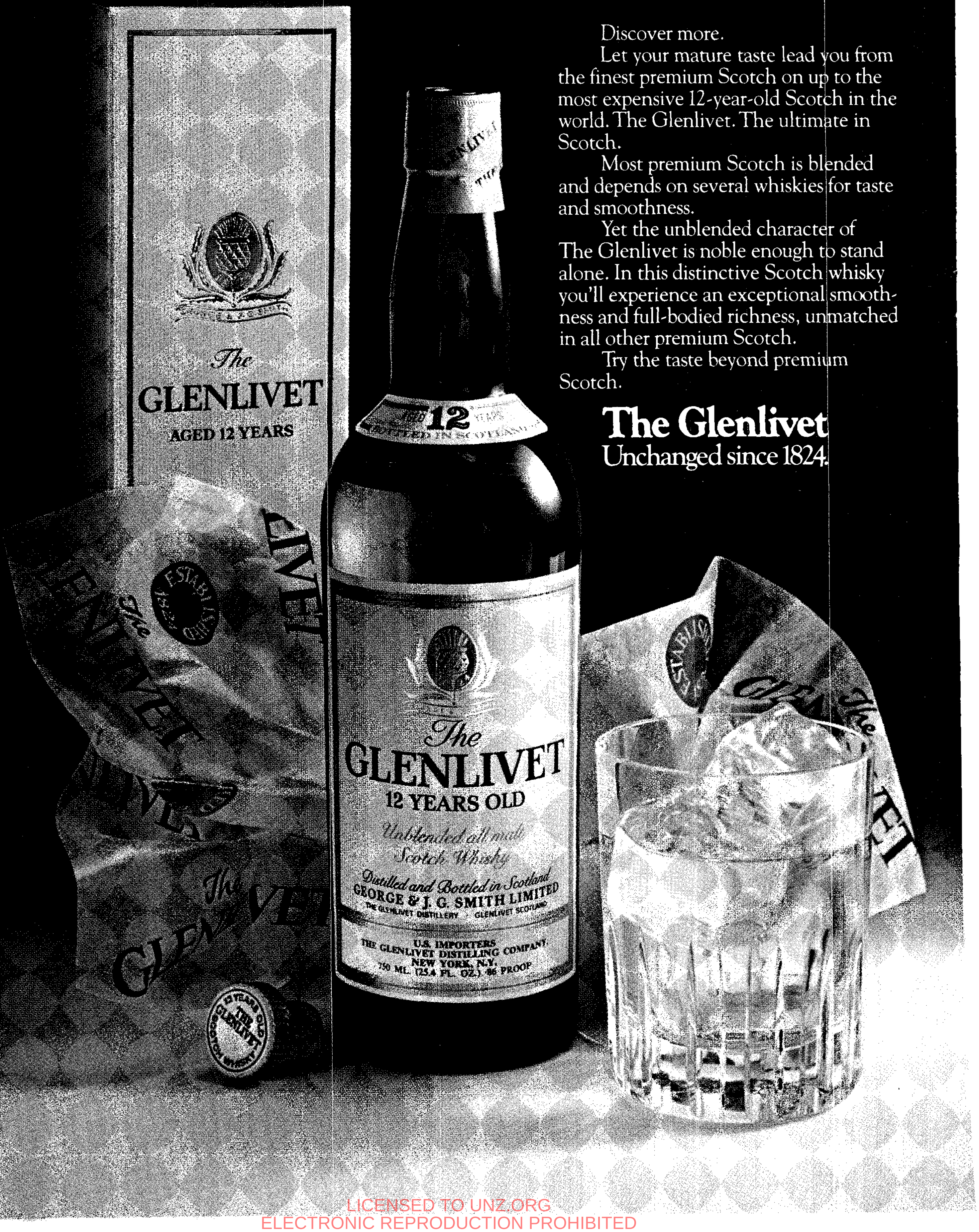
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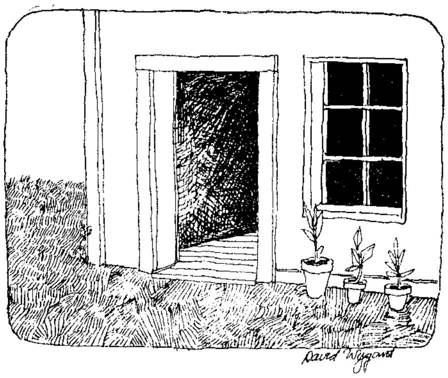
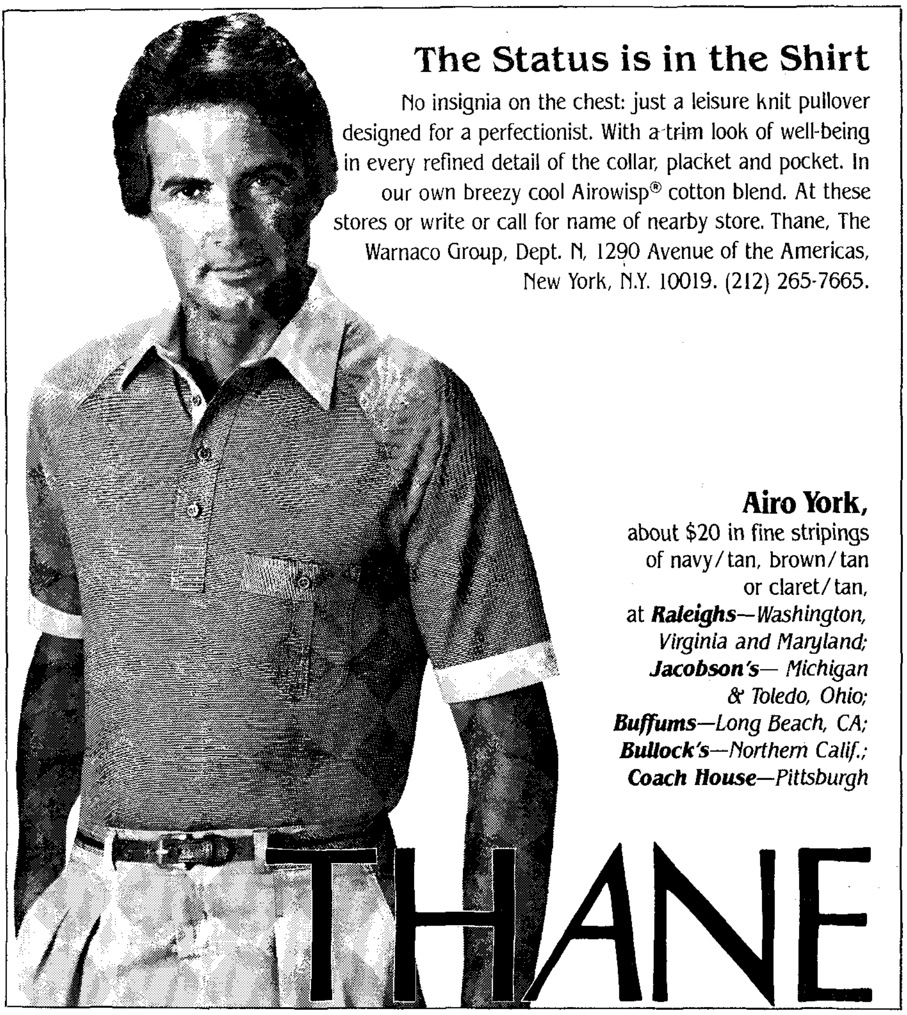
aspects of a journey was more to my liking. So I decided to concentrate on factors like class and condition, relegating speed to a secondary position except when it appeared to be the single factor separating one horse from all the others. But even after making this adjustment I lost again the next afternoon. The track, it seemed, was exactly like life, unjust and aleatory. Muggers won handily, thieves tripled their bankrolls, and murderers walked whistling to the parking lot, their blades secured in fat green sheaths.

I CAME to think of the trainers as Renaissance princes who ruled the backstretch. Walking the shed rows, I saw that each trainer's barn resembled a principality, embodying a unique blend of laws and mores, an individuated style. Bright-colored placards bearing trainers' names or initials or devices shone in the sun, and it was possible to intuit the flesh of a prince from the sign he displayed. If Eldon Hall's escutcheon showed a white dollar sign on a green background, then it stood to reason that Hall would be tall and lean and Southern, wearing an expensive Stetson and specializing in speedy Kentucky-bred two-year-olds. Jake Battles' colors of red and optic blue suggested a feisty, raw-faced character who rode his pony belligerently and wore a monumental turquoise ring. Emery Winebrenner, whose temperament was mercurial, ranging from cheeriness to abject depression, offered a simple but evocative design—the letters "EW" rendered in sunny yellow against a field as black and sunken as night.

Inside the barns, I always noticed the music first—rock, soul, or jazz if the help was young, M.O.R. if it was older, and mariachi or salsa if it was Spanish-speaking. Grooms sometimes had a fiesta going on, with liquid refreshments and the smell of burning hemp in evidence, but more often a barn's atmosphere was determined by the trainer and reflected his personality. At the Stewarts', where the whole

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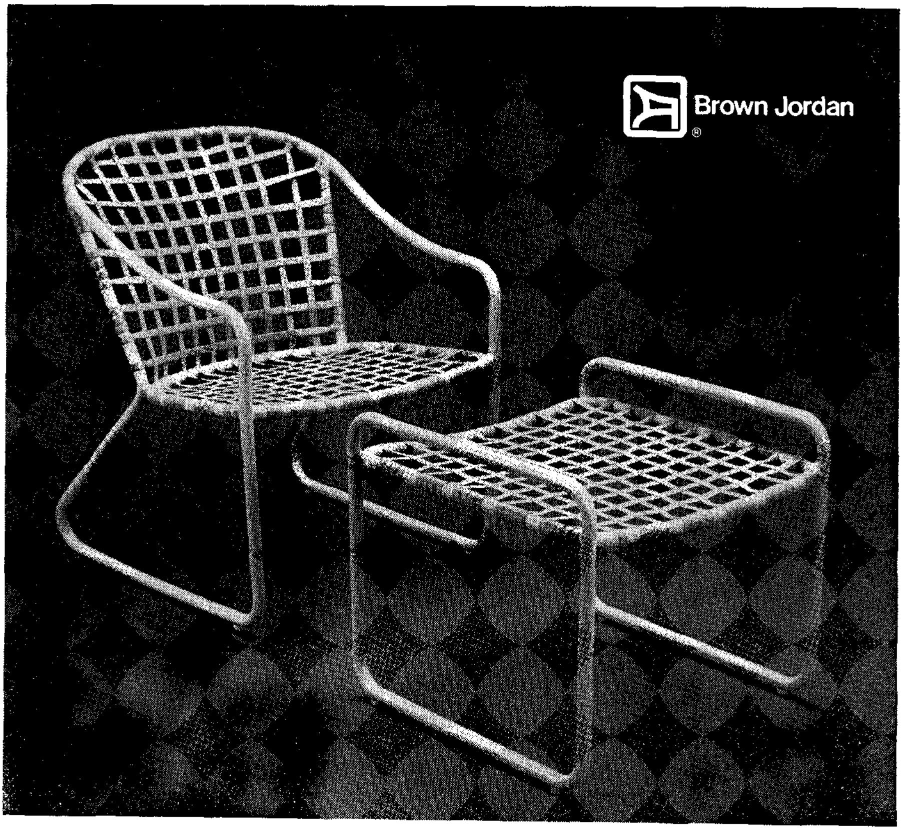
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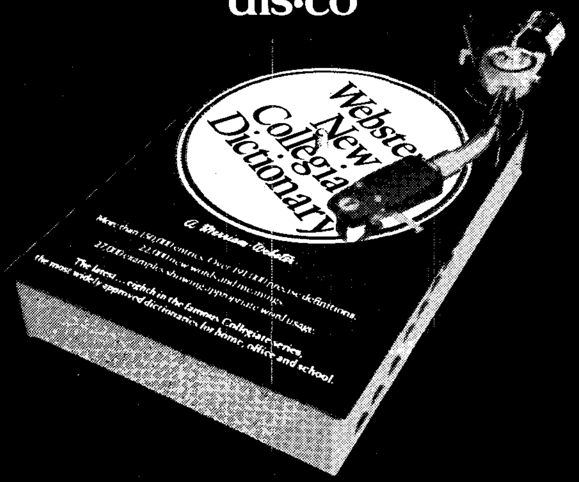

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family worked together, the area around the stalls was neat and clean and felt like a suburban living room. There were no beer cans blocking paths, no syringes left lying in the dust. Tom Stewart was neat and clean and soft-spoken, and so was Bonnie Stewart, wife and assistant trainer, and so were the Stewart children, who helped out after school and on vacations. As a hobby, the family raised lop-eared rabbits, and three rotund specimens—Samantha, Tabitha, and Pumpkin—gazed out at the passing world from a mesh cage by the stalls. Roundness was a primary characteristic of the breed, something to be encouraged, and these bunnies had it in abundance. They looked to me like mutant creatures, victims of radiation or BHT.

Some trainers filled their barns with female assistants, courtly ladies-in-waiting. Winebrenner always had at least one looker working for him, and Eric Longden and Craig Roberts could usually be counted on for one or two. Women, it was rumored—as though their presence needed excusing—had wonderful hands, healing hands, and a gentle way with nervous fillies, but this sort of myth has always prevailed in masculine enclaves. A few women trainers worked at Golden Gate, including aces like Kathy Walsh, but they weren't yet a challenge to the Old Guard, and the backstretch remained, for the moment, the dominion of princes.

Bill Mastrangelo carried himself as erect as a soldier, with a slight swagger to his step, and ran his crew with military efficiency. Chuck Jenda, an ex-radical from Berkeley who used to pledge ten per cent of his Santa Anita handicapping earnings to the Cause, favored the style of a taciturn football coach. He wore a Michigan Wolverines cap and spoke of his grooms as his "team." Jenda had got his start walking hots and working as a groom, and so had most of the other trainers, including Headley and Winebrenner. Mastrangelo was a former jockey whose father had taken him to tracks and hustled him rides. Bobby Jennings had been a jockey, too, a six-footer who'd had to starve himself in order to make weight. Jennings' agent had been Bob Hack, whose uncle Clyde Turk, another jockey, had got Hack *his* first summer job, as a groom. In fact, the backstretch was intricately nepotistic. Eric Longden, Johnny's son, trained a string of horses for his mother, while his father trained at Hollywood Park and Santa Anita,

enter Chloé

"A woman does not put on my fragrance. She enters it."

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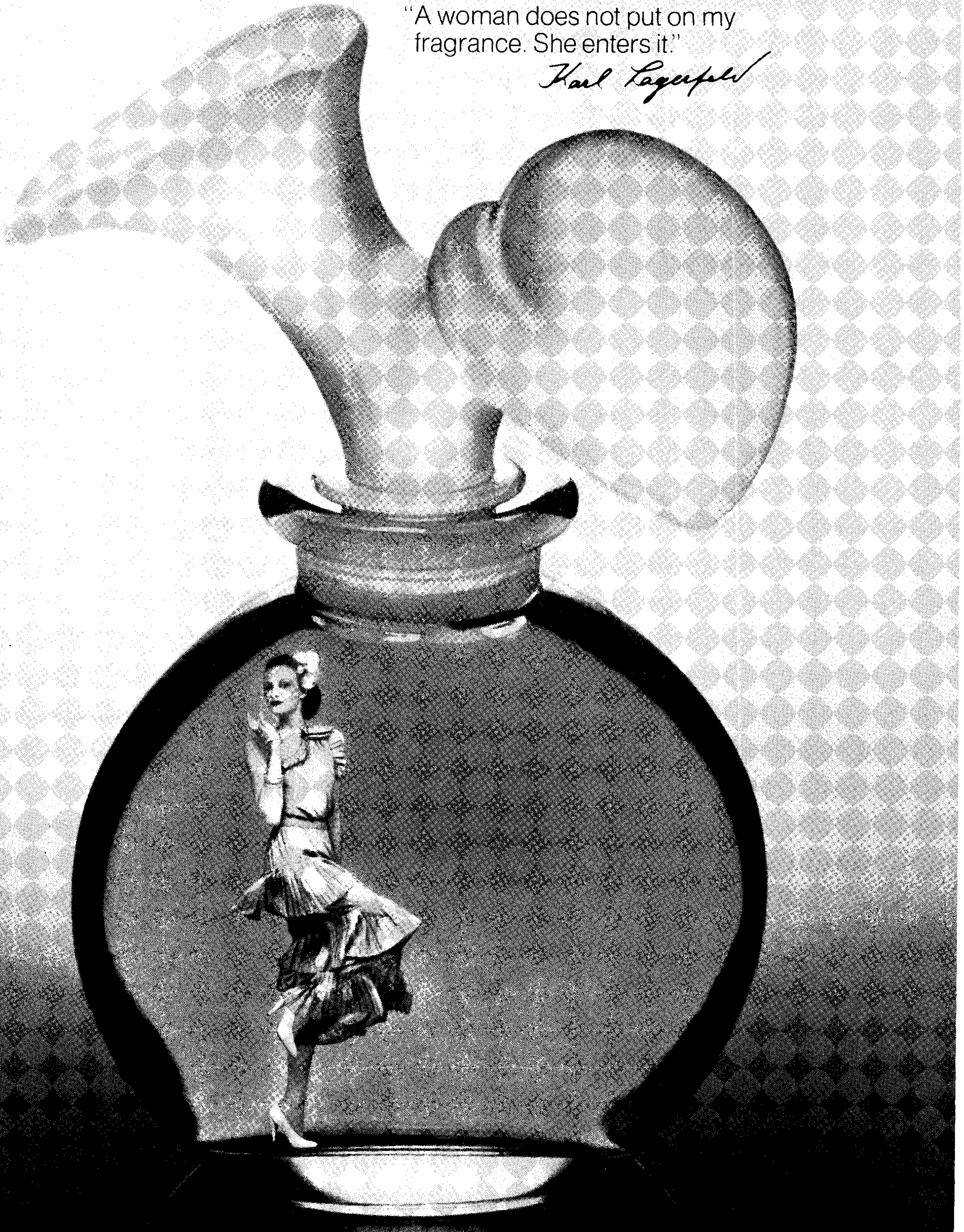

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]

sometimes for his wife. Cliff De Lima trained for his wife, too, or so it said in the *Form*, and so did Ross Brinson, whose boy Clay—another son had been a jockey—worked down south among the Longden, Whittingham, and Barrera clans. Allen Auten, a handy apprentice, often rode for his father, Vern, and so many varied offspring worked for parents and uncles and aunts and grandfathers and grandmothers as part-time grooms that they couldn't be counted.

Princes were busiest in the morning. Some of them liked to be right out there on the track, side by side with their horses, watching them exercise. Bobby Martin always commuted to and from the barn on his pony, along with his assistant, Les Silveria, who wore chaps and looked like a range rider. Bike Hixon, in snap-brim hat and cardigan, surveyed his charges from a saddle while devouring a big cigar. Other trainers, less physical types, congregated at the rail near Slaughterhouse Red. These princes had a taste for intrigue, for whispered conversations, for *secrets*. Among them, quiet deals went down. Art Hirsch, duded up in Anaheim Moderne, jeans rolled into six-inch cuffs and silver hair arranged into an astoundingly mimetic duck's ass, beckoned to jockeys or agents, saying, "Come on over here, let's talk for a minute, let's do a little business." Somebody else sidled up to Slaughterhouse and asked how fast Tornado, that mare of Trainer Y's, had worked, and Slaughterhouse put in a call to the clocker, whose job it was to record the workout times. "How the hell should I know?" the clocker complained, his disembodied voice floating out of a dented speaker near Slaughterhouse's ear. "There's so damn many of them out there!"

Trainers sometimes had difficulty keeping their principalities intact. Grooms got drunk and vanished, bouts of flu made the rounds and always lingered too long, deadly illnesses like founder shot forth from the clouds to skewer stakes-level performers, and crazy owner-kings were always demanding tribute—a table at the Turf Club or lobsters at Spenger's. Good stock was scarce at Golden Gate, and it went mostly to the Martins and Mastrangelos, while lesser lights scrambled to make ends meet. Cheap horses were a nuisance. They went easily off form, stopped running the first time they met any opposition, and usually had no heart. The legend of Hirsch Jacobs and his horse Stymie, who was claimed for fifteen hundred

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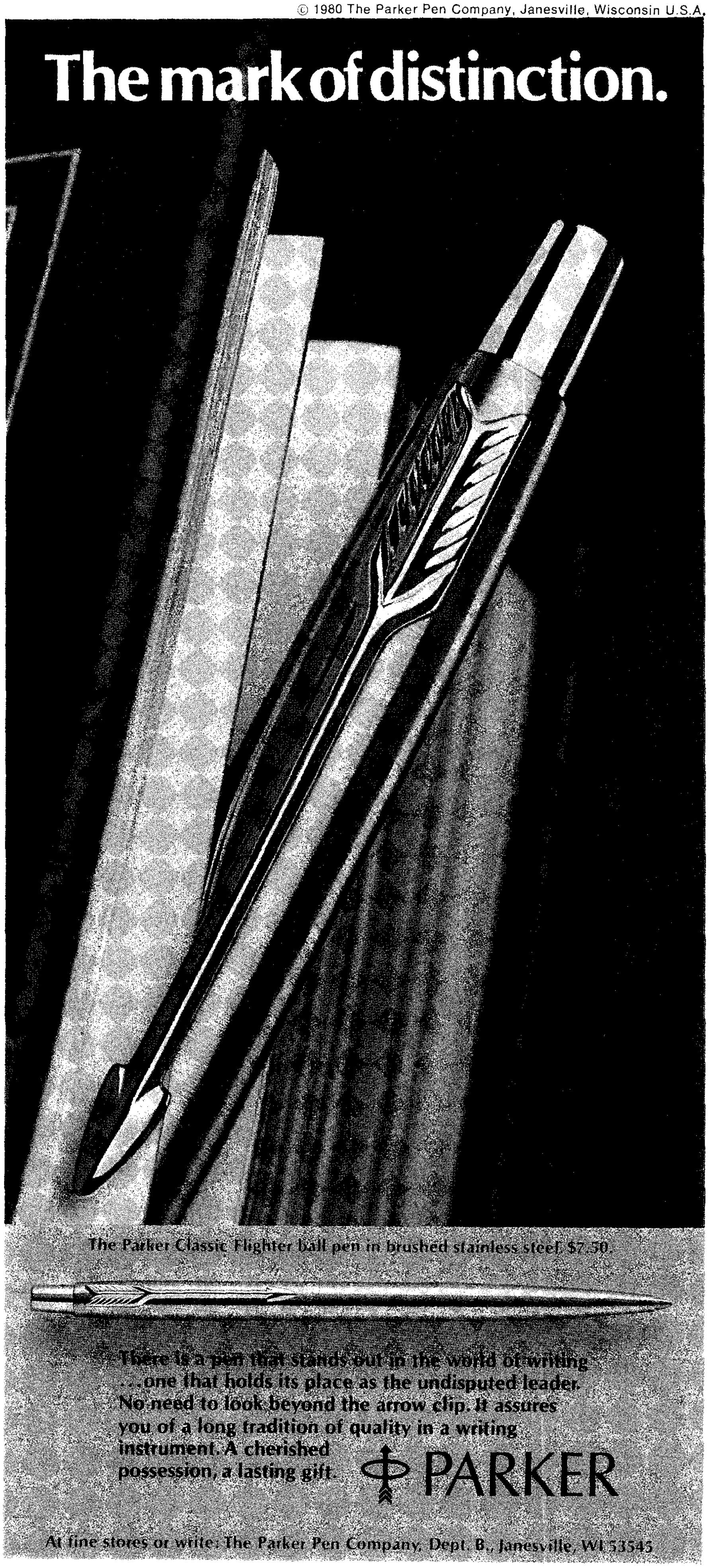
and returned almost a million, wasn't really any consolation. A patient trainer might squeeze one win per season from each baling-wire beauty, but the purses offered in low-level events were small indeed and barely covered costs. Pichi, when she deigned to eat, cost as much to feed as Alydar. Trainers charged owners about twenty dollars a day, plus veterinary bills, to stable a horse, but even the stingiest among them had trouble extracting a living wage from dribs and drabs of double sawbucks.

Temptation, then, was everywhere, in every shed row, and certain darkling princes were known to succumb on occasion. By sending a fit horse to post at high odds, they could recoup at the pari-mutuel windows what they'd lost in feed. There were several time-honored tactics for influencing the outcome of a race. For example, superior workouts might not be listed in the *Form;* clockers made mistakes, especially at dawn. Horses could be worked at private training tracks until they were razor sharp, and trainers were under no obligation to make this information public. Sometimes unwary bug boys were given misleading prerace instructions—told to keep a rail-shy horse on the rail, say. Sometimes a trainer rode a bad jockey for a race or two, then switched to a pro. Sometimes a jockey was told that it might be beneficial to make slight errors in judgment coming into the stretch—to hold the mount in check too long or use him up too soon or go to the whip too late or not go to it at all. They made such mistakes genuinely, and it was almost impossible to separate true from false. There were hundreds of ways to make a horse's past-performance record read like a clinical account of lameness. Masking a horse's true condition was not considered a capital offense, but sudden form reversals artificially induced, those miraculous wake-up victories that resulted in big payoffs, were punishable by law. They occurred nonetheless. A jockey would slap a battery equipped with wire prongs—the device, held in the palm, was called a joint—to his mount's rump at the proper instant and hold on as best he could while the poor electrified beast romped home. New drugs were constantly being developed, drugs for which no equine-testing procedures had yet been devised. These were administered in dark stall corners, and soon thereafter sixty-to-one shots zoomed out of the gate like angels hyped on amphetamines. Those nags ran. They ran once, and once only, before slipping back into nagdom forever,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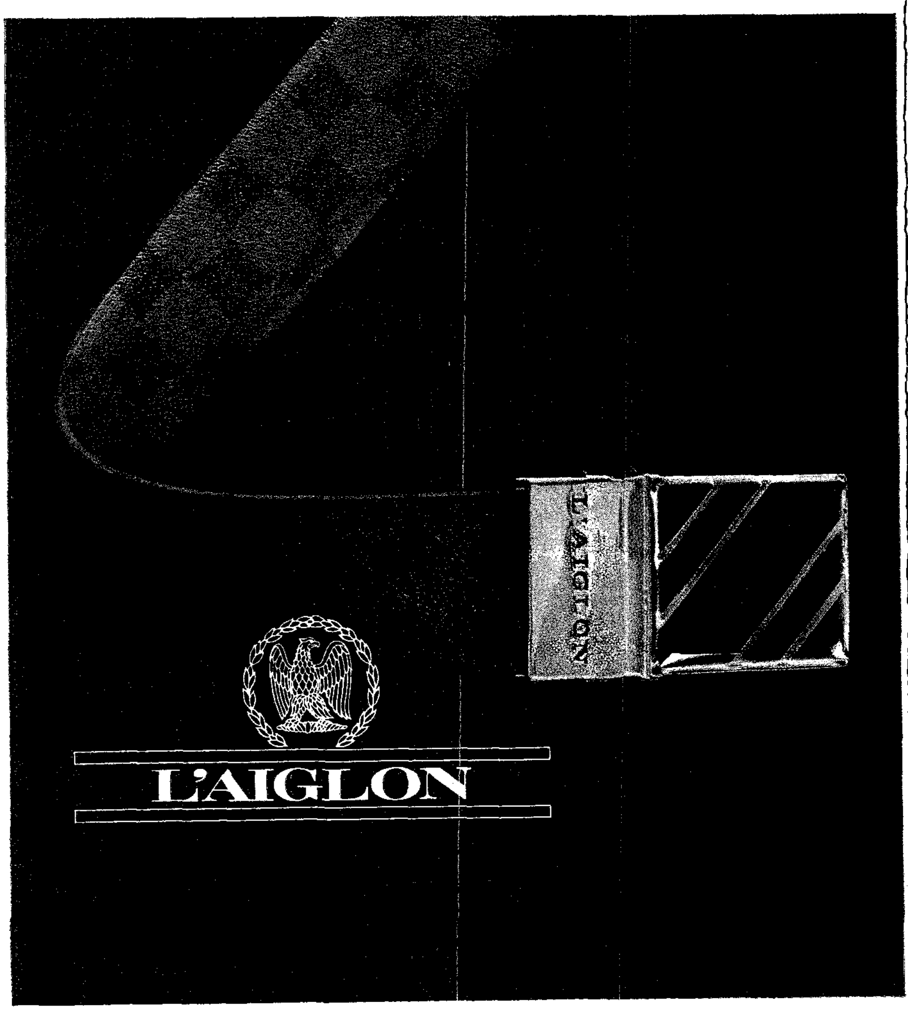


but a hundred bucks selectively invested repaid six thousand big ones at any cashier's window on the grounds. These victories stood out, clearly evident, but stewards were slow to investigate. The unwritten rule around race tracks—not only Golden Gate—seemed to be that you could get away with anything once, but repetition would cost you dear. The penalties for such offenses were supposed to act as deterrents. Princes could be fined or suspended or banished from California, stripped of their licenses and sent packing to distant provinces where the summer county-fair meet was the nonpareil of thoroughbred racing. Still, there were always a few who were willing to take the risk. Most trainers, though, worked hard and chose to be scrupulous. They'd never have the chance to win a Triple Crown, but their honesty might someday be rewarded with the trainers' championship of Golden Gate Fields. "In so artificial a world," Burckhardt wrote of princes, "only a man of consummate address could hope to succeed; each candidate for distinction was forced to make good his claims by personal merit and show himself worthy of the crown he sought."

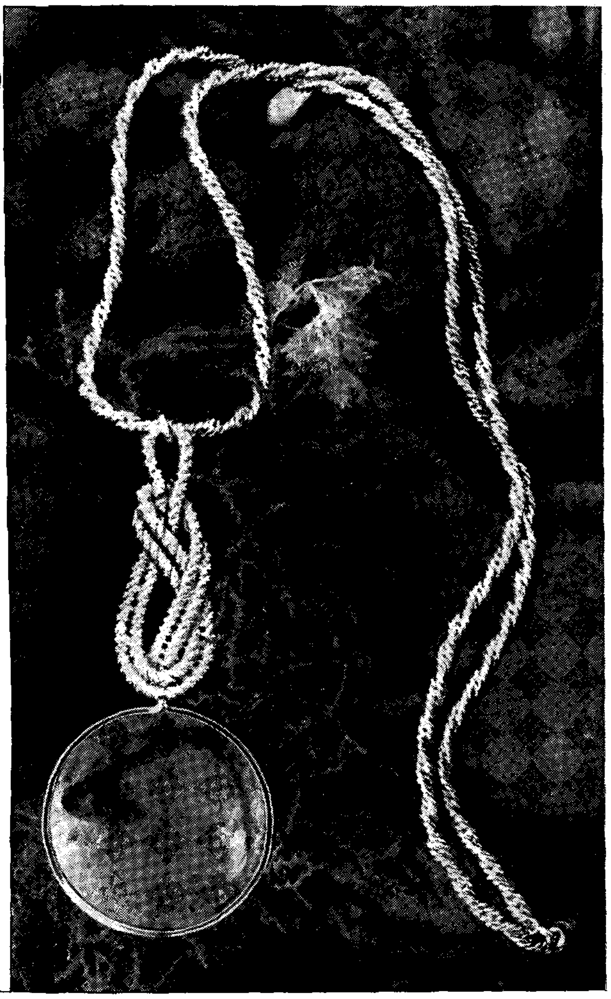
I MET Bobby Martin, the top trainer at Golden Gate, at his office, a musty tack room furnished with dilapidated armchairs and a vinyl-covered couch that belonged in a bus station. The office felt like Kansas—some inner sanctum on the plains with gas pumps out front and day-old newspapers for sale at the cash register. Martin sat behind a wooden desk and studied a large cardboard chart that listed all thirty-four of his horses and indicated by symbol whether they were scheduled to work (run hard over a specific distance—six furlongs, a mile—usually in preparation for a race), gallop, walk, or rest that morning. I had the impression that the chart wasn't really necessary, that Martin had long since memorized the data but wanted to give them an outward form and make them official. The chart was businesslike, professional, and so was the black phone on the desk, one of the few private lines I ever saw on the backstretch. These accoutrements suited Martin. He was a quietly confident man. He wore a rust-colored ski jacket and bluejeans with a dry cleaner's crease in them. His blondish hair was combed, and he didn't look beaten down, the way many trainers do when they hit forty.

Mike Haversack, a bug boy, sat opposite Martin and stirred the dust with his whip. He had the right face for pumping gas—thin, pale, with that curious race-track hardness creeping in around the mouth. He galloped horses for Martin and sometimes got to ride a maiden. A groom led a big chestnut to the office door, and Haversack stepped out of the office and into the stirrups. The transfer had a surreal quality, especially so early in the morning, but then horses were always showing up in odd places. They filled the available space quite suddenly, and I sometimes had the feeling of being pushed out of frame, like an actor snipped from a key scene. Another rider replaced Haversack on the couch, waiting, in turn, for his mount, and was soon replaced by yet another rider. The men were all dressed just like Martin, in ski jackets and jeans.

Martin bought his first horse, Domingo Kid, when he was nineteen. He paid only seven hundred and fifty dollars, because the horse, who had once run in allowance races, was so broken down and rank that nobody else wanted to deal with him. But Martin was young and ambitious, and gradually conditioned the Kid, and won eleven races with him that first year and twenty-six over all. Martin's name first appeared in the standings at Golden Gate in 1966, when he saddled ten winners in forty-three tries, and he has dominated them ever since. In 1978, he was pursuing his fifth consecutive championship, and held a slim lead over Bill Mastrangelo, with whom he'd duelled before—most notably in 1975, when he won the title by only two victories. Though Martin tried to act nonchalant, his eyes fired up whenever the championship was mentioned.

"It's not like golf or tennis," he said, "where you just go out and take somebody on, head to head. Horses'll only do so much for you. You can't control 'em. Lot of people around here'd like to see me get beat. That's how it is when you're on the top."

Martin was exaggerating. No doubt a few malcontents wanted to see him collapse, but most people revered him. Young trainers wanted to be like him when they grew up, and old grooms said that Bobby hadn't changed since he was a kid. He was honest and polite, and he treated his horses well and his grooms even better, paying them top dollar and refusing to inflict the usual psychic punishments. Even Tumwater Tom, who started early on his daily quota of Olympia beer, and knew more about horses than most trainers, had stuck with Bobby. There was something of the classic Western hero in



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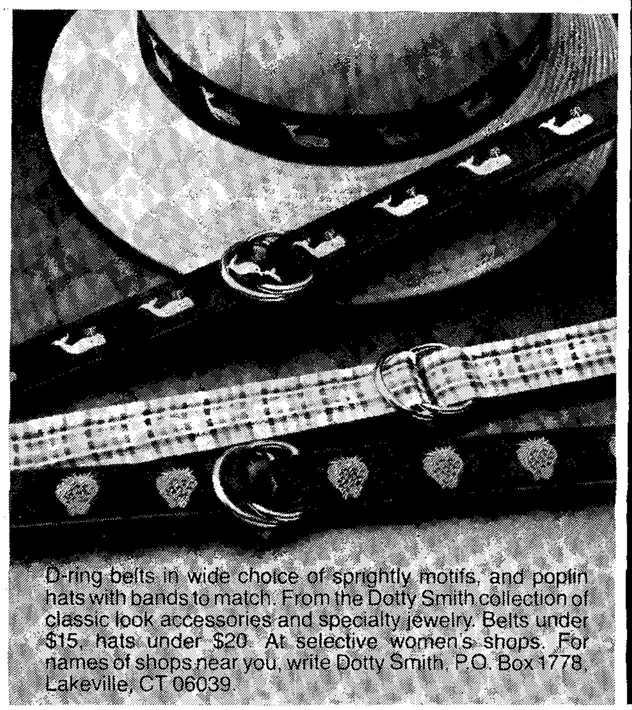

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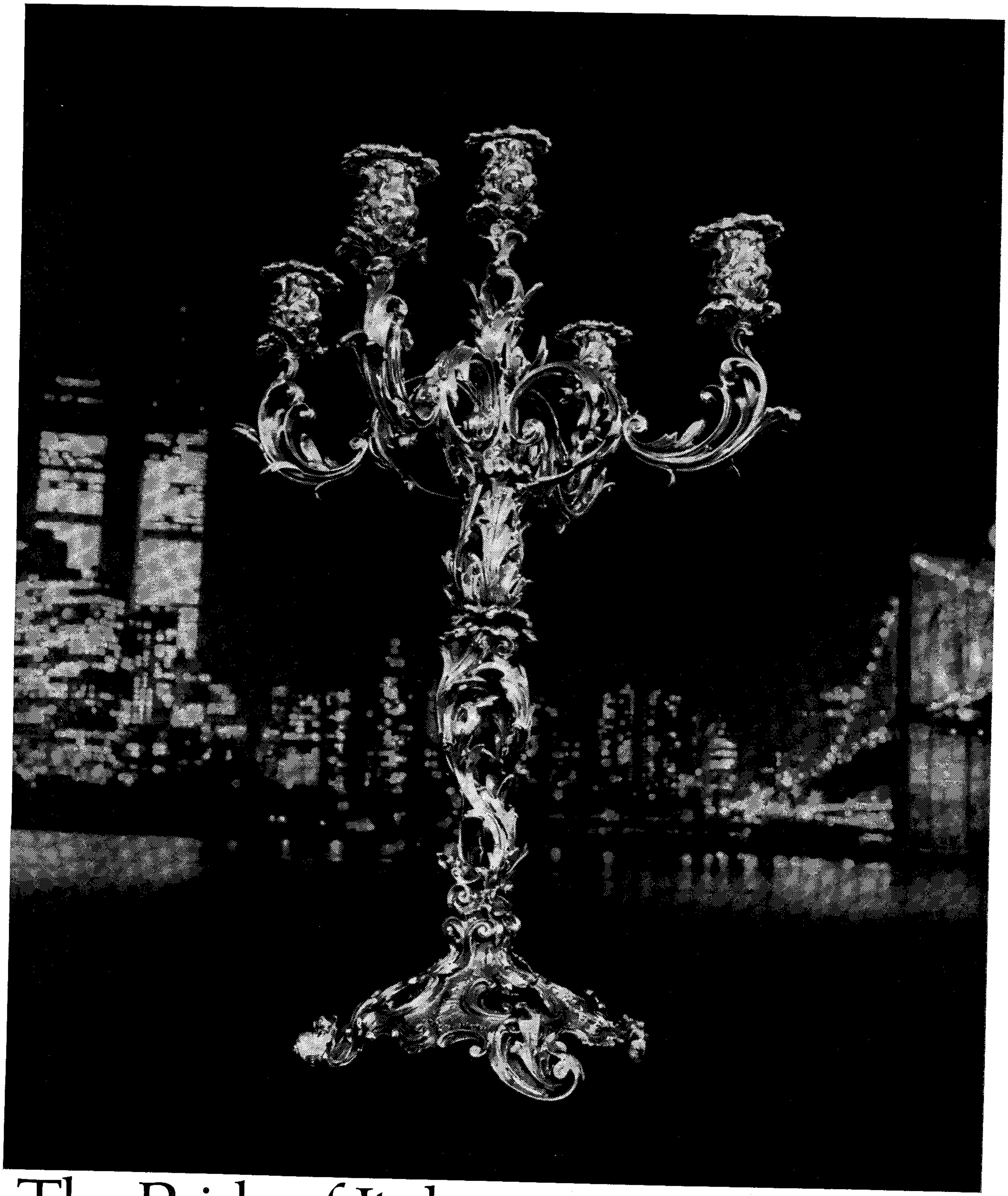
Martin's demeanor—the shy, commanding presence of an Alan Ladd. He represented that most estimable racetrack quality, *class*, but his soft jawline and slightly lumpy nose would have kept him from ever playing opposite Maureen O'Hara.

There were two main reasons, beyond intelligence and hard work, for Martin's success: his expertise as a conditioner and his mastery of the claiming game. Conditioning a horse properly—getting it into shape and then keeping it fit, on form—is a craft little practiced at cheaper race tracks. Because of financial exigencies and near-terminal shortsightedness—some call it stupidity—trainers often push their horses much too hard in morning workouts, cranking them up for a single race, the cliché Big Effort, and then afterward, when the horses return to the barn feeling tired and sore, have to rest them for a month or two before running them again. This tactic makes no sense, but trainers pursue it zestfully, with oblivious devotion. The real key to conditioning is conservation. Energy expended in a race or a workout has to be restored. So Martin kept close tabs on all his horses, checking their energy levels as he might check the water in batteries, and designed for each of them an exercise program—the chart—that took into account individual strengths and weaknesses. He took the time to *know* his stock, and so he got an optimal performance every race instead of one stellar showing followed by months of eights and nines.

Claiming is a more intricate and cerebral activity—it is called the poker of the backstretch—but, again, success is dependent on knowing your stock. The idea behind claiming races is to create fields of roughly equivalent talent and value. Any horse entered in a claiming race can be claimed, or bought, for a predetermined price, set by the Racing Secretary in the Condition Book. In theory, trainers won't enter a horse worth twenty thousand in a race in which the horse could be claimed by a rival for sixty-five hundred. But, of course, this happens all the time, because trainers, like their constituency, are gamblers. They are *always* looking for an edge. Take, for instance, the hypothetical trainer Profit and his horse Lament, a four-year-old gelding who in the past month finished fourth and second in two twelve-thousand-five-hundred-dollar claiming races. After such good performances, Profit might be expected to enter Lament at a higher level—say,



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fourteen thousand—to protect him (Lament is clearly worth twelve-five), but Profit, a sharper, *drops* the horse in class, and enters him in a race for a price tag of eighty-five hundred. This means one of three things: Lament is in bad shape, and Profit wants to get rid of him at a slight loss before his true condition is known; Lament is *not* in bad shape, but Profit wants others to think he is, and hopes to win a race against inferior opponents; Lament is just *beginning* to be in bad shape, getting old, with a kink in his step, and Profit is trying to make him look attractive, a bargain, while in fact he wants the horse to be claimed, having figured that the winner's share of the purse (say, four thousand) plus the claiming price (eighty-five hundred) will more than compensate him for the loss. The third tactic is the most difficult to master, predicated, as it is, on keen judgment, and Martin makes better use of it than anybody else at Golden Gate. Of twenty-three head he'd "lost" since January, only three were worth feeding. Sometimes he got stung—this was inevitable—but more often than not his experiences echoed the early one with Domingo Kid. "I do a lot of speculating," Martin said. "You can't get too attached to the horses."

Martin was the only Golden Gate-based trainer whose horses did well consistently on the tougher southern circuit. Every now and then, he liked to assemble a caravan, sneak down to Hollywood Park, steal a few purses, then slip out of town. He smiled when he talked about these raids on Tinsel Town. I wondered why he didn't just set up shop in Los Angeles—or, at least, run a string there—but he said he made just as much money up north. This didn't compute. In 1977, Martin's horses won seventy-two races and a total of $456,287 in purse money, not much at all by southern standards. Actually, Martin hated L.A. "You ever been down there?" he asked. "It's like a jungle around those tracks." Bobby was still a good old boy at heart. On warm evenings, he could go out to his ranch in Pleasanton and do a little roping and riding and general whooping it up without having to worry that some criminal bastard was waiting just around the corner to steal his pinky ring, the one inset with his initials in diamonds.

AS I was about to leave the barn, Olivia Hernandez arrived to check on her baby. She worked for Martin, and so did her husband,

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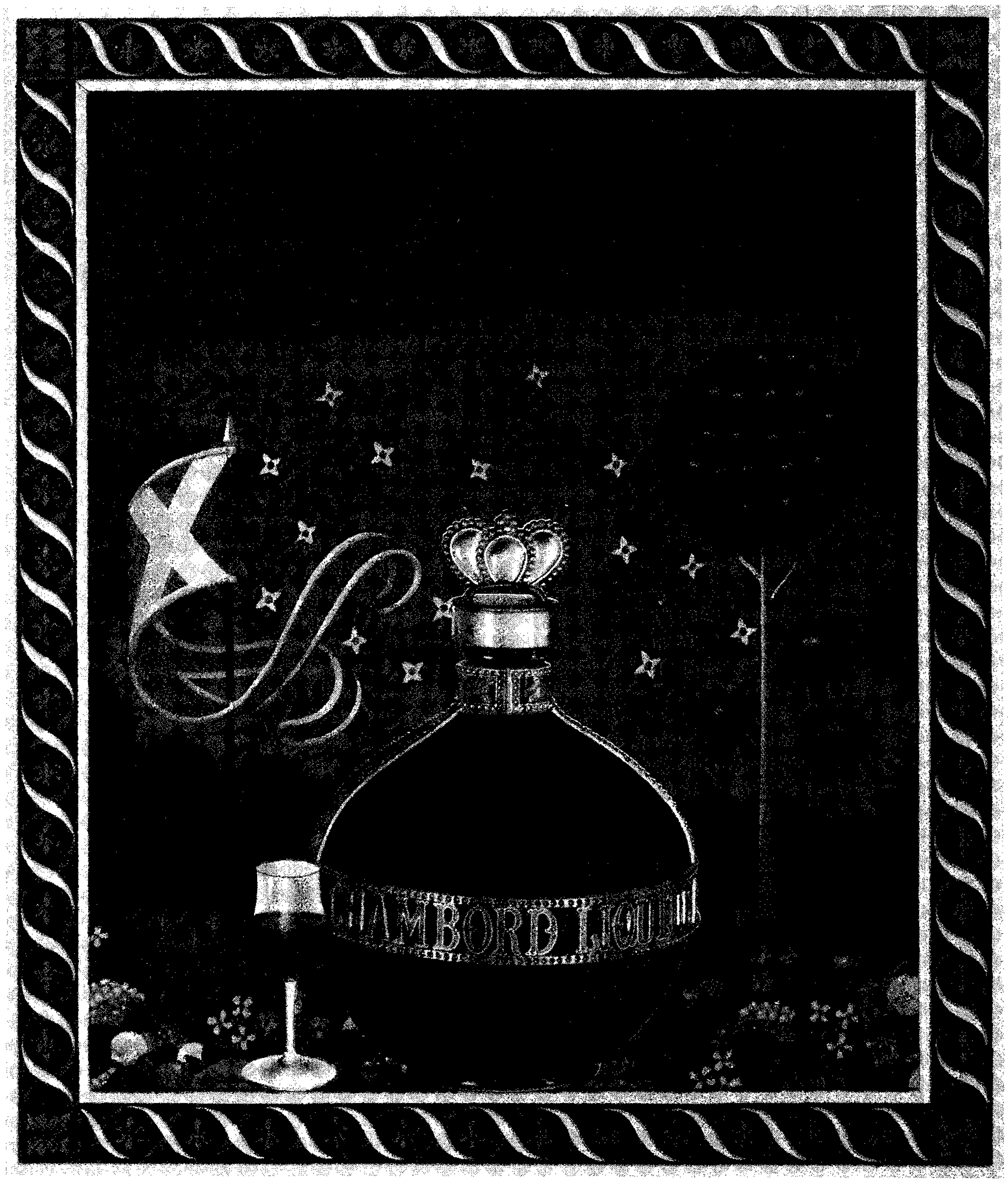

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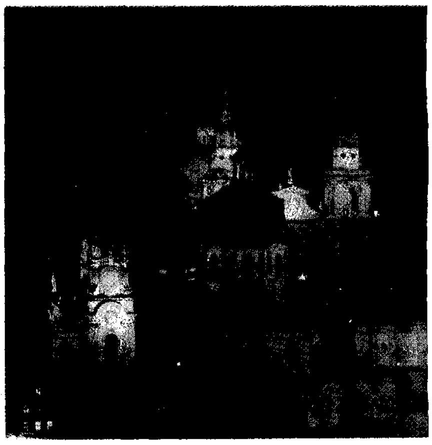

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George, rubbing horses. For years, she'd been trying without success to get pregnant, and then, when she'd given up hope, it finally happened. At first, she refused to believe it, but the tests were all positive, and she was still radiant now, two months after giving birth.

"You want to see her?" she asked. "Come in here, I'll show her to you."

We went into Martin's vacant office, and Olivia knelt by the wall and removed a metal grate from the gas heater. When I knelt next to her and looked through the mesh, I could see into the tack room on the other side of the wall, where a dark-haired baby girl lay wrapped in bright-pink blankets on an iron-frame cot.

"I could take you in there," Olivia said, "but I don't want to wake her. She's sleeping so soundly."

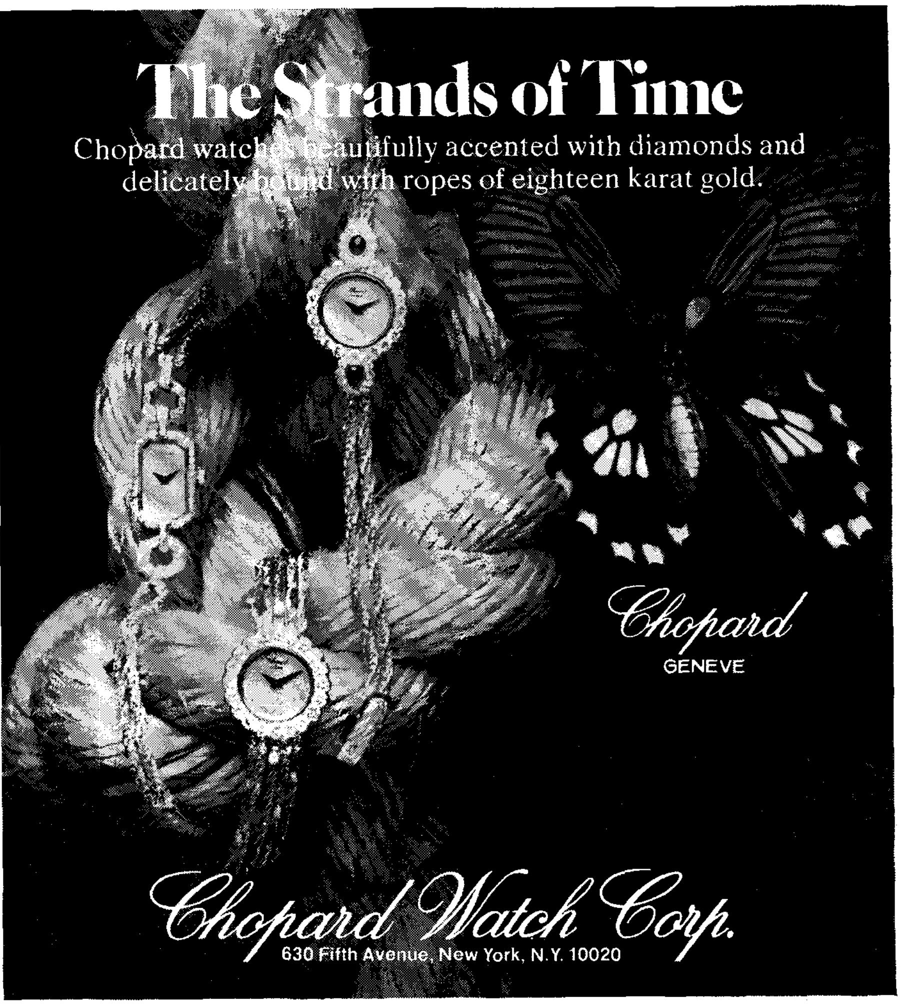
The baby's eyes were closed. She was surrounded by empty beer cans, bottles of liniment, unclipped rolls of Ace bandages trailing to the floor. Horses moved past the room, looking larger than ever in the low-ceilinged barn, going along the shed row to their stalls. Olivia replaced the grate, and we stood outside for a while, near the mounds of hay and the sparrows bathing in puddles. Rogelio Gomez, a jockey whose broad cheekbones and deep-set eyes gave him the look of an Inca, rode by on an onyx-colored mare. He'd given the baby a stroller, but she was still too small to use it.

"*Cómo está la niña?*" Gomez asked from his saddle.

"*Muy buena*, Rogelio," Olivia said. Then she smiled, exhilarated, and said to me, "She's my miracle baby, you know."

GLEN NOLAN had made his money operating a drayage company, but he'd diversified into a less predictable enterprise—a hobby for him, really—and now owned Nolan Farms, Inc., a ranch in Pleasanton where he bred horses to race and sell. Around the track, he had a decent reputation. He spent necessary cash without groaning, and his stock was honest and sometimes fairly good. Smart handicappers gave Nolan's starters an edge for condition and maybe talent. He employed a trainer, Steve Gardell, at the farm, and during Golden Gate meetings he always requisitioned a few stalls in which to board horses who would be running regularly. This year, he had three stalls, and they were presided over by Debra Thomas, a princess of the backstretch.

Debra's official title was assistant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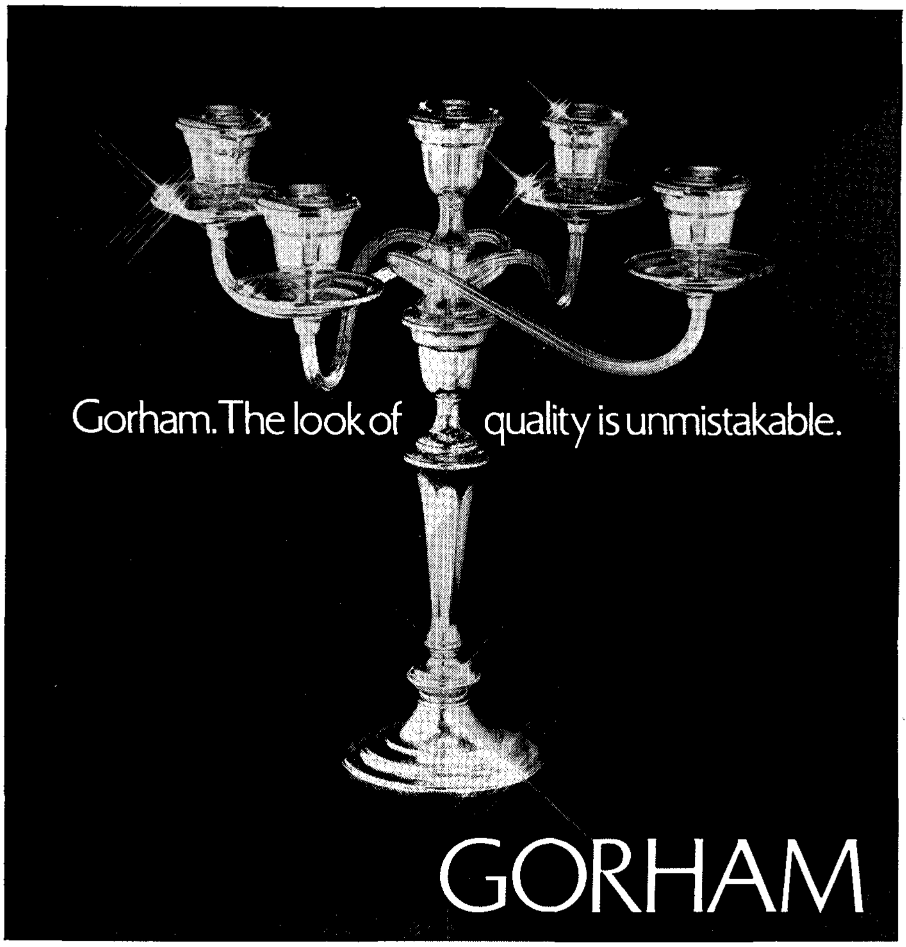

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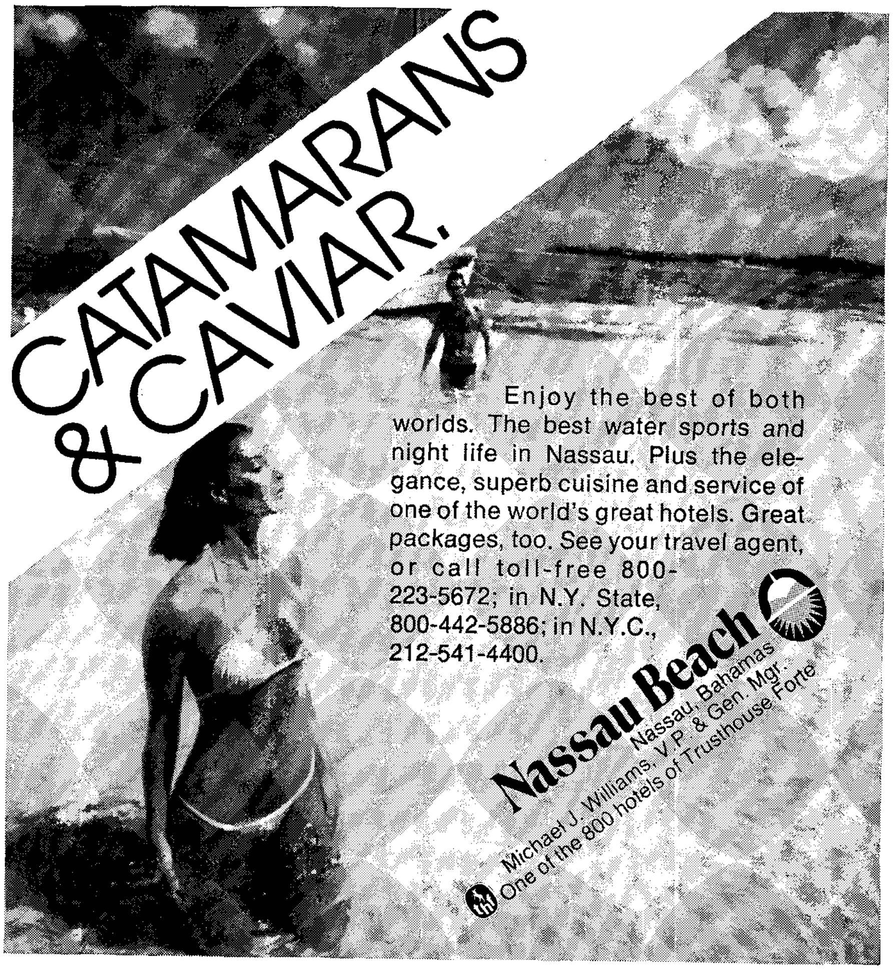
trainer, but she spent most of her time grooming. The work showed in her body. Her shoulders were broad, her arms were hard and thickly muscled, and her hips were very trim. She had the build of a gymnast, somebody whose specialty was the parallel bars. She wore her blond hair at shoulder length, and her eyes were blue and cool, except when she stepped outside the race-track frame and became a young woman of twenty-two, pretty, a little dreamy, flirtatious, and decidedly feminine. She had three horses in her care: Ali Time, a dumb but honest two-year-old filly; Moonlight Cocktail, a moody four-year-old filly; and Bushel Ruler, a handsome three-year-old gelding who hadn't raced yet. Of them all, she loved only Bushel. She called him Oly, after his dam, Ohlavarc, and thought he'd fixated on her as a mother substitute. When she walked down the shed row in the morning, he'd stick his head out of the stall and whinny and nicker until she gave him some attention. He had personality and a touch of class, and Debra wished she could change his name to something more suitable than Bushel Ruler. Choosing the right name for a horse wasn't easy. The Jockey Club rules state that you are limited to eighteen letters, counting spaces and punctuation, and you can't duplicate names already registered or use those of "famous or notorious people"—no Johnny Rotten, no Richard Nixon—or "trade names, names claimed for advertising purposes, or names with commercial significance." Copyrighted names are permissible five years after their introduction into the culture, and coined and made-up names are permissible if they are accompanied by an explanation. There are also mystical injunctions to consider, like the Arabs' belief that a horse should never be named foolishly or in jest, because it will live up to that name. Debra had once worked for a man who had let her name all his horses, and she said that the best names often came to her at night, in dreams. She was proudest of her choice for a colt by Eskimo Prince: Chill Factor, she'd called him, and it fit perfectly.

On the afternoon I met her, Debra and Steve Gardell were preparing Moonlight Cocktail for the third race, a claimer. Debra said Moony had always been a problem horse. She'd run so poorly the year before, once falling twenty lengths behind when she was favored, that everybody had written her off, but Nolan had shipped her to the veterinary school at the University of California at Davis for a last-chance physical before turning her out. The vets took some X-rays and discovered a painful hoof disease, which they corrected. Now Moony was on the comeback trail. During the Pacific meet, she'd raced twice, but she was only beginning to round into shape. She was no longer crippled, just feisty, and Debra bore the scars. Moony had once kicked her in the leg, and another time the filly had brought her head up quickly, smashing Debra in the nose and barely missing the critical space between her eyes. Every groom and almost every trainer told such tales, but I still found them harrowing. There was really nothing to protect you from the horses except a sort of grace conferred by the animals themselves.

Debra knelt in the straw at the front of the stall and removed packed ice wrapped in towels from Moony's front legs. The ice kept the legs cool and the muscles tight. When the last ice shavings were brushed away, Gardell began wrapping the legs, applying sheets of cotton first, then Ace bandages, wound in a figure eight around the ankle and then wound around the leg almost to the knee and fastened with a strip of adhesive tape. Taped front legs usually indicate that a horse has problems, but Debra said that in this instance the tape was cosmetic, meant to deceive. Moony was making a slight class drop, from eighty-five hundred to seventy-five hundred, and the bandages were supposed to plant a seed of doubt in the minds of other trainers. "She's got a real good chance to win," Debra said. "She was real sharp when she galloped yesterday, and I've been holding her off ever since. She's ready, if she's in the *mood* to run."

Later, I stood by the paddock fence and watched the third-race entries as their grooms walked them around. Flowering bushes along the perimeter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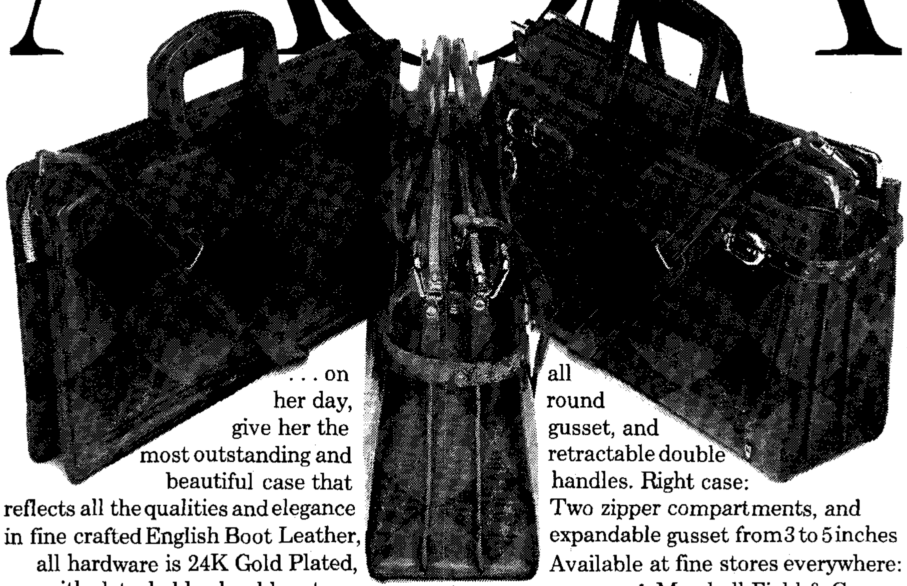

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of the paddock gave off a soapy smell from white waxen blooms, and I had the impression that the horses had all been recently bathed. Moony looked splendid. She had green yarn laced into her mane, and her dark-brown coat had a fine sheen. Her quarters were tight and had a sculptural intensity, a focussing of power, and as she walked she kept her ears pricked. Debra was also dressed for the occasion, in a Western shirt, a leather belt decorated with blue flowers, and a pair of new jeans. Her hair was brushed, and she wore sunglasses. She held herself very erect, conscious of her posture, and she whispered constantly to Moony as they circled. Their heads seemed confined to a single plane, and they moved forward as a unit. Seeing Debra so brushed up and shiny made me aware of the plight of less presentable grooms. Some of them hated the paddock—its public nature, the way it accentuated their pimples and boils—and though they did their best to clean up and face it squarely, they always looked like recalcitrant children sent off to school. They had too much oil in their hair, bloody shaving nicks on their cheeks, and creases in shirts and blouses that had been badly folded and stored too long in musty bottom drawers. That the world valued beauty, and rewarded it disproportionately, was never so apparent as in the paddock.

I went to the windows, still smelling soap, and bet the selection I'd made the night before. Moonlight Cocktail chose to run, and won by a half length, closing fast and paying $14.20.

THOUGH I hadn't yet learned to distinguish good tips from bad ones, I was learning other things about handicapping at Golden Gate Fields. On hot days, when the track baked to an unyielding consistency the color of piecrust, I looked for front-runners, because their speed seemed to last and they weren't so easily caught from behind. On foggy days, the track was moist and deep, and then I looked for horses who had been running in the Northwest—at Longacres, near Seattle, or Oregon's Portland Meadows—because they were used to heavy strips and often ran better than the *Form* indicated they might. I stopped betting any exacta race in which the favorite went off at less than eight to five, because, for reasons inexplicable to me, these races almost never ran to form. I quit playing the ninth altogether, because it was another exacta—the fourth of the day, a crazy last chance for bettors to win back what they'd lost—and because the Racing Secretary usually carded a long route, a mile and an eighth or a mile and a quarter, and the jockeys often rode in such a controlled and controlling fashion that the outcome was more than a little suspect.

LATE in April, Headley gave Pichi her first start of the year, in a maiden race to be run at six furlongs for a purse of six thousand dollars. He engaged Jane Driggers to ride. She looked good in the Sandomirs' colors, yellow and black stripes topped with a black cap. Pichi drew the outermost post, twelve, which wasn't as disadvantageous as it seemed. She lugged in toward the rail, listing always to the left, so she would at least be as far away as possible from that particular problem. Whether it would influence her performance was unclear. Bettors shied from her in great numbers, depositing their money instead on Sailing Flag, who had been bred in Kentucky and had some Fleet Nasrullah blood, and letting Pichi go off at eighty-five to one. Sentiment overtook me, and I put two dollars on her nose.

She behaved well in the gate, much to Headley's relief, and broke well, too, second after the buzzer, but she got into trouble immediately, blocked by other horses, and dropped back into the pack and disappeared. A speedy filly named Hut's Girl took command and, according to the *Form's* subsequent description, "proved much the best under intermittent urging," winning by eight lengths and leaving Sailing Flag unfurled in the dust. Pichi finished eighth, thirteen lengths behind, but she did make a tiny move in the stretch, expending a minuscule atom of acceleration and gaining a little ground. I saw Headley after the race and expected him to be shattered, his long months of conditioning proved worthless. On the contrary, he seemed pleased, and promised better things from Pichi in the future. "I told you she'd need a race," he said. "You watch her next time out." *Hope*, I thought, that's what you purchase at eighty-five to one.

Before the next race, I fell victim to confusion once again. I was torn between the rational order of things and my intuition and what it proposed. A sensible reading of the *Form* had persuaded me to play Top Delegate, the eight horse, who had been running well against better horses and was dropping down to his proper level, but I kept returning to another horse, Little Shasta, because the name reminded

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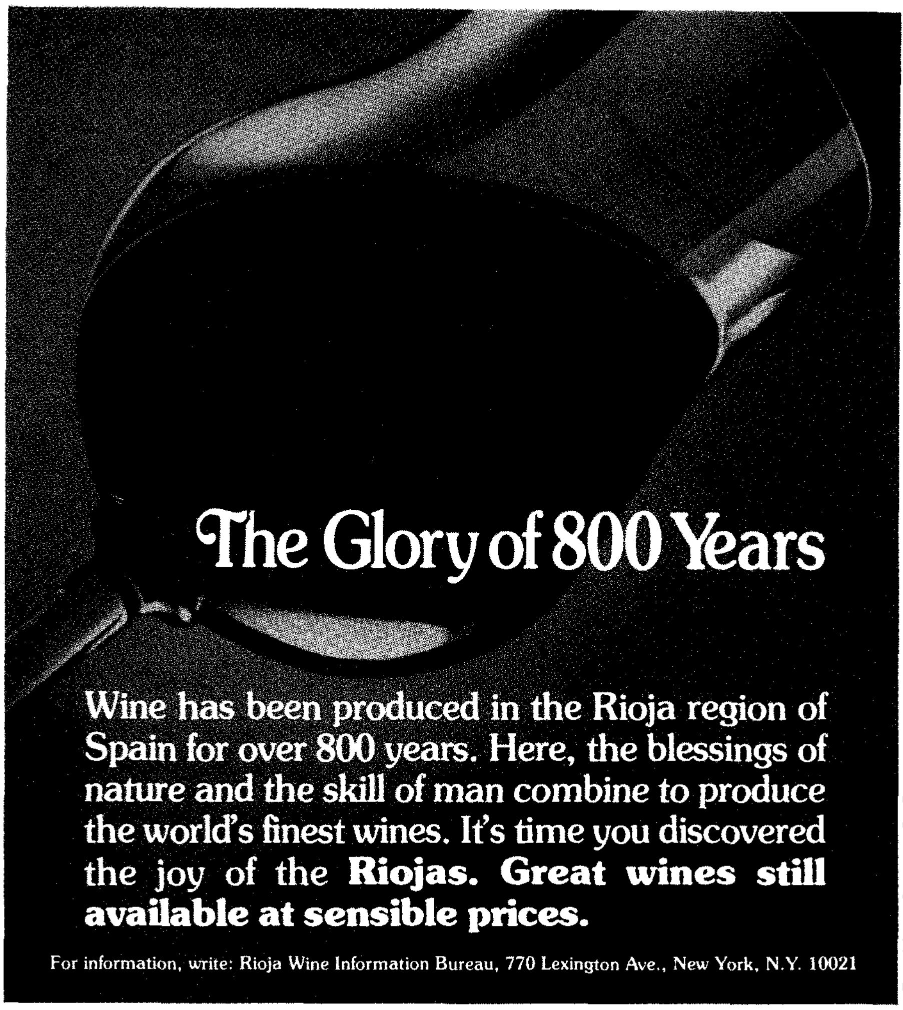

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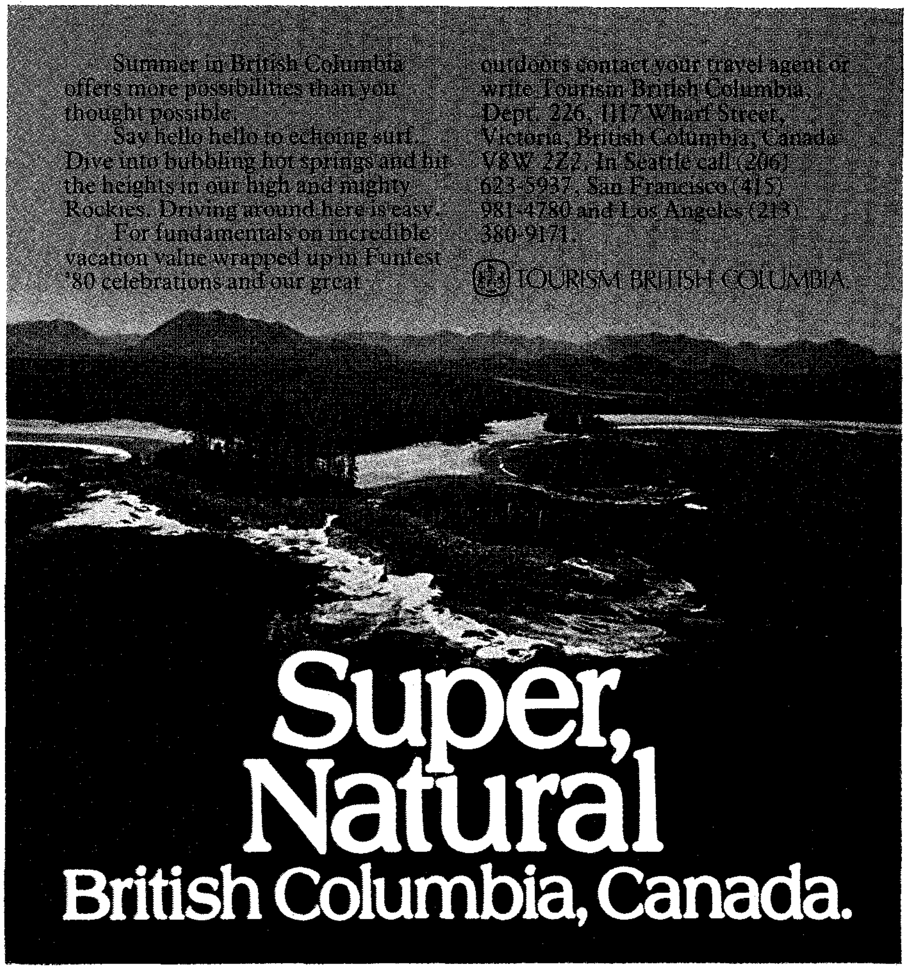

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me of Mount Shasta and the fine trout waters around it. Names could be irresistible. I remembered the time my brother and I had rented a boat and tooled across an arm of Shasta Lake and then up into the Pit River, where we camped for the night. We were fresh from Long Island, still unused to the sight of mountains, and our only camping experience was of the backyard pup-tent variety. At dusk, we heard howling in the foothills—a wild, blood-chilling sound that increased after dark. "A killer dog," I said. "You're right," said my brother, and we broke camp immediately and slept in the boat, anchored safely some fifty yards from shore. It had only been a coyote howling, but I didn't realize this until much later, when the call had become familiar. So Little Shasta spoke to me of innocence, of lakes and wildness and pines and the few things in life I'd finally come to know. On the other hand, Top Delegate reminded me of Henry Kissinger, and I was fighting this associational bias all the way to the windows. Suddenly, I was face to face with a ruddy-skinned ticket seller in a black cardigan sweater; intuition gave way to reason. "Eight," I said, and then I watched in misery as Little Shasta went wire to wire, winning as decidedly as Pichi had lost.

EVERY now and then, the structural pattern was broken by instances of pure vision, gifts, and I kept rejecting them. Arnold Walker understood. I bumped into him at the bar at Spenger's. "You're not talking about luck," he said, chewing on a swizzle stick. "That's when you win because the horse in front of your horse falls down and breaks a leg."

"What *am* I talking about?"

"What you're talking about is magic. When your horse is the *only* horse in the race."

THE cripples always amazed me, there were so many of them. They arrived early, well before the first race, and were wheeled or otherwise assisted across the parking lot and then past the three hucksters selling mimeographed sucker sheets. A tall, radish-cheeked man sold Bob's card, and a man whose skin was almost cream-colored sold Bull's, but they were generally ignored in favor of the man in a rumpled trenchcoat and scuffed shoes who was stationed closest to the door. "*Hoymet!*" the man cried, picking at his chin. "Hoymet heah, five winnahs yestahday, Hoymet has da double for ya." And the cripples reached into their pockets and donated a dollar for the Hermit's daily words of wisdom. They were plentiful, these words, because the Hermit usually offered two selections in every race and threw in five combinations for the daily double along with a smattering of exacta numbers and exacta suggestions and long-shot exactas, below which, in block letters, the following cautionary sentence was printed: "TANFORAN RACING ASSN. DOESN'T SPONSOR THESE SELECTIONS."

Inside, the cripples stationed themselves along the Clubhouse railing, their wheelchairs lined up near the finish line, and began quietly sorting through their materials: *Forms*, programs, suggestions clipped from the daily papers, and the sucker sheets. They had a dignity about them, a stillness that remained undisturbed even as the action around them increased. While I watched them assemble, I thought of their ranks, of all our ranks, being duplicated at race tracks across the land. Every day, twenty-six thousand of us descended on Hollywood Park, eleven thousand more stopped in at Gulfstream, in Florida, and seventeen thousand made their deposits at Aqueduct, in New York. Even the poorest tracks had a following—four thousand a day at Evangeline Downs, in Louisiana, and seventeen hundred at tiny Coeur d'Alene, in Idaho. Many greenbacks made the rounds; four million dollars was handled in a single afternoon at Hollywood Park. In a given year, we'd watch some sixty-nine thousand races, in which sixty-three thousand horses would start a total of six hundred thousand times for purses totalling three hundred and sixty-seven million.

A short fat man breezed by on his way to cash in a winning ticket from the previous day. "You see that race?" he asked. "Our Star Chuck? The one who paid a hundred fifty? I had that horse." He showed me the ticket, grasping it protectively between his thumb and index finger. "I rode in with this guy, he's not even a friend of mine, really, but his name's Chuck, so for the hell of it when he bought a ticket on the horse I bought one, too. Then the horse comes in. I couldn't believe it. The horse came in. Twenty-seven years I'm handicapping, I never once hit a big winner. Not once. Then the horse comes in. I couldn't believe it. So that's how it happens, I said. I think my hair was standing up. I couldn't believe it. Hell with this, I said—went out and sat in the car the rest of the afternoon."

In the men's room, the stalls were

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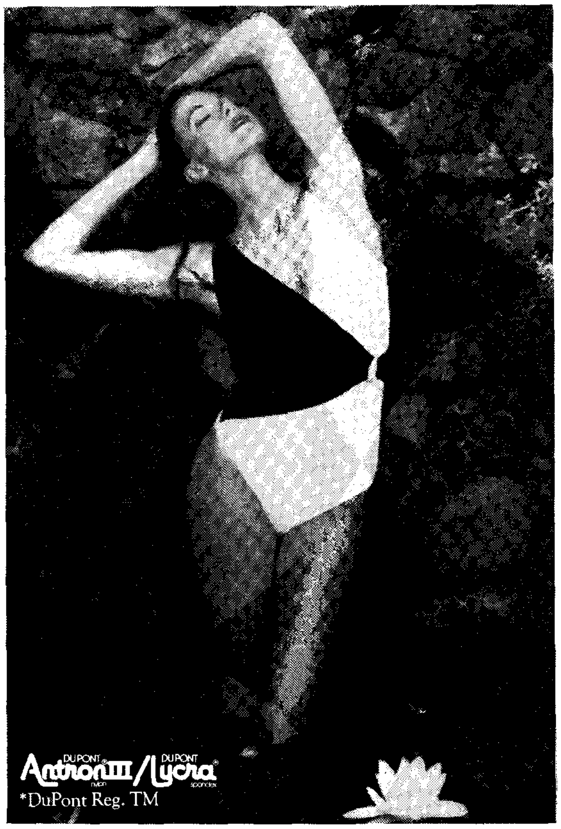
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all occupied by students, clipboards balanced on their knees, and an old guy with rat breath was washing his dentures in the sink. "I was born in Wichita," he said. "My mother was a Cree. She never touched alcohol. It made her crazy. I love racing, but if I ever win any money I'm going back to Kansas. If you don't believe me, you can ask Don."

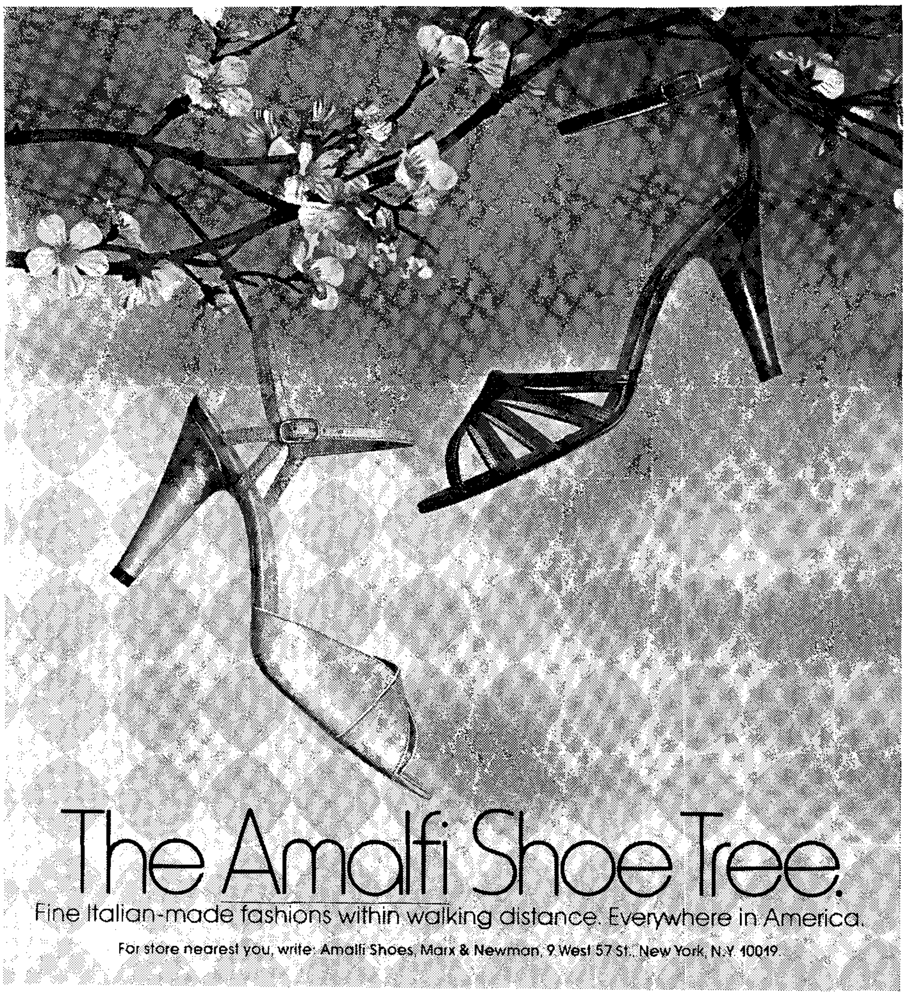
Riding down on the escalator from the Clubhouse, I studied the toupees on display—the worst I'd ever seen, worse even than those in burlesque houses or on the TV weathermen in small towns. They inspired disbelief. These were clown rugs, the kind of mustard-colored mats that were plastered to heads, then whisked away by fishing hooks or blown sky-high by studio wind machines. Stunning polyester and double-knit ensembles were also on parade, the Spiegel catalogue come to life. A young man with a Wolfman pompadour and an expensive but tasteless suit was putting the make on a classically cheap-speed blonde. "I went to Vegas over the weekend," he said. "You know Wayne Newton? The singer? I hang out with his bodyguard's brother-in-law."

Turnstiles were clicking briskly down on the ground level, where people strode determinedly off buses from Oakland, Richmond, and San Francisco, as though they'd been promised a big slice of Transformation Pie and couldn't wait to bite into it. "I dreamed the numbers last night," said a tiny, unkempt woman in a heavy fur coat and mittens. "Four and six, clear as could be, only I never did dream what race they was in. Going to cost me twenty dollar to find out. Be worth it, though. Last week, one exacta, it paid a thousand dollar. A thousand dollar. I said *a thousand dollar!* You know how long it take me to make that kind of money?"

Upstairs, members of special groups were being led to their tables in the special groups' dining room, near the Turf Club. Most of them had never been to the track before, or maybe just once, during the Second World War, when Uncle George rolled into town and dragged everybody to Bay Meadows, and as they picked their seats they seemed openly thrilled by the excitement at hand, the *raciness* of racing. They lived in bedroom communities and were dressed simply unless they belonged to a group that believed in funny hats or badges or other emblematic attire, and they would spend the afternoon eating and drinking and betting on pretty horses and long shots. One of them—it was impossible to say at the outset *which* one—would win a hundred dollars and become an addict. "It started at Golden Gate," the addict would say later, "over creamed chicken on toast." Management took good care of special groups and named a purse in honor of each of them: Rotary Club of Piedmont Purse, Nomads of Santa Rosa Purse, Women in Construction Purse, R.J.'s Cocktail Lounge Purse, Fashionettes Social Club Purse, Standard Oil Wives Purse, NARF Fun Groupe Purse, Pinocchio Chapter Children's Home Society Purse.

Right after the national anthem, the black kids who seemed to live under the paddock got ready to work. There were three or four of them—streetwise, jivey kids with hair done in cornrows and dreadlocks—and each day they staked out a square of macadam directly below the runway leading from the jockeys' room to the paddock. When jockeys strolled down the runway before a race, the kids were *on their case* immediately, hooking fingers through the chain-link fence and pulling themselves onto the concrete ledge and beginning their interrogation. "Hey, Mahoney!" they yelled at Bill Mahorney, who walked the runway like a condemned man, as though a thirty-pound weight had been embedded between his shoulder blades. "You gonna give that horse a ride today? You gonna ride him right? What about that horse, Mahoney? He sound? He feelin' all right? Last time out, he was limpin', Mahoney. C'mon, tell the truth, don't be lyin' to me, now." Most jockeys stared off into space, but a few seemed to enjoy the exchange. " 'Rique, my man, hey there, Muñoz, hey, *'Rique*, my *man*, you gonna get that horse out of the gate this time? I'm askin', now, 'Rique, you dig? 'Cause if you don't get him out, that sucker don't stand a chance. Aw, don't be makin' faces, 'Rique, you can talk to *me*." Every once in a while, they charmed a jockey, one who knew what it was like, and the jockey winked or muttered a few syllables out of the corner of his mouth, and the kids ran off to bet. We were all pilgrims in our way.

The race was for two-year-olds, a five-furlong sprint, and I looked over the stock in the paddock before making my wager. The horses had run only once or twice before, or not at all, and they were still green and had the alert, playful look of the ranch about them. They weren't aware of resistances, opposition, the gradual wearing down of tissue and desire, and some of them had a bafflement in their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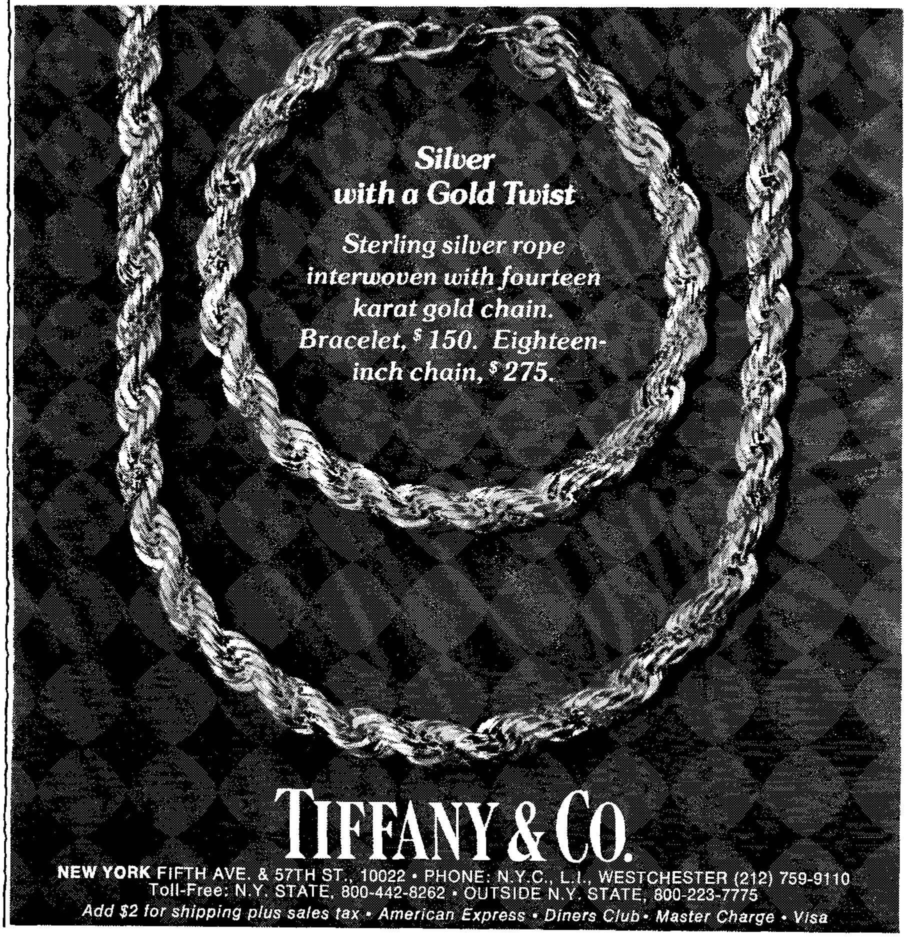
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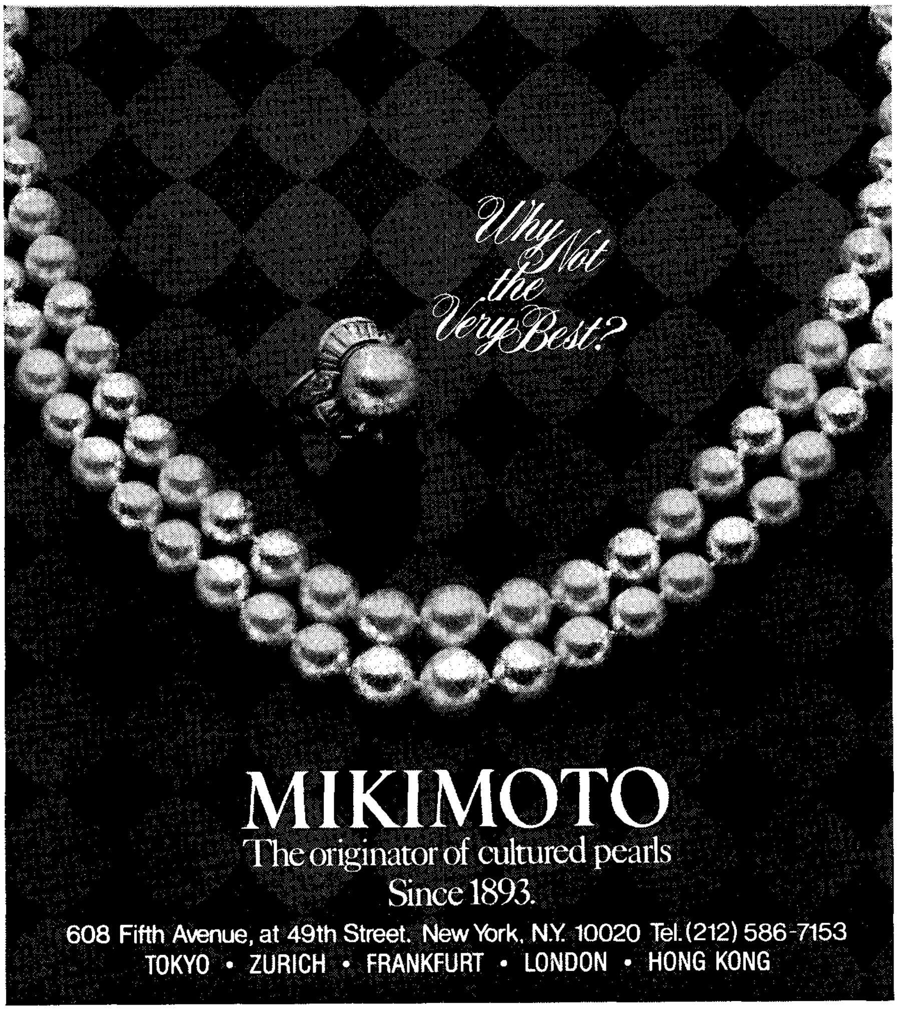

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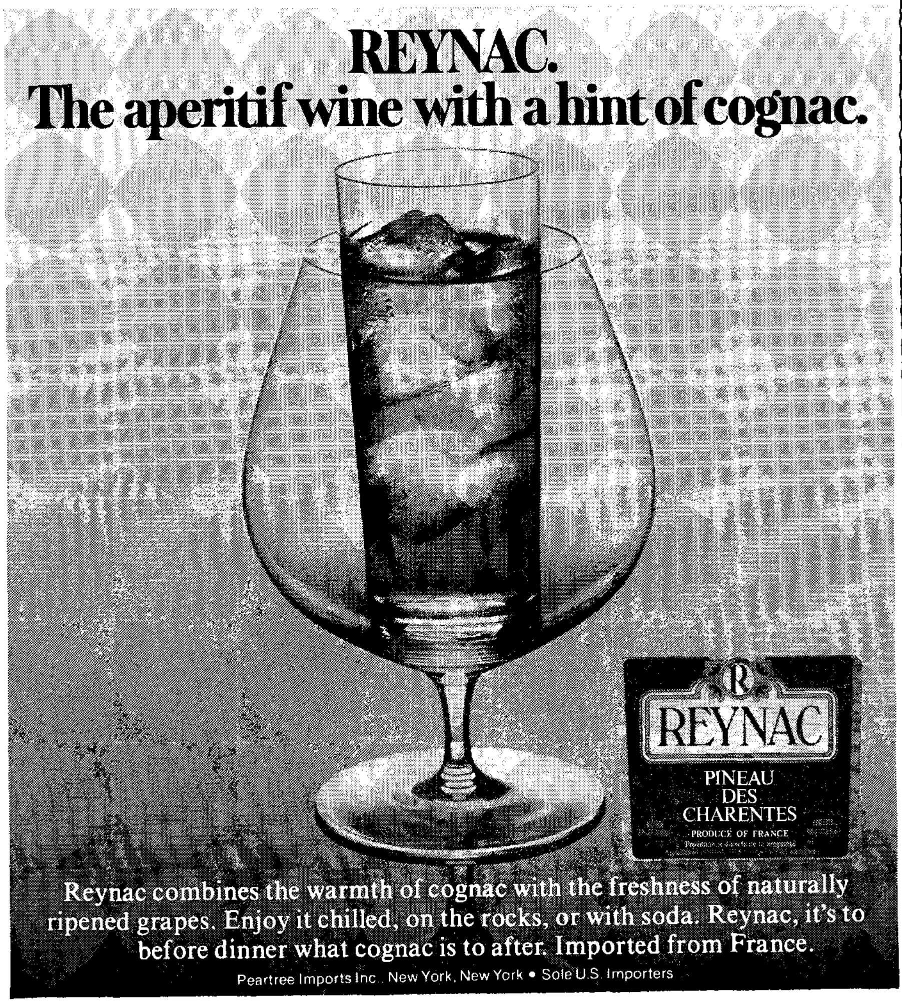
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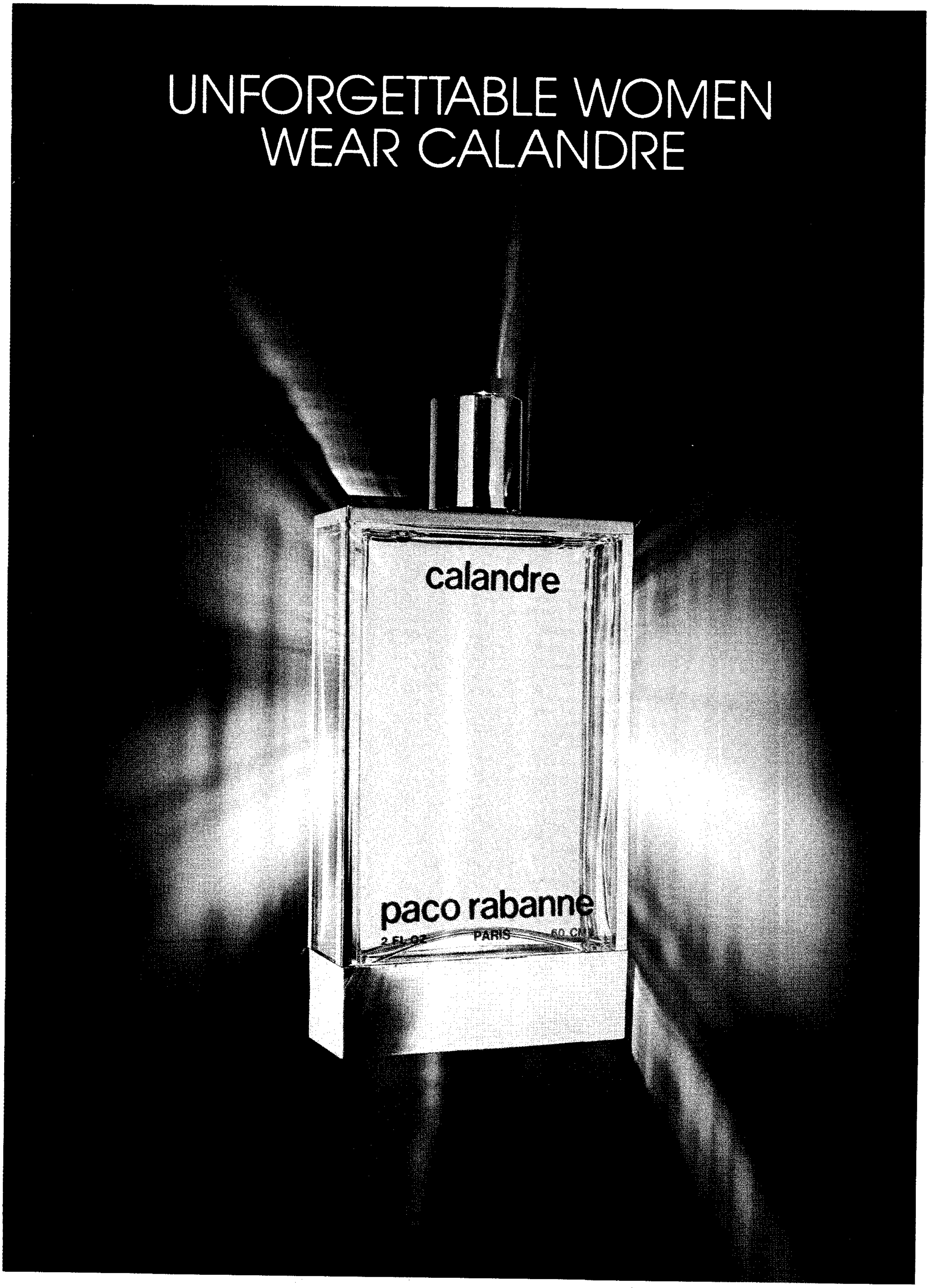
eyes when they surveyed the grandstand and the people by the paddock fence reading their limbs. I liked to bet two-year-olds, because they were so young and guileless. Older horses, the kind handicappers often call "hard-hitting veterans," were often deceptive before a race, drag-assing around, snuffling, their backs swayed and noses dappling the dust, and more than once I'd lost money when just such an animal rose into himself a hundred yards from the gate, suddenly pumped up on thoroughbred afflatus, and led the field from wire to wire. Two horses in the present field attracted me—Pass Completion, the favorite, and an outsider, Flight Message. Both looked honest. I was standing in front of a tote board, trying to decide between them, when an old man came up and asked if he could look at my *Form*. He was very polite, with clean pink cheeks, and he smelled of cologne and a dash of clubhouse whiskey; he wore gold-rimmed specs and a traditional senior citizen's shirt, white nylon and short-sleeved, with a sleeveless T-shirt beneath it.

"Haven't read one of these for years," he mumbled, running the spine of his comb under lines of type. "Say, this horse *has* been working well. Raindrop Kid. Raindrop Kid. What're the odds?" he asked, squinting.

"Eighteen to one."

"Eighteen to one? Eighteen to one?" His eyes were gleaming now, and a bit of froth appeared on his lips. "That's an overlay if ever I saw one," he said before vanishing into the six-dollar-combination line.

Around me, people were suddenly moving, prodded into action by the five-minute-warning buzzer, and I was arrested by the swarming colors and shapes, nests of teased hair, lime-green trousers, dark skin. I wondered if the old man knew what he was talking about or was just another trailer-park baron on holiday. It occurred to me that he might be a manifestation, some emissary from the outposts of my consciousness. I looked around. He wasn't there. Time was passing, so I stepped into the flow to play Pass Completion, but when I reached for my money I pulled out something else instead—a small antique medal my brother had given me years ago. I'd used it as a key chain until the hook at the top had broken, and now I carried it for sentimental reasons. It pictured a knickered boy in a golf cap rolling up his sleeves and preparing to flick a marble at other marbles, arranged in a cruciform at the center of a circle. Above the boy's head were the words "United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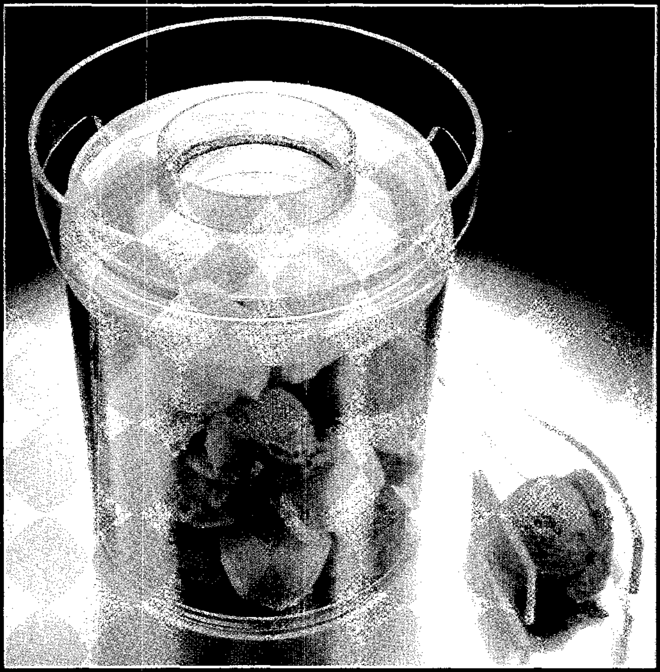

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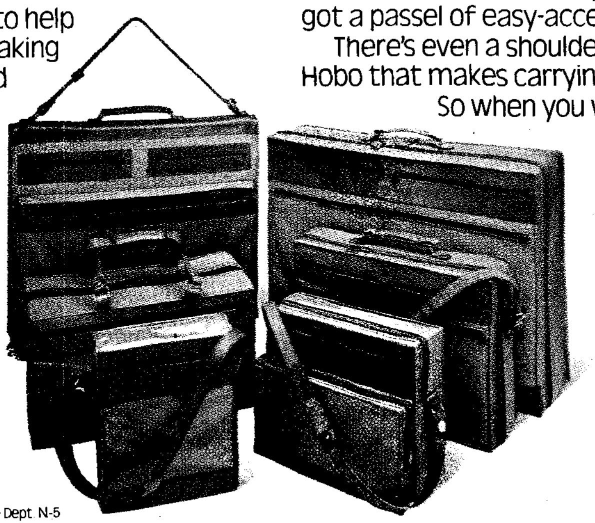

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States Marble Shooting Championship Tournament." His feet rested on laurel leaves. There was no illustration on the other side, only text. "Malden Championship Awarded to Emil Lawrence by *The Boston Traveler*," it read. But why had the medal jumped into my hand? The answer, when it struck, seemed obvious—to keep me from putting any cash on Pass Completion. Was the old man hiding behind a pillar somewhere, using his powers of telekinesis? No matter. I knew for certain what I had to do—magic, *magic*—and went dreamily forward and, feeling absolutely certain, bet Raindrop Kid to win.

Sometimes a race unfolds exactly as you've envisioned it, with the horses cleaving to a pattern in your brain, and this seemed to be happening now. Raindrop Kid broke slowly, as I had thought he would, and was seventh after three-sixteenths of a mile, but I expected him to begin moving soon, and he did, on the outside. By the stretch, he was in striking distance. His legs were fully extended, and he moved along in an effortless coltish glide. He trailed My Golly, whom I hadn't even considered, and as he drew up to challenge I waited for the next phase of the pattern to develop, horses hooked and matching stride for stride, and then the final phase, the Kid's slick expenditure of energy he'd held in reserve, his head thrown forward just far enough to nip My Golly at the wire. But it was My Golly who began to accelerate, drawing away, and I watched him pass the finish line and felt the pattern dissolve, soup draining into my shoes.

Then the "Inquiry" sign appeared on the tote board. The stewards were going to review a videotape of the race, because it appeared that Enrique Muñoz, on My Golly, had bumped into Rogelio Gomez and Raindrop Kid in the stretch. The sign had a strange effect on me. It was one turnaround too many, and I felt unpleasantly suspended. I looked away and saw a sparrow trying to pin a moth against the windbreak of the grandstand. The ongoing business of biology made me aware of the sound of my heart and the blood circulating through my body. I took a deep breath, but the air was warm and settled miasmatically in my lungs. Somebody had spilled popcorn down the steps in front of me, and for a while I counted kernels. The waiting was bad, as it always is, and I tried thinking about other things. A sudden explosion of bulbs, brilliant flashes on the tote board, interrupted my cogitation, and then John Gibson, the track announcer, announced in that grand theatrical manner he had, full of hesitations, that after examining the videotape . . . the stewards . . . had decided . . . to *disqualify* My Golly and award the race to Raindrop Kid. The Kid paid thirty-eight dollars and twenty cents for every two dollars wagered to win, and when I collected my money I could feel the heat in my hands, all through me, and I knew how hot I was going to get.

John Gibson's booth, which looks like a fishing shack on the fringe of some desperate hyacinth-choked lake, is on the roof of the grandstand, and to get to it I had to ascend a secret staircase behind a bar in the special groups' dining room. It was a windy day, and I could feel the grandstand trembling under my feet. The tenuousness of the structure was apparent. It seemed almost to sway from left to right in concord with the gusting winds. I could see across the Bay to San Francisco, where a fire was burning on the Embarcadero. Dark-gray smoke funnelled into the sky, and from where I stood, miles away, it looked beautiful, robbed of its tragic elements. Chaos, too, was a shifting notion, a matter of perspective, and I thought that Gibson's job must be a difficult one, because nine times a day he had to lend a sense of order and purpose to animals spilling out of the gate. This was Gibson's first season at Golden Gate, and his first ever calling thoroughbreds—he'd had some experience with trotters and pacers at Hollywood Park, but that was a simpler business—and he was having a little trouble adjusting. Every announcer puts the wrong horse in front sometimes, but Gibson made the mistake frequently and had on occasion named the wrong horse at the wire. He tended to imitate Harry Henson, the dean of Hollypark, but his tongue didn't easily embrace the foreign syllables that fate tossed his way. Certain horses might never have their names pronounced right, not by Gibson, but then he was young, only twenty-eight, and had plenty of time to improve.

The booth was crammed with chairs, shelves, electronic equipment that an engineer named Charlie used for taping race calls and later feeding them to KCBS in San Francisco, soda cans, beer cans, plates scarred with dried gravy, cake and pie plates tumbling crumbs—Gibson was a big man, pushing three hundred pounds—books and magazines, Gibson himself, and the track electrician, Eric, a shifty-eyed man who was busy repairing a battery-

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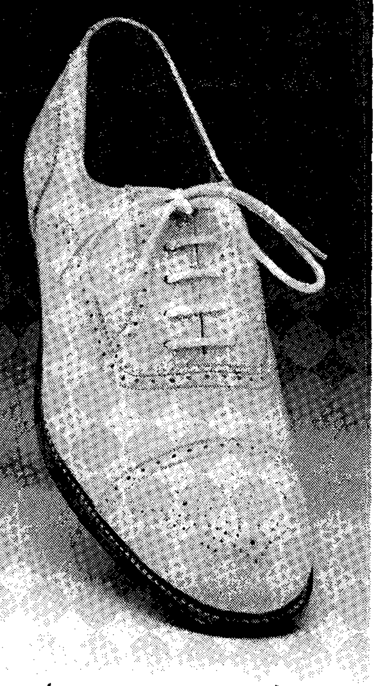

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powered horse-racing game. Eric flipped a switch, testing, and the little horses, pushed forward by vibrations, began jiggling along their slots toward a finish line about ten inches away.

"Red horse is still too fast," Eric said.

"We're gonna have to heavy-weight that sucker," said Gibson. He took a thin strand of wire and wrapped it around the base of the horse. "That ought to slow 'im down."

Gibson liked games and used them to fill up the dead time between races. He had something called Space Shuttle, which involved maneuvering a steel ball with two steel rods toward a hole at the end of a wooden board, but his favorite was darts. His dart board was nailed to the far wall, above Charlie's equipment, and because Gibson was fairly inept, it was dangerous for Charlie to let his attention lag. When Gibson was throwing, darts bounced all over the shack, skewering *Forms* and forearms alike. He lost two quick games to Eric, who seemed to be toying with them, and then took me to an elevated platform at the front of the booth. This was where he worked. He sat on a stool with a microphone around his neck and used high-powered binoculars to scan the track. The view was exceptional, with nothing but glass between him and the strip.

Gibson's calling problems were due mostly to inexperience. His flaws seemed exaggerated, though, because he'd been hired to replace a local favorite, Tod Creed, who had quit because of a dispute with management. Creed, Berkeley-born, talented, with the high-strung temperament of a diva, was legendary for his fits, fights, and outbursts. Often he got away with them, because he was so good at what he did. Over the years, he had been offered jobs at several major-league tracks but had chosen to stay close to home and his aging mother and boyhood pals. Creed was expert at many aspects of calling, but his greatest strength was in playing the crowd. An announcer has to work on fans—to build the pace of a race with his voice, wheedling and modulating and creating effects, and then, at the finish, punch it to them in a vibrant, hoof-echoing staccato. Creed could do this splendidly. He loved to joke, and he'd take a rider's name—"Raul Caballero," for instance—and stretch it out like taffy, taking the syllables in "Raul" apart, then reassembling them as a wolf-like howl, "*Ra-oool*," his voice keening, going after those frail high notes, and then following it up with a rumpety-thump letter-perfect Spanish rendition of "Cabal-

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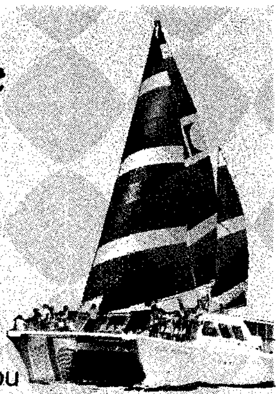
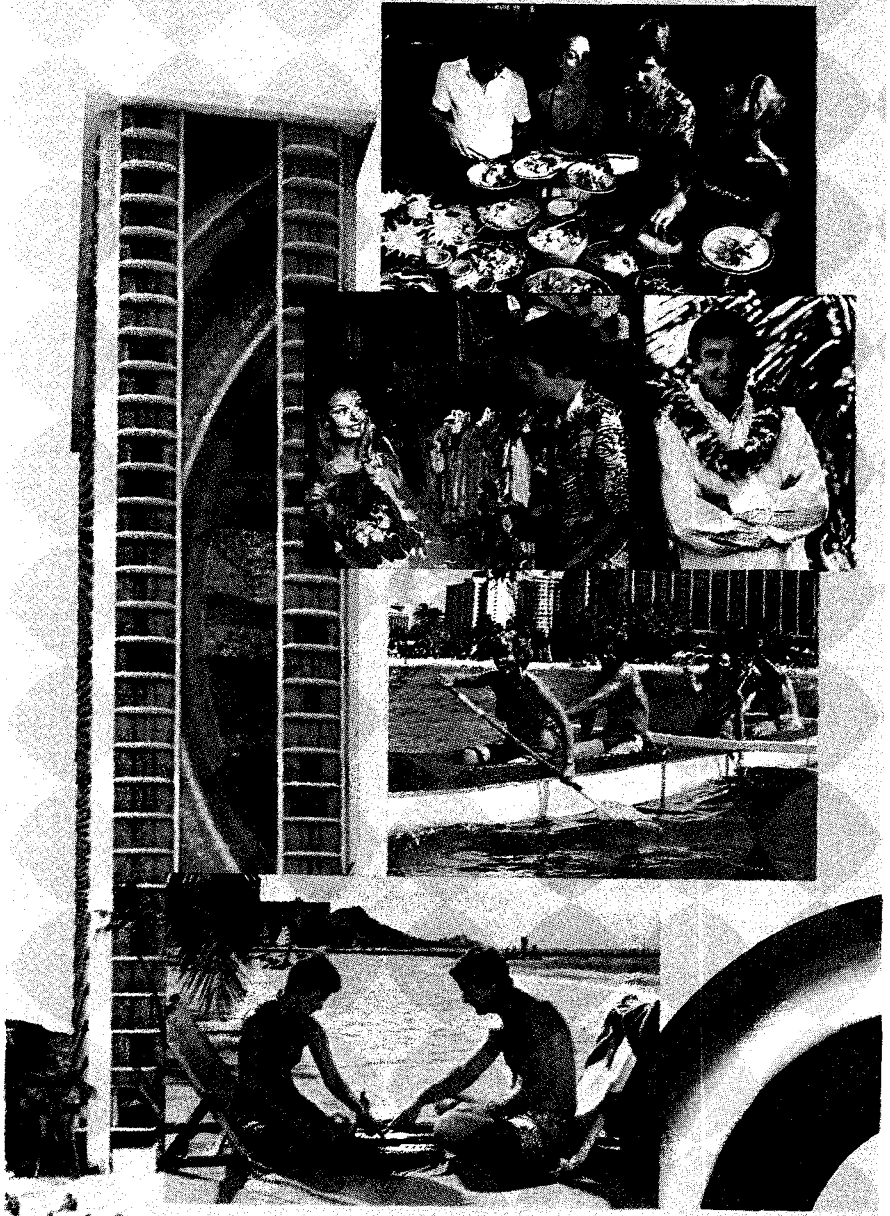
lero," the aptest surname on the backstretch. The jockeys liked Creed for buffing their stars and also for his concern over their safety. If a horse broke down during a race, Creed alerted the riders, and if the situation was really bad, portending an accident, he'd take it upon himself to stop the race entirely, shouting, "Pull up, jockeys, pull up! This race is over!" Management didn't approve of such usurpations, but Creed wouldn't be swayed. In the booth, he was Caesar. You can do strange things with a microphone, he liked to say. The most difficult part of calling a race, he said, wasn't sorting out the horses after the break but picking them up when they came out of the first turn. The image you saw flip-flopped then, going from side view to head view, and the worst mistakes were made.

But everybody missed one occasionally. Creed told me once about the time he was calling a night race at Cahokia Downs, in St. Louis, with a dense tule fog obscuring the track and the yellow arc lights giving the proceedings an infernal glow. Two jockeys in the race were wearing blue silks. One rode an even-money favorite, the other a fifty-to-one shot. In the fog, Creed mixed them up, and had the fifty-to-one shot winning when in fact the favorite had crossed the wire first. A minute later, he corrected himself, but the damage was done. Angry fans who held tickets on the long shot were demanding Creed's head on a pole—he'd nearly doled out several coronaries—and one of them, a giant, materialized at the door of the booth, apparently to rip Creed to pieces. But the giant's anger fizzled when he saw that Creed was wearing dark-tinted glasses. Instead of hitting Creed, he groaned and slapped his forehead. "I *knew* they must've had a blind man in here," he said.

Gibson had avoided any physical confrontations so far. As a rule, he left Golden Gate right after the ninth race and drove nearly a hundred miles to his home, in a San Joaquin River delta town, close to *his* birthplace, where he could relax and do a little striped-bass fishing. He used threadfin shad for bait and had a special method for rigging them, running a wire from mouth to tail to keep them on the hook longer. There was nothing quite so tasty as fresh striped bass, fried or cooked on a grill, Gibson said, and then he tugged on the brim of his porkpie hat and stepped onto the viewing platform for the next race. He reviewed the horses running, pronouncing the names over and over. "Tiercel," he said, consulting Charlie and Eric. "Are we mak-





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ing that Ter-cel or *Tear*-cel?" He memorized post positions and silks colors, and, at Eric's suggestion, performed a little of the old Spike Jones race-track routine—"It's Cabbage by a head, Carrot by a nose," and so on—until the bugle sounded the call to the post. Gibson spoke into the microphone. "The horses are leaving the paddock, onto the track," he said. It was odd to stand next to him and hear the familiar sentence and not feel prodded into the usual last-minute scurrying. "I'll tell you one thing," Gibson said. "If you want to be an announcer, you better start when you're about fifteen or you won't get anywhere." He picked up his binoculars and focussed them. "I'm not kidding you," he said.

SO Gibson fished for stripers, as did Slaughterhouse Red and the grooms and some of the jockeys, and Creed fished for trout, up in the Sierras, and Bob Hack fished whenever he got a chance. Optimism, pursuit of slippery creatures, the desire to connect with forces beyond your control. Driving back to the Terrace one evening, I passed a backwater slough growing spiky reeds and long fingers of grass, perfect habitat for catfish, and thought, *I bet there's horses in there.*

ALL week long, I kept winning. It had nothing to do with systems, I was just *in touch.* When I walked through the grandstand, I projected the winner's aura, blue and enticing. Women smiled openly as I passed. I drank good whiskey and ate well. One night, I went to a Japanese restaurant and sat at a table opposite Country Joe McDonald, the singer who had been a fixture at rallies in the sixties. Joe had a new wife with him, and a new baby, who refused to sit still and instead bawled and threw an order of sushi around the room. A chunk of tuna flew past my ear. Even this seemed revelatory, the domestic roundness of a star's life, his interrupted meal, carrying the baby crying into the night, and I knew that someday soon Tuna or Seaweed or Riceball would appear on the menu at Golden Gate and I'd play the horse and win. Things fleshed themselves out before my eyes. I bought two bottles of Sapporo Black at a liquor store and went to sit on the Terrace steps and listen to my upstairs neighbor's piano exercises, the dusky fastnesses of ivory. This tune, I thought, will never end.

—BILL BARICH

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

THE THEATRE

Passing Losses On

HOWARD SACKLER's new play, "Goodbye Fidel," opened at the New Ambassador last Wednesday evening, was roundly damned by most of the reviewers, and closed on Saturday. I am puzzled to know why it should have enjoyed—enjoyed? suffered—such a harsh reception and consequently so brief a run. It is a good play, and it was given an admirable production, and if I had attended one of the previews I would have praised it to my friends and predicted for it a long and prosperous stay on Broadway. Because scarcely a moment of it failed to interest me and give me pleasure, and because the acting was of an exceptionally high order, I count on my memory to retain the sights and sounds of this play with a more than usual tenacity; for me to have been limited by its fate to attending a single performance amounts to a serious deprivation. Mr. Sackler is always an ambitious playwright, and in "Goodbye Fidel"—the title comes from a hilarious dirty joke, uttered almost at the final curtain—he undertakes to deal with a big subject on a big scale: to depict a group of wealthy, upper-class Cubans as they were living in fashionable Varadero in 1958, just before the coming of Castro; to trace the members of the group as they respond to the revolution according to their various abilities and appetites; and then to show them—or, rather, the survivors among them—gathered in exile in 1962, practicing different degrees of accommodation to the irreparable breakup of their lives. To tell this substantial story requires a total of twenty-five roles and several settings, including the terrace of a house facing the beach at Varadero, a farmhouse outside Havana, a makeshift Army detention center, a sleazy hotel in Miami, an airport motel in San Juan, and a gloomy, opulent apartment in Madrid. So many roles and settings give the play a welcomely old-fashioned air of amplitude, even of extravagance; we sense that the playwright has shared the novelist's luxurious privilege of inventing an abundance of characters and then letting them wander wherever they will.

The chief figures in "Goodbye Fidel" are Natalia, a handsome widow of just past forty, and her lover, a British diplomat named James Sinclair. A perennially boyish womanizer, Sinclair has remained married to a woman he dislikes in order to have conveniently at hand someone he can injure and be forgiven by. Natalia has begun the affair not merely to have a man in her bed but also to console herself for the misery of her estrangement from her only child, a teen-aged boy who will have nothing to do with her. A major flaw in the construction of the play is that from beginning to end we never learn the nature of this estrangement; the boy is an offstage phantom, in whose existence we find it increasingly hard to believe. A minor flaw is that Sackler plainly intends that the relationship between Natalia and Sinclair, which occupies most of the second act, should serve as an erotic parallel in the foreground to the political events taking place in the background, but the parallel is suspect: lovers' quarrels, however fierce, and even bloody, can rarely be made to seem a convincing equivalent of conflicts between nations. (The troubles of the House of Atreus are a notable exception; what a high-strung family they were!)

Natalia was played by Jane Alexander, who is now at the very peak of her skill as an actress. She has come into her beauty, as the French say, and she has also achieved a presence as commanding as that of any actress of our time. Christopher Cazenove was excellent as the ardent but often silly Sinclair, and so was Pamela Brook as his wife; she had two strong scenes and she made the most of them. It would be unjust not to mention Gale Sondergaard as Natalia's ancient, Maud Gonne-like mother; Lee Richardson as a good-hearted alcoholic planter; and David Schramm as a life-of-the-party homosexual painter. Rouben Ter-Arutunian designed the ingenious multiplicity of settings, Florence Klotz designed the pleasing costumes, and Toshiro Ogawa was in charge of the lighting. The production was directed by Edwin Sherin, who evidently likes working with large casts and no doubt could direct "Aida," elephants and all, with his left hand.

BY coincidence, the themes of both "Goodbye Fidel" and "Past Tense," a new play by Jack Zeman (at the Circle in the Square), can be summed up in two abrasive lines by Frost: "Take care to sell your horse before he dies. The art of life is passing losses on." In the Sackler play, the losses are those of an entire social class; in the Zeman play, the losses are those of a married couple who have come to the end of their emotional tether. The husband, a successful advertising man, doesn't want a divorce, and we discover in the course of the

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play that the wife doesn't want one, either; her hope is that by walking away from the life they have seemed to share (and haven't shared) she will find out whether a single life that is worthy of her is still within reach. Their children have grown up, and they themselves have begun, in their late forties, ever so slightly and ever so repellently to wither; a gift for savage truth-telling appears to be the only lasting bond between them. (A few echoes of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" could easily have been toned down or expunged.) Wisely, Mr. Zeman has kept his play short, and it proceeds to its ambiguous ending without an intermission. The play is his first to reach Broadway, and it will certainly not be his last. The two adversaries in "Past Tense" are played deftly and with a charm approaching the scandalous by Barbara Feldon and Laurence Luckinbill. The text calls upon them to address the audience directly from time to time, and they do so with such ease and grace that I, for one, was often tempted to put in *my* five cents' worth in reply. The bleak setting of "Past Tense" is by Zack Brown, the costumes are by Kristina Watson, the lighting is by John McLain, and the suave direction is by Theodore Mann.

BURT SHEVELOVE has had the rum notion of combining a version of Philip Barry's celebrated comedy "Holiday" with some songs by Cole Porter, drawn from hither and thither in the œuvre of the Master, and calling the result "Happy New Year." No show is going to be the worse for containing "At Long Last Love," "Ridin' High," "You Do Something to Me," "Night and Day," and several other golden oldies, but the text of the Barry play has been rudely cut, and what we wind up with is a curious hybrid, which manages not to feel like a musical at all. A narrator is employed to stitch the jumbled fabric together; luckily, he is played by John McMartin, who is able to win the admiration of the audience simply by leaning against the proscenium arch of the Morosco and smiling. Of the other performers, my favorites are Leslie Denniston, who has the fresh winsomeness of an authentic Barry heroine, and William Roerick, who plays her snooty banker father, and who looks like old New York money to me. The settings are by Michael Eagan, the lighting is by Ken Billington, the choreography is by Donald Saddler, and the direction is by Mr. Shevelove. The gorgeous costumes are by Pierre Balmain, and they are the high point of the show; one leaves the theatre content with the thought that they are worthy of being hemmed, if not hummed. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Little Show

"TINTYPES," at St. Peter's Church, is a beguiling, funny, and very musical revue about the last years of the last century and the early years of this one, with songs by a raft of songwriters—some of them still famous, some forgotten—and with a cast of five attractive, gifted people. It must be said that the balance between the marvellous old songs and the refreshing young performers is one of the elements that make the show such a delight. The score—predominantly, though by no means entirely, ragtime—goes much too far back for nostalgia; James Weldon Johnson and Scott Joplin and Victor Herbert are not Gershwin and Rodgers and Kern. The action begins at the foot of town, when Jerry Zaks, as an immigrant fresh from Ellis Island, with his carpetbag over his shoulder, kneels down and kisses the ground with all the ardor of Richard II back from Ireland, and sings George M. Cohan's "The Yankee Doodle Boy" with a Yiddish accent. (He ends the evening singing it again, in a fine impersonation of Cohan himself—or of James Cagney's impersonation of Cohan.) Altogether, there are some fifty songs, in assorted styles, but the show itself has only one style, and it is unfaltering. The troubles and sadness of the turn of the century are not bypassed, but happiness and hope prevail, to say nothing of melodies and real lyrics and rhythms. There are, strictly speaking, no gags, but there are plenty of small, ironic touches. Mary Catherine Wright, as a homesick Russian girl longing for St. Petersburg, is serenaded by the others with "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen" (which turns out to have been written by someone named Thomas P. Westendorf—a kind of joke in itself). Lynne Thigpen, a black singer and actress, sings Bert Williams' comedy number "Nobody" as a bitter, full-throated blues. Carolyn Mignini, as Anna Held, attempts an operatic "Kiss Me Again" against the deadpan, funny interruptions of Miss Wright, for some reason wheeling about on roller skates. Trey Wilson makes a cartoon Teddy Roosevelt, with all his eagerness and swagger. In a sequence of numbers about "The Factory," Mr. Zaks—a new and very droll comedian—becomes the Chaplin of "Modern Times" to the life. A show of this kind de-

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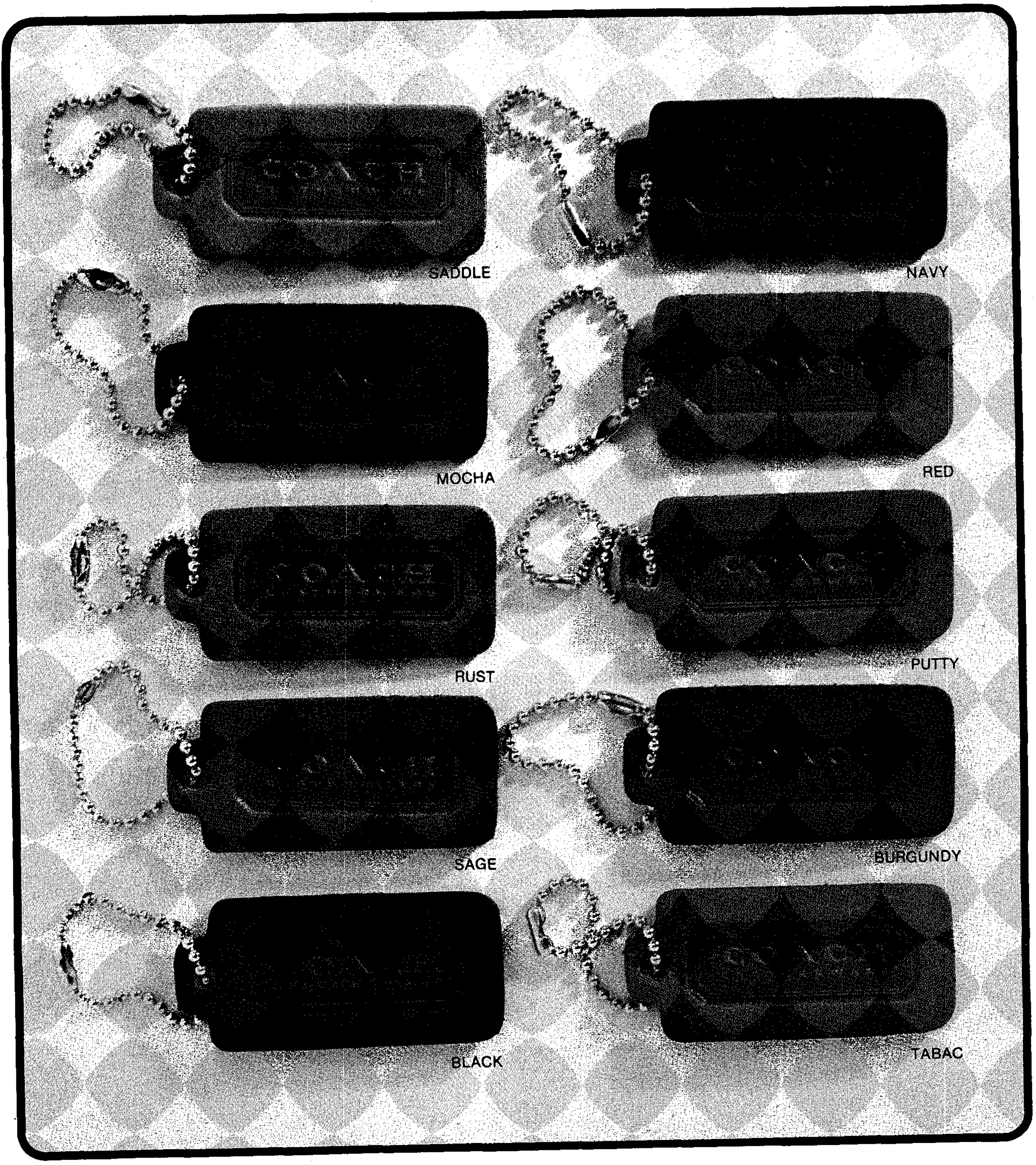
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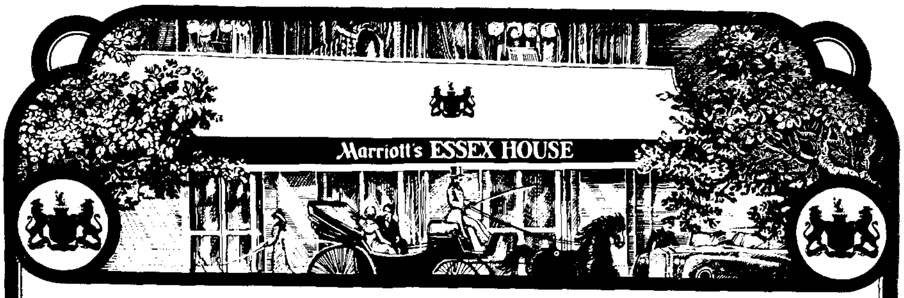
mands delicacy and precision—one false move and the balloon goes down—but fear not: the songs are treasures, and the cast sings and performs them to perfection. The sketchy scenery (a galaxy of turning wheels for the factory sequences, bouquets and a milk bath for the Anna Held numbers—that kind of thing) works beautifully, and is by Tom Lynch; Jess Goldstein designed the attractive costumes and Paul Gallo the good lighting. "Tintypes," which comes to us from the Arena in Washington, was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. The musical staging is by Miss Kyte, the direction is by Mr. Pearle, and Mr. Marvin, musical director and arranger, provides the invaluable piano accompaniment.

EVE MERRIAM, who arranged some obscure, racy songs of the nineteen-hundreds into the witty "The Club" of some years ago, has now made an arrangement of Shakespeare's sonnets into the enchanting "Dialogue for Lovers," at Symphony Space—but only through May 3rd. The lovers are Estelle Parsons and Fritz Weaver, and we follow their love affair—sonnet by sonnet or couplet by couplet, sometimes spoken separately, sometimes in unison—through early rapture and through partings and jealousy and mistrust and turbulence, until it ends harmoniously with "the marriage of true minds" and triumphantly with "not marble, nor the gilded monuments." What we have here is acting, not recitation, and acting that encompasses every mood and makes every poem sound fresh. Humor is not overlooked. "My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun," says the doting and tongue-in-cheek Mr. Weaver at the beginning, as Miss Parsons listens in mock outrage, but the declaration rankles, and she flings it back at him in fury later on, when they are tearing each other to shreds. How they do rise to the occasion! Sheila Schonbrun, a charming singer, and Jerry Willard and Wendy Gillespie (or Mary Springfels), who play lute and viola da gamba, respectively, help out. The musical selections are from the works of a number of Elizabethan composers. The simple, effective setting is by Daniel Michaelson, and the lighting, which from time to time turns the lovers into silhouettes, is by Albert Bergeret. Part of the glow, I suspect, is Mr. Weaver's and Miss Parsons' pure gratitude for the wonderful words they speak. Isaiah Sheffer, the artistic director of Symphony Space, is the director.

—EDITH OLIVER



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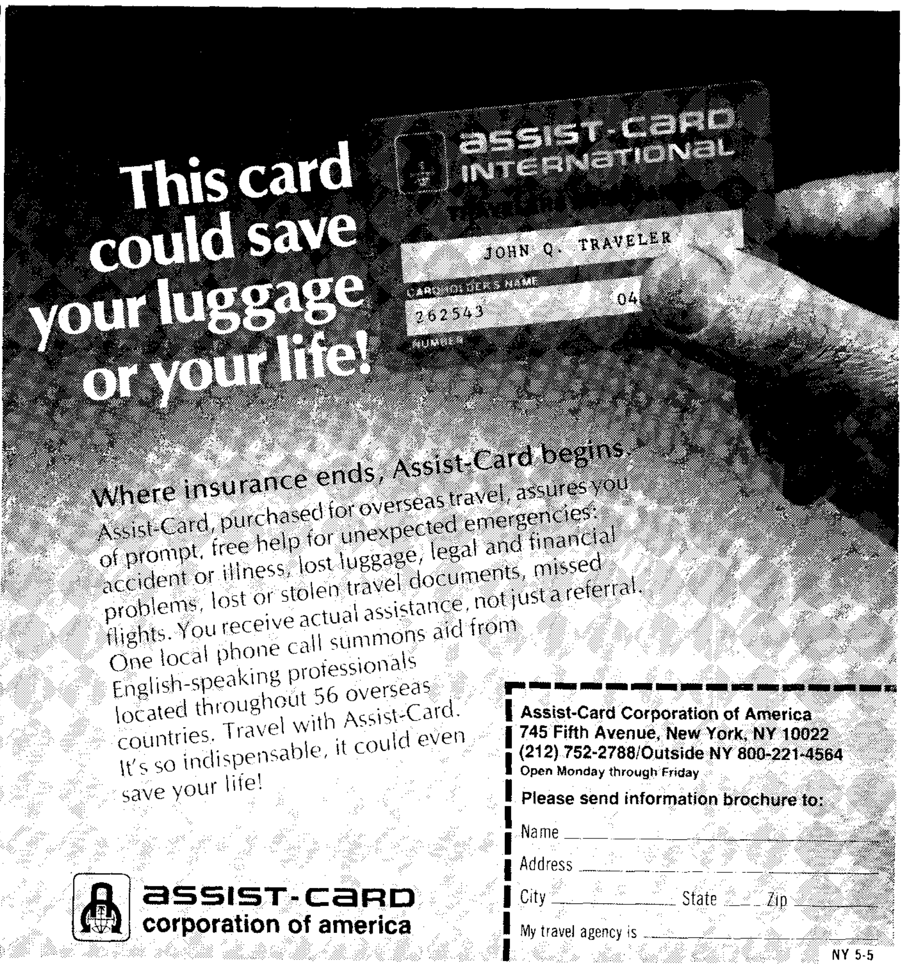

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THE ART WORLD

The Art Incarnate

Andy Warhol has been around so long that he should have started to bore us. His one rival as an artist celebrity, Salvador Dali, became an egregious bore after only a few years in the spotlight, and Dali, unlike Warhol, had the advantage of being able to debase extraordinary gifts. However one views Warhol's gifts, the Warhol phenomenon has continued to amuse, astonish, or appall us for nearly twenty years, and the explanation, I suspect, is that Warhol has worked at it much harder than anyone realizes.

People tend to think of Warhol as a sort of ghostly presence, a pale and languid voyeur who stands in the shadows and occasionally, almost inadvertently, wafts into being a new image. This is part of his myth, but it is wholly misleading. From the moment he came to New York, from Pittsburgh, in 1949, Warhol pursued fame with the single-mindedness of a spawning salmon. He made himself one of the highest-paid commercial artists in New York through hard work as much as through native talent, and then, realizing that a commercial artist's fame was necessarily limited, he pushed on into the less anonymous fields of "fine art," movies, rock music, multimedia spectacles—getting as much exposure as he could out of each, measuring his success by the publicity he generated. He exemplified the sixties notion that "anybody could do anything," and for an ecstatic year or so in the middle sixties he seemed on the verge of making it come true. He had the art world, the fashion world, the underground-film world, and the rock-music world covered, and, having acquired a tape recorder and a couple of high-school girls to turn his tapes into a "novel," he was about to preëmpt the literary world as well. This was the high point in his career, the moment at which, by his own standards, he was most truly intimate with fame.

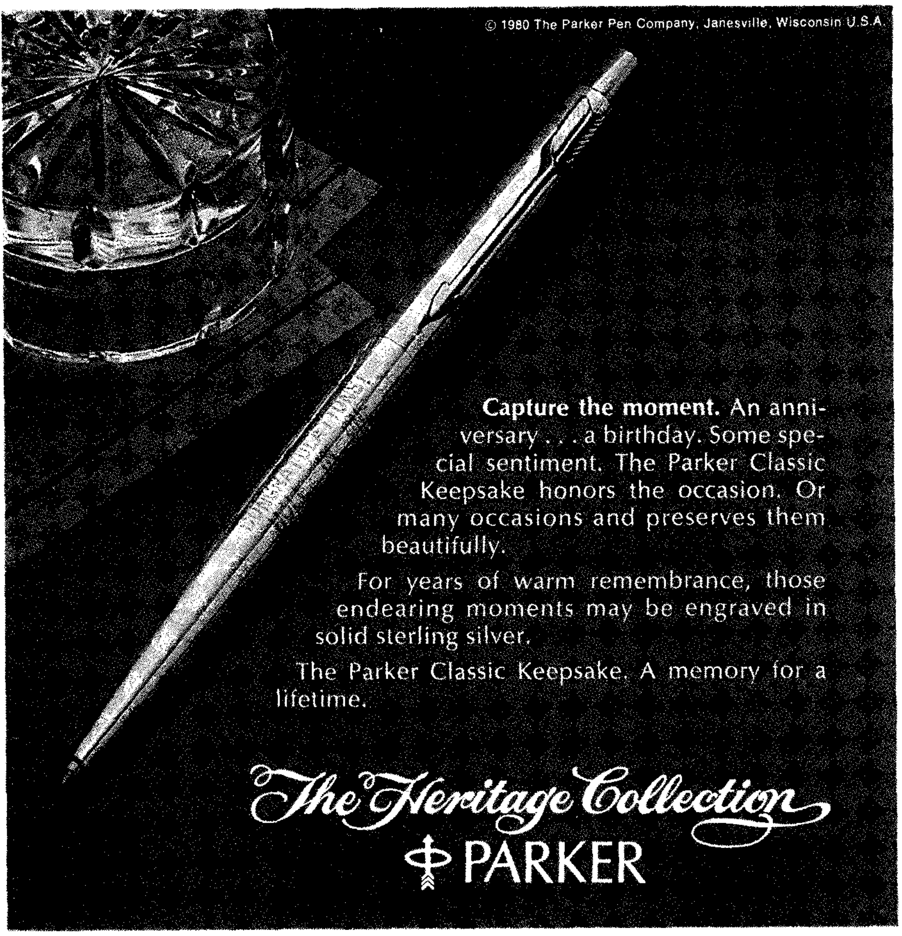
Now Warhol has written a book about that period. It is called "POPism: The Warhol '60s" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), and it is anything but boring. "POPism" does not read like an edited tape, which may or may not reflect the skill of its co-author, Pat Hackett, a Barnard graduate identified on the jacket only as someone who "has written several screenplays, including Andy Warhol's 'Bad,'" and who "has known Andy Warhol since 1968." It reads like a novel. The dialogue is terrific, and the violent subplot creates suspense. The book is also social history of the rarest kind, set down in ultra-sharp focus by someone who helped to shape the events he describes, and a good deal of effort has clearly gone into getting the facts right. It is arguably the best piece of work that Warhol has yet given us, in any medium.

Larry Rivers, another artist who recently collaborated on an interesting book—"Drawings and Digressions," with Carol Brightman (Clarkson N. Potter)—remembers that in the early sixties it became apparent "that one could go into art as a career the same as law, medicine, or government." This was not exactly common knowledge at the time. Most New York artists still saw themselves then as being outside society (heroically so), even though the pioneer Abstract Expressionists were starting to sell their pictures at rapidly escalating prices. Warhol, who had made a lot of money drawing shoe ads for I. Miller, among other clients, was way ahead of the crowd in being able to look on art—fine art—as a career, but he was having trouble getting started. He did some paintings that were based on comic-strip images (Dick Tracy, Nancy, Popeye), and then found, to his dismay, that Leo Castelli had just taken on a young painter named Roy Lichtenstein, who was also using comic-strip images, and doing it better. Like any rising careerist, Warhol got advice from the right people. Emile de Antonio, an artists' agent who later became a filmmaker, came over to Warhol's studio one day and looked at two paintings of a Coca-Cola bottle, one done with a lot of Abstract Expressionist brushwork here and there, the other just "a stark, outlined Coke bottle in black and white." De Antonio told him to destroy the first and show the second. Warhol asked a lot of people for ideas on what to paint. He asked de Antonio, and Ivan Karp, the associate director of the Castelli Gallery, and Henry Geldzahler, then a curatorial assistant in the American Paintings and Sculpture Department at the Metropolitan Museum, and often he did what they suggested. He had already learned the first great lesson of Pop Art (or Popism, as he has now significantly rechristened it), which was that "Pop comes from the outside." But Warhol was shrewder than his mentors about some things. He asked de Antonio why Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns, the two artists he particularly admired, did not like him. De Antonio said, "Okay, Andy, if you really want to hear it straight, I'll lay it out for you. You're too swish, and that upsets them." This hurt Warhol's feelings, he tells us, but it did not alter his style.

The homosexual issue in sixties art has been exaggerated, thanks in no small part to Warhol. After the hard-drinking, tough-talking machismo of the Abstract Expressionist fifties, some sort of reaction was inevitable on the part of the new artist generation, in social behavior as well as in aesthetics. But Pop Art, per se, was no more homosexual than Impressionism. (Is there such a thing as homosexual art? I doubt it.) Warhol, however, was one of the first to see that homosexual (camp) behavior, openly flaunted, could get you a lot of attention—could be used to advance a career. Warhol played up and exploited the changing attitudes toward sex roles in the sixties. Although he gave the impression of being sexually inactive himself, his studio on Forty-seventh Street near Lexington, painted silver from floor to ceiling and known as the Factory, became a hangout for deviant types of the most flamboyant sort—speed freaks and drag queens and self-dramatizers like Pope Ondine, Rotten Rita, the Duchess, and Silver George, all of whom are vividly memorialized in "POPism." The Factory was a tabloid journalist's paradise. "Photographers never had to arrange for 'sittings' at the Factory," Warhol recalls. "All they had to do was come by and shoot."

The Factory produced a lot of artwork. Warhol found out about the silk-screen process, in which images are mechanically reproduced on silk and then transferred to canvas (or other surfaces) by forcing inks through the fine mesh. He hired assistants and marketed hundreds of silk-screen paintings. In the summer of 1963, he bought a Bolex camera and started making movies. It was only natural. As a Pop artist, he was beginning to meet movie stars. Judy Garland and Rudolf Nureyev came to a Factory party, and later in the evening Garland (Warhol's idol when he was a teen-ager) sang "Over the Rainbow" with her mouth full of spaghetti. Famous movie stars were more famous than famous artists, of course, so Warhol turned the Factory into a sort of low-budget film studio. He made movies the way he had made paintings, which meant "playing up what things really were"—e.g., a six-hour film of a man sleeping, or an hour and a half of Henry Geldzahler smoking a cigar, or eight hours of the Empire State Building just standing there. Any doubts he might have had about this course were assuaged in the fall of 1965, at the opening of a Warhol retrospective at the Institute of Contemporary Art, in Philadelphia. Four thousand students jammed their way into the gallery, crowding it so dangerously that the paintings had to be removed. When Warhol and Edie Sedgwick, his first movie "superstar," made their appearance, the students started screaming and trying to touch them. They took refuge on some iron stairs leading to a sealed-off door and stood there for two hours, unable to leave until the fire department broke through the sealed door and led them over the roof and down a fire escape. "I wondered what it was that had made all those people scream," Warhol tells us. "I'd seen kids scream over Elvis and the Beatles and the Stones—rock idols and movie stars—but it was incredible to think of it happening at an *art* opening. . . . But then, we weren't just *at* the art exhibit—we *were* the art exhibit, we were the art incarnate and the sixties were really about people, not about what they did; 'the singer/not the song,' etc. Nobody had even cared that the paintings were all off the walls. I was really glad I was making movies instead."

Eventually, he became somewhat disillusioned with filmmaking. The truth was that he wanted to get into the big time there, too, just the way he had in art, and he was somewhat disappointed to find that the movie business did not operate in the same way as the art business. Warhol was no "underground" filmmaker. Although he spoke of his movies now and then as "a joke," he kept expecting Hollywood to offer him large sums to make big-budget jokes. It annoyed him when, two years after he had made a film about a male prostitute called "My Hustler," Hollywood gave somebody else the money to make "Midnight Cowboy": "I still felt that our films,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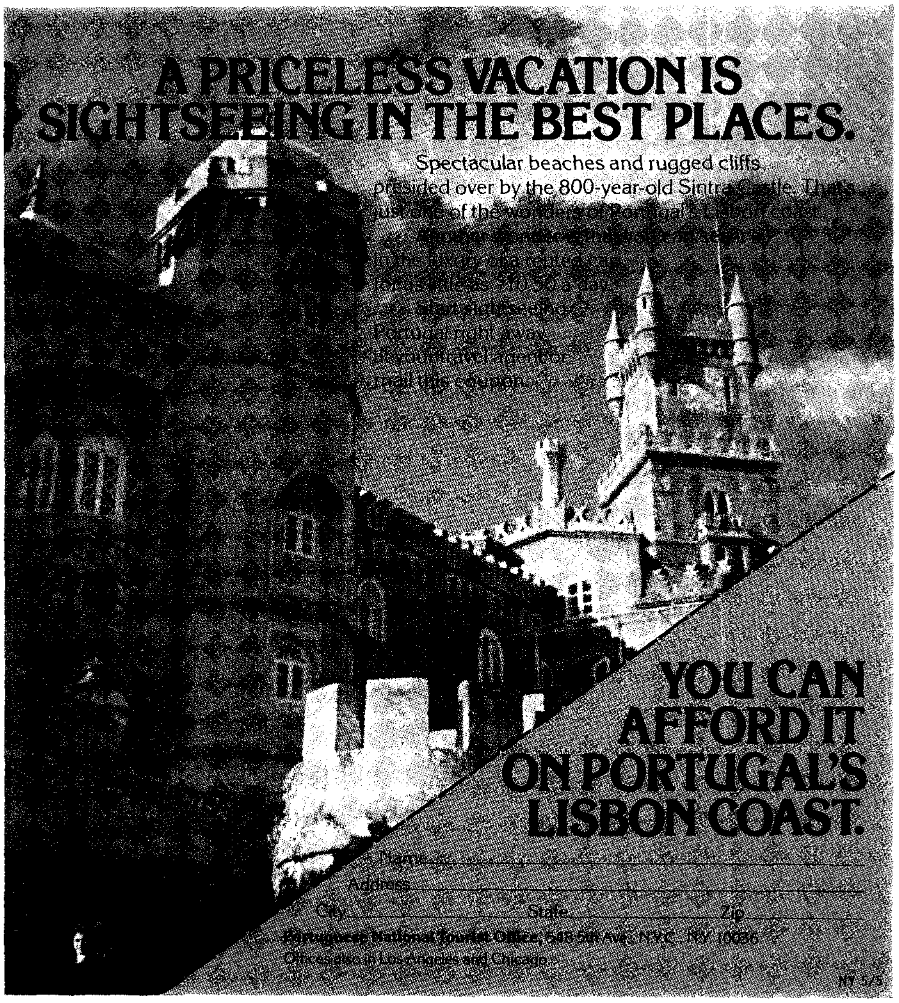
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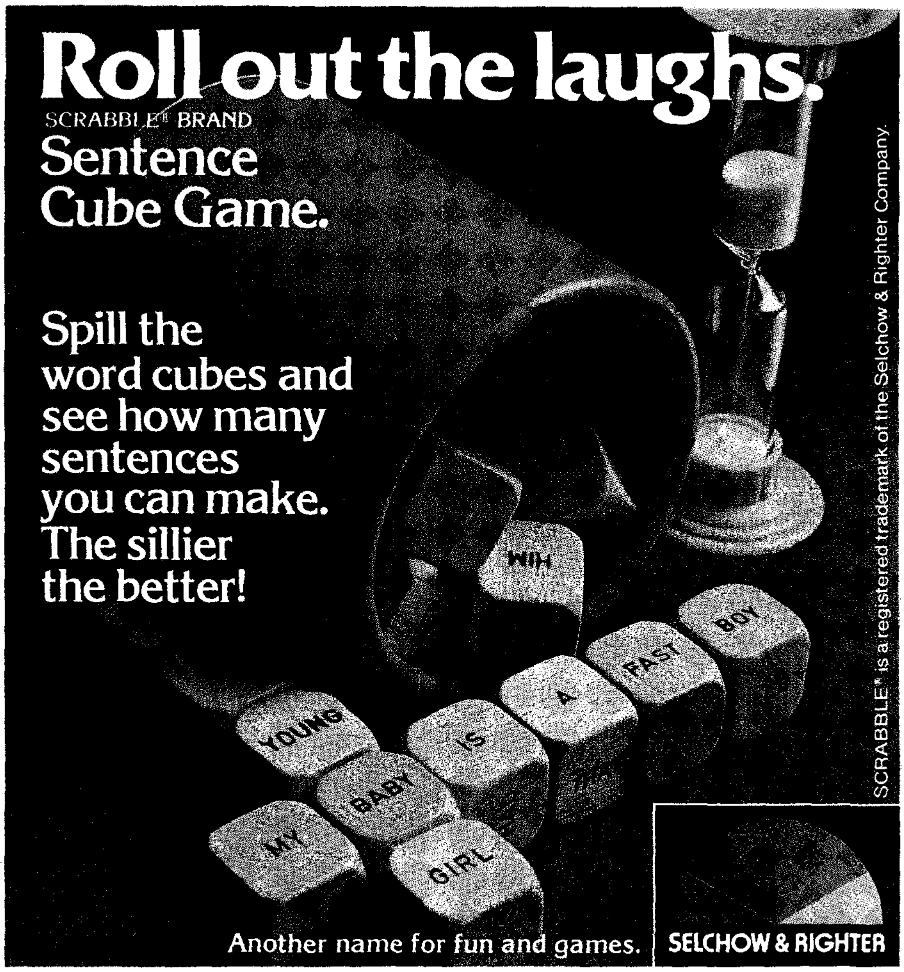
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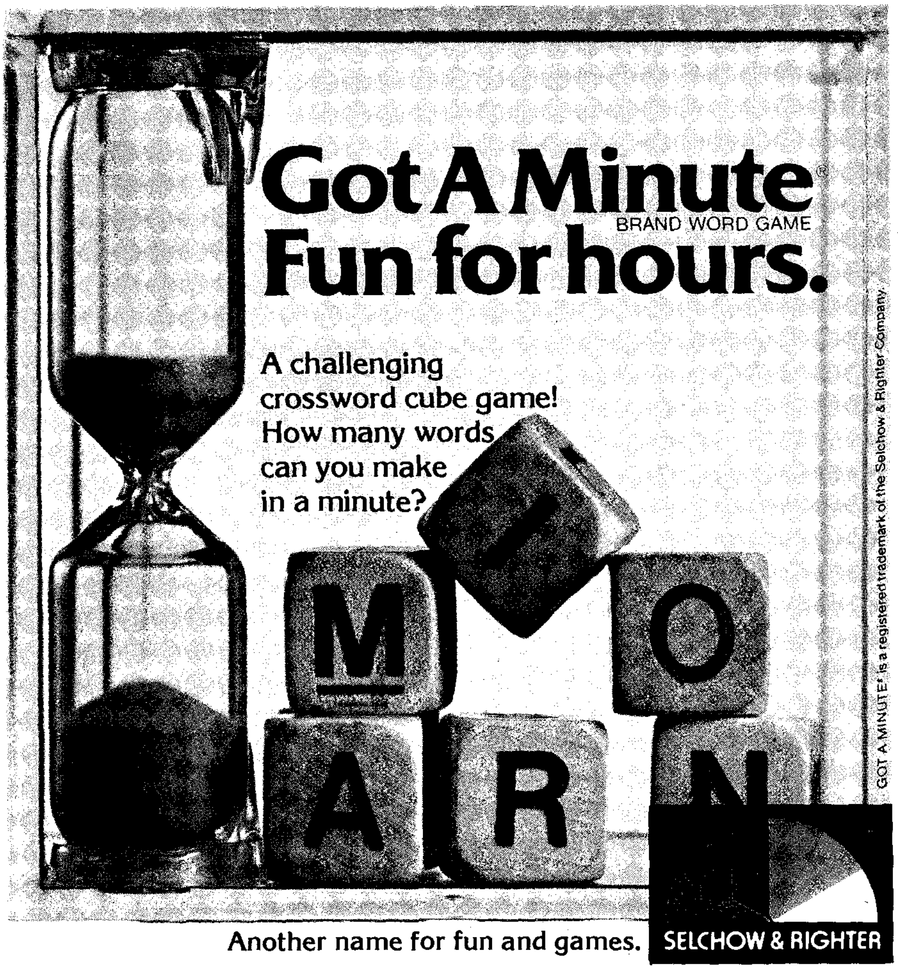
full of the strange, funny people we picked up on, were unique, and I couldn't understand why no big studio had come forward to push us forward." In addition to movies, though, Warhol was also involved with his own rock band, the Velvet Underground, and with his multimedia discothèque and other activities. He had all the major avenues to fame covered, and he felt, as he tells us, "like I was finally the right type in the right place at the right time. It was all luck and it was all fabulous. Whatever I didn't have that I wanted, I felt that it was just a matter of any day now."

The Warhol express to stardom bypassed vast areas of other people's experience in the sixties. When John F. Kennedy was shot, for example, Warhol happened to be alone in his studio, painting. "I don't think I missed a stroke," he recalls. "I'd been thrilled having Kennedy as president . . . but it didn't bother me that much that he was dead." The civil-rights movement makes a cameo appearance in one or two Warhol paintings (silk-screened news photos of a black man being attacked by police dogs), but Vietnam barely rates a mention, in the new book or elsewhere. What we do get in "POPism," on the other hand, is a closeup look at the developing drug scene, with its undercurrents of violence and squalor. Several of the Factory faithful die drug-related deaths, some quite spectacular. Freddy Herko, a dancer who exists mainly on amphetamines, goes to a friend's apartment in Greenwich Village, sends everybody out of the room, puts Mozart's "Coronation" Mass on the hi-fi, and, when the record gets to the Sanctus, dances out the window "with a leap so huge he was carried halfway down the block onto Cornelia Street five stories below." Another speed freak, Jimmy Smith, a compulsively violent type who "only stole from his friends," dies in a fall from another fifth-floor window, presumably while attempting a robbery. Edie Sedgwick retires to California, where in 1971 she dies of "acute barbital intoxication." Although Warhol intimates that he never took drugs, he apparently made no effort to discourage those around him from doing so. It reached a point, he says, where "you never knew if you were getting to know the person or getting to know the drug they were on."

Violence kept seeping into the Factory itself, in spite of Warhol's and his associates' random efforts to keep it out. There were occasional fistfights in the back room, where the homosexual acts and the shooting-up took place. In 1964, a woman whom Warhol vaguely remembered having seen once or twice before came in, took out a gun, and shot a hole through four paintings of Marilyn Monroe that were stacked against the wall. Three years later, a strange man pulled a gun on the whole Factory crew and made them sit on the couch while he ranted crazily about money that was owed him until Taylor Mead (Taylor Mead! Wispy, fey, slightly lopsided Taylor Mead, the comic underground-film star who looked as though a good gust of wind would carry him off) sprang on his back like an enraged chipmunk and the gunman ran away. Soon after that incident, Warhol & Company moved to new and, they hoped, safer quarters, in an office building on Union Square West. And it was there, one day in 1968, that Valerie Solanis rode up in the elevator with Warhol, wandered in, and started shooting. Valerie Solanis was the founder and sole member of an organization called SCUM, whose letters stood for the Society for Cutting Up Men. She had written a film script that she wanted Warhol to produce, but it was too dirty even for Warhol. She also had a .32-calibre automatic in a paper bag, with which she shot Warhol two times at close range, penetrating his stomach, liver, spleen, esophagus, and both lungs.

Somehow Warhol survived. Months later, though, when he was still in great pain but out of danger, he was terrified that the shooting might have ended his career. "I was afraid that without the crazy, druggy people around jabbering away and doing their insane things, I would lose my creativity," he confides. "After all, they'd been my total inspiration since '64, and I didn't know if I could make it without them." Warhol's freaks and superstars sank back into the mire of anonymity, but Warhol did not, which ought to suggest something about his motivation. Warhol bided his time for a couple of months, and then went back to work. In the fall of 1969, he started a magazine, *Andy Warhol's Interview*, a jet-set gossip sheet that is still going strong. He began painting again—mostly portraits, some on commission and some on his own. Warhol has always been basically a portraitist: his films were portraits; even his early soup-can paintings were portraits; his ads for I. Miller were portraits of shoes. The Warhol portraits of the seventies, for the most part, are of wealthy or socially prominent men and women (Giovanni



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and Marella Agnelli, Kay Fortson, Diane von Furstenberg) or else of famous international stars, living or dead (Liza Minnelli, Mick Jagger, Mao Tse-tung). They are derived from photographs, blown up on silk screens and transferred to canvas, with hand-painted backgrounds and applications of pigment here and there by Warhol, who took most of the original photographs himself. Warhol likes to take pictures of celebrities, his notion of a good photograph being "one that's in focus and of a famous person doing something unfamous," such as Bianca Jagger shaving under her arm. Last year, he published a book of these, called "Andy Warhol's Exposures" (Grosset & Dunlap). The principal difference between his "Exposures" and his silk-screen portraits seems to be that the "Exposures" are not retouched. Last fall, when the Whitney Museum showed a selection of his silk-screen portraits, the catalogue note by the adventurous and always entertaining art historian Robert Rosenblum placed Warhol in the pantheon of portrait art somewhere between Édouard Manet and John Singer Sargent.

Apart from Warhol's survival as a human being, an artist, and a celebrity, the interesting thing is that he has so often been taken more seriously, in certain art-world circles, than he takes himself. Warhol has consistently made it clear that what he cares about is fame, period. He has pushed a clever, minor talent to its utmost to achieve this goal, working harder than anyone gives him credit for, showing a toughness and an instinct for the main chance that one expects of a child of immigrants (which he is), making sure that if Popism, as he remarks at one point, is "doing the easiest thing," then he is going to do it more assiduously and thoroughly than anybody else. "Why do people think artists are special?" he inquired in a previous book. "It's just another job." I am always a little surprised when people dismiss such statements—and he has made many like them—as mere put-ons. Warhol's whole career is an up-to-the-minute indication that fame can be more than its own reward.

—Calvin Tomkins

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A Correction

It was erroneously reported in last week's MAILeader that the cost of spraying ten caterpillars in Valley Stream would be $31,000. The figure should have read $3,100.—*Valley Stream (N.Y.) MAILeader.*

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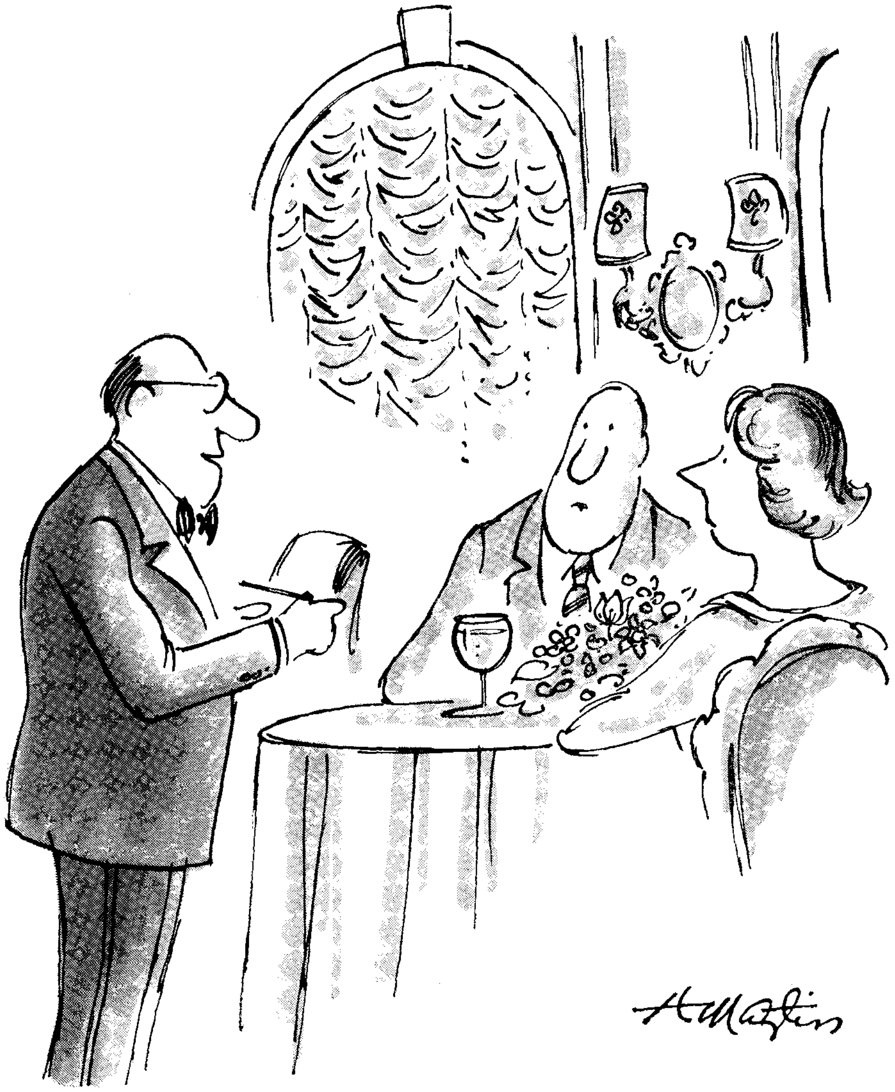
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

A NUMBER of designers have been showing very short skirts alongside very long ones. It's interesting to see extremes of length resurfacing. We are given the chance to compare our present attitudes toward fashion with those of the late sixties and early seventies, when lengths were still controversial, and when fashion was intimately and sometimes painfully bound up with the question of a woman's age. (For whatever reason, designers seem drawn to run this period of the very recent past through the mills again.) The miniskirt symbolized youth and various new freedoms; the midiskirt, arriving too soon and in the wrong shape, was seen by most women as aging, and they traumatized the fashion industry by flatly rejecting it. After that last era of long and short skirts, things were never the same. To some observers, the reappearance of extremes seems an admirable sign of fashion's current variety and freedom. To others—particularly those who remember the previous commercial debacle and are now trying to sell clothes in hard times—the idea seems lamentably confusing. In truth, all fashion now is both free and confused, like the women who wear it. It is groping (with constant backward looks to see how far it has come or perhaps to regret lost certainties) toward some sort of visual definition of what it may now mean to be a grown woman. And that, of course, is a far from straightforward question.

In retrospect, the fashion picture of a decade ago looks astonishingly simple. In the days of the mini, there was a lot of pompous talk about whether it was suitable or flattering for grown women to reveal their upper legs and—what was somehow considered even more misguided—their knees. There must have been a real concept of suitability and flattery, still, for some to be so indignant about its violation and others to defy it so enthusiastically. Skirts, albeit vestigial ones by then, continued to be the only real theme of women's fashion, as they had been for centuries. And when, at last, women seemed ready to lower their hemlines, some seasons after the aborted midi, the industry launched into ponderous pseudo-educational theses about customers' getting exactly "the right proportion" in their completed effect, as though fashion design were a classical art—subject, like Palladian architecture, to strict geometric rules. All those holdovers and illusions have gone, by now. Every rule and guideline, every last certainty has been systematically toppled in the last few years. No shapes or styles are perceived as being any more flattering, suitable, or desirable than any others. The persistent recycling of fashion design might almost be an admission on the industry's part that the clothes of twenty, ten, or five years back—even those of last year, a radically uncommercial thought—are just as valid as intrinsically similar clothes designed today.

After the last fling of significant skirt lengths, in the early seventies, there came the present age, when fashion images began flickering past our eyeballs in a faster- and faster-spinning procession of ironies, disguises, evasions, fragmented meanings and non-meanings, chaos—and possibly some genuine forms of self-expression. In a time of psychological self-absorption, fashion became a matter of feelings quite as much as of appearances. If women felt good in whatever they happened to put on, they looked more attractive than women who were by old standards exquisitely dressed but looked somehow lost. The only real fashion faux pas these days is to lack self-confidence. To look too carefully put together in all the latest fashions is self-defeating, because it looks unfashionably unself-confident. (Only in these times could *Women's Wear Daily*, which depends on keeping alive the idea of fashionable dress, coin the ugly term "fashion victims," for women who look *too* fashionably dressed.) For some time, the question of what women wear has been firmly controlled by women themselves. It took quite a while for this to sink in. Like prisoners rattling the bars



"Before I take your order, the management requires that I get a little something up front."

of their cage out of habit, not realizing that the door has been unlocked, women went on muttering about the "dictatorial" ways of designers long after these had ceased even to guide. In dress, at least, women must stand on their own two feet. They can take credit for their own successes, and they must take responsibility for their own mistakes. If a woman of forty wants to wear a thigh-high skirt or shorts, she'll have to make her own choice; there's no one out there who is going to tell her what people of her age should or should not do.

EVERYTHING seems to be in the mind these days—especially people's age. More people than ever are grown up, now that the population is getting older. "Grown up" is the term that people use of themselves, as well. It's childish, whimsical, detached—nice and modern—and it suits the difficulty that people have in considering themselves adult and in defining what adulthood means. They don't feel the way they imagine their parents did at the same age, their marriages and careers are far less settled, and they don't have a middle-aged shape. It's not so much that people deny being adults, though. They are secretly quite proud of having survived their experiences; they simply want the right to be adult in a new kind of way. Youth, if it means innocence and physical immaturity, ends early; old age, if it means rocking-chair retirement and physical decline, tends to start late. In the long, elastic time between, people of very different ages are free to go on doing what they have done for decades—playing strenuous sports and games, for instance—or to do new things, like beginning new marriages and families, or learning to roller-skate. Fashion has reflected the changing, if not declining, significance of age. Styles now vary not so much according to generation, the way they did a decade ago, as according to taste, class, philosophy, and the wearer's interest or lack of interest in keeping up with fads. And, of course, according to body. The gymnasium, the tennis court, the jogging path are all considerable levellers. In clothes, at least, a fit body looks much the same at forty as at twenty, at sixty as at thirty.

The eroding of preconceptions about roles and ages makes it easier for some to live and more complicated for others. Many "older women" in this country have had a trying time of things. While a Frenchman might consider a woman in her forties, fifties, or sixties

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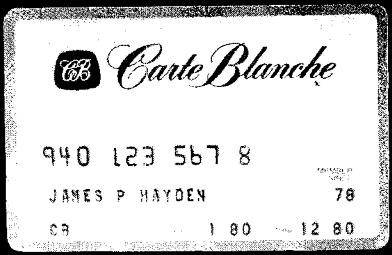
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not only seductive but an absolute mainstay of civilized life, the notion has not yet gained acceptance here in any big way. (When a waiter in France is uncertain of a woman's age or marital status and doesn't want to insult her, he calls her "Madame." His American counterpart plays safe with "Miss.") In part, it was America's Puritanism that for so long prevented the thought that anyone but the very young could be interested in sex—as though it were all right if you were officially considered irresponsible and uncapable of quite understanding what you were doing. The works of Henry James point up an ambivalent American attitude toward all worldliness and experience—particularly in women—which is still in evidence to some extent today. And while advertisers everywhere in the world sell all sorts of products by promoting the correlation of youth and sexiness, the influence of advertising—a world of standardized young bodies and blank faces for audiences to project their fantasies onto—is nowhere more pervasive than here. As if all this were not hard enough, women who are now in their middle age have seen all the rules of womanhood, marriage, and child-rearing changed dramatically in the midstream of their lives. Before the days of divorce, cohabitation, self-expression, careerism, and sexual experiment, an older woman could depend on an ordered society to give her security and respect. She was even specifically represented in the pages of *Vogue* by the character of Mrs. Exeter, whose style depended on the rewards of maturity. Younger women, seeing her, had every reason to suppose that when their turn came they would have earned the right to her elegance and her serenity.

Up until the nineteen-sixties (during which Mrs. Exeter quietly faded from view), it was still entirely thinkable that a woman's style of dress should define both her age and her marital status, just as it did in the nineteenth century. Only a year or so before the arrival of the mini, which was so outrageous and so unstoppable that it wiped out such fine distinctions forever, there were still styles and colors that young girls could not wear without seeming "fast." It is hard for people to let go of the idea that skirt lengths are significant, perhaps because of a tribal memory of days when girls too young for courtship wore their skirts above the ankle and their hair down, and young girls signalling their readiness for a husband put up their hair and let down their skirts. Even

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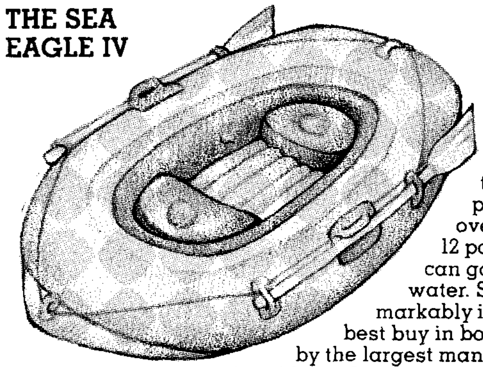

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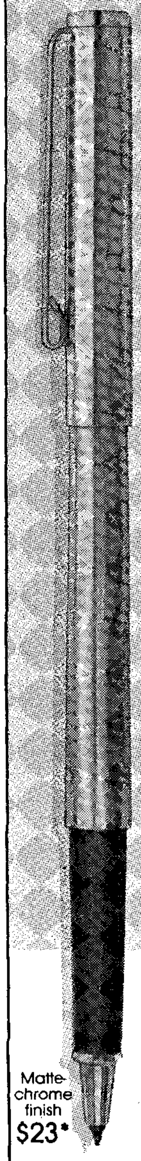

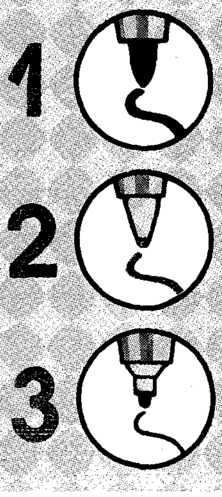

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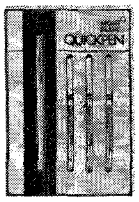

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now, there are residual feelings about what women ought to do with their hair after a certain age. I overheard two women at the movies condemning the inappropriateness of Meryl Streep's Alice in Wonderland mane.

It remains to be seen whether women now in their twenties and thirties will turn fifty and sixty with more or less tranquillity than those who are that age now. Perhaps there will be less anxiety about the loss of youthful good looks than there was in times when capturing a husband and bearing and rearing children were the principal choices for a woman's life. Some of our culture's ideas about aging women—a "fading beauty" being a more tragic reminder of mortality than an aging man or an aging horse—may have depended on seeing a woman's function in society as being done when she had raised her children to maturity. Time will tell how much of women's traditional distaste for their wrinkles will really disappear, and to what extent the old anxieties will be augmented by the new. Women are no longer obliged to dress to show financial dependence on men—parading evidence of a husband's or father's money-making skill—but they do not, for the most part, choose to look unattractive to men. In a time of flexible or unstable relations between men and women, anyone may be shopping for a new partner at any time, so window dressing is more important than ever. And the competitive career world sets great store by attractiveness, a look of youth and vigor. Far from seeing women free themselves from the promises of the cosmetic industry, we are seeing male senators having hair transplants and male executives getting face-lifts. Much of what both men and women accepted as their lot in the stuffy, sometimes wise old world has no place in the brave and "ageless" new one.

—KENNEDY FRASER

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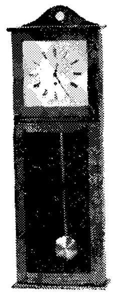

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MUSICAL EVENTS

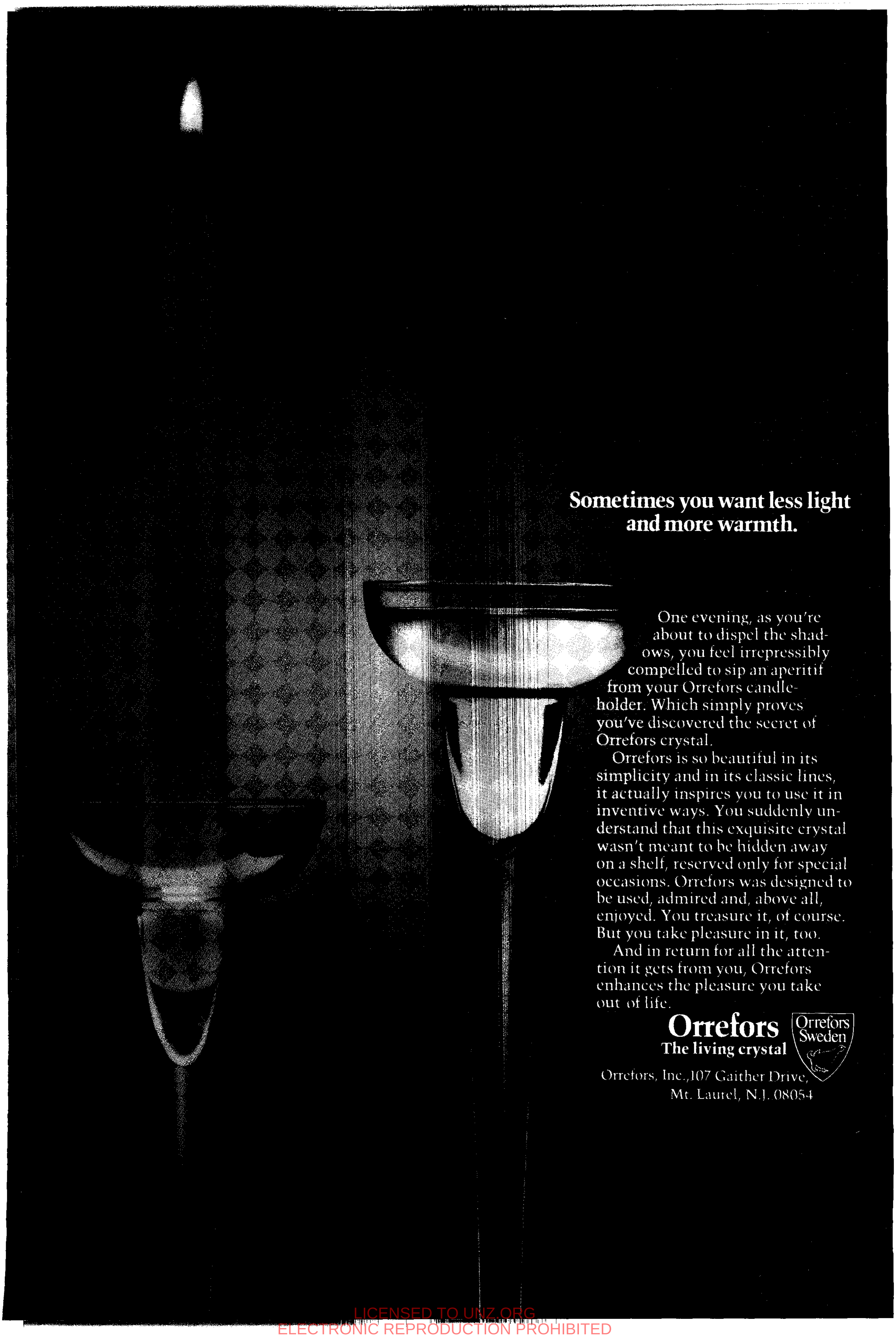
Looking Back

THE Brooklyn Philharmonia gave the fourth, and final, concert of this season's Meet the Moderns series in the Lepercq Space at the Brooklyn Academy of Music last month. The series was subtitled "Rediscoveries and Revivals," and split the twentieth century into periods of two decades each. The earlier concerts brought up some interesting curiosities: the chamber version of Charles Ives' "Three Places in New England" and his "Ragtime Dance" (heard, apparently, for the first time in New York); an orchestral version of John Alden Carpenter's "Water Colors;" some early songs by George Crumb and Elliott Carter. A large number of composers were represented: the evening devoted to what is arguably the liveliest and most significant period of American music—1920-40—managed to include pieces by Aaron Copland, Virgil Thomson, Roger Sessions, Ruth Crawford Seeger, Samuel Barber, Wallingford Riegger, Elliott Carter, Roy Harris, Vincent Persichetti, and George Gershwin. Inevitably, short works (often scored for small forces) were chosen, and this prevented the revival of many important pieces. The last twenty years offered a special challenge to the orchestra and its music director, Lukas Foss: how to represent the wide-ranging, unclassifiable activity by composers since 1960, and how to distinguish music that may prove to be important from music that is merely interesting or worthy. Mr. Foss opted out of such questions altogether. "Obviously a single concert devoted to that twenty-year span cannot begin to give an idea of the incredible musical creativity of present-day America," he wrote in a program note. "I hope that memories of our new music concerts of past seasons will help our audience fill in the gaps."

Instead of a concert that expressed a strong view about recent contemporary music, Mr. Foss chose to put together a sequence of eight new or fairly new works that were as diverse as possible, and about which it is impossible to generalize. Five were completed this year or last, the others were dated 1974, 1971, and 1967; this weighted the concert rather heavily away from 1960 and toward 1980. Most of the works had not been heard here before: it was a normal, hit-or-miss evening of new music. No matter; there were enough hits to make it worthwhile. The gem of the concert was Mel Powell's settings for soprano and chamber ensemble: a beautifully terse and effective laying-out of texts—from Joyce, Milton, a Chinese source, and Euripides—that for the composer exemplify "quiet obsessiveness." A small group—flute, clarinet, trumpet, cello, percussion, piano, celesta, and harp—was used with skill, treating the sonorities of each instrument with a precise, restrained touch. Most of the dynamic markings were quiet; the textures were light, with plenty of rests, so that each sound could be heard. Through this, not dominating the piece but like an extra instrumental part, was woven a cool, white-colored vocal line—sometimes skittish, as in the Chinese lyric, more often eerily remote. In the Euripides, the small compass of the line—until the last phrase it was contained in the interval of a fourth, between treble E and A—mirrored a quiet obsessiveness. Elsewhere, the voice was called on to sink low or chirrup high above the staff. Joan La Barbara sang the part impeccably. I can imagine the settings delivered with more projection—it would be fun to hear Cleo Laine tackle them—but that might risk reducing their individuality.

Another success of the evening was less attractive, more challenging. Charles Wuorinen's Second String Quartet was played by the Columbia String Quartet (who gave the piece its première last year, at the Grand Teton Music Festival, in Jackson, Wyoming). This substantial four-movement work was as strenuous and as closely argued as the other pieces of Wuorinen's that I have encountered. The movements veered constantly between slow and fast material, loud and soft, bare and complex textures—there was no time for a listener to become accustomed to a mood, or even to a developing pattern. At a first hearing, the quartet might have been confusing. But with a score I was able to begin to see how the contrasts of the music, its sudden jerks from one idea to

"I'll tell you why I don't trust him. It's that damn sheepskin vest."



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another, were part of a unity. Behind all the activity, one could sense a propelling logic and—what was perhaps more surprising—a propelling passion. I nearly liked it, and hope to hear it again soon.

"Music from 'The Stone Harp,' " by Stephen Albert, began life as a group of settings of poems by John Haines but turned into an instrumental fantasy based on the vocal lines: songs without singers or words. The style is eclectic. Some of the allusions to earlier music and the use of childlike music-box material were slightly embarrassing; the piece succeeded best when it was most individual. I enjoyed it but could not hear in it "the stone thoughts . . . impassable to all but a few children who went on into the hidden life," of the inscription from Haines' writings; the mood was too pleasant. Leon Kirchner's Fanfare (which opened the proceedings from offstage) and Dorrance Stalvey's "Celebration—Principium" (in lieu of his "Celebration—Sequent IV," which had only just been finished) made no impression on me. Joan Franks Williams' "Frogs"—six short movements setting the composer's own thoughts and some proverbs about frogs, and using a tape recording made at a pond outside the Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv—seemed pretentious. Much more impressive was "Wiriyamu . . . Nyazonia," by Jalalu Kalvert Nelson, commemorating the victims of two massacres in Mozambique. This was imaginative and original: two groups of strings, tuned a quarter tone apart, were set off against a solo double-bass (which was amplified). But many of the effects were far too complicated to be heard in performance, and the music lacked a strong sense of direction; the composer's concept remained unrealized. There was also the first performance of "Grand Palindrome in C," by Gregg Smith. If I were to describe this composition in detail—its spatial arrangement of performers, its mirrorlike material, which unfolded and then recapitulated backward—it might sound rather interesting. Unfortunately, the interest lay in the idea, not in the music.

Mr. Foss directed his highly competent orchestra with cheerful vigor. Sometimes the performances were unsubtle, and I had the feeling that he occasionally rushed through a passage when he felt unconvinced. Mrs. Williams' frogs tape was not synchronized, and had to be faded out at the end; the start of Mr. Nelson's piece was faster than the score indicates, and lost some of its atmospheric effect. Just to play all these pieces merits high praise, and the orchestra deserves that; but the Columbia Quartet's account of the Wuorinen was, by comparison, marvellously tight and well rehearsed.

ANOTHER retrospective event devoted to American music was the New Music Consort's excellent three-concert series at Carnegie Recital Hall, which I wrote about earlier in the season. It is worth noting here that the final program, last week, was billed to include one influential and respected work of the last decade, George Crumb's "Ancient Voices of Children;" pieces by the established composers Jacob Druckman and Harvey Sollberger; and new works by Wuorinen and Lucia Dlugoszewski. Yet another new work by Wuorinen figured in a clutch of premières which, at the end of March in Tully Hall, celebrated the tenth anniversary of the Da Capo Chamber Players—one of the liveliest and most dedicated of New York's contemporary-music groups. Wuorinen's piece, "Joan's," was, I thought, the least interesting of five short commissions. The ethereal, agitated atmospheric writing of Joseph Schwanter's "Wind Willow, Whisper" concealed a good deal of musical argument in its five-and-a-half-minute span. "Petroushskates," by the ensemble's pianist, Joan Tower, was a nice takeoff of the ostinato writing in Stravinsky's "Petrushka," inspired (the composer said in a program note) by the ice-skating at the Winter Olympics. George Perle's Scherzo was a curious, angular little work, and Shulamit Ran's "Private Game" an uncommonly lyrical and passionate duet for cello and clarinet. The group of premières was rounded off by a new arrangement, by Robert Moran, of Philip Glass's effervescent "Modern Love Waltz;" it sounded nice but oddly simplistic at the end of these generally sophisticated pieces. The evening's most important work was the long and exceptionally difficult "Ave Maris Stella," by Peter Maxwell Davies, for six-part ensemble. To me, this is one of the finest pieces of chamber music of the past decade, worthy to stand beside Elliott Carter's Third Quartet in its use of complexity and virtuosity to deeply moving effect. Da Capo's account did not quite capture the heart of the work: the piano playing should be more crystalline, and the clarinet playing purer, free of vibrato in the top register. Though there are washes of impressionistic color in

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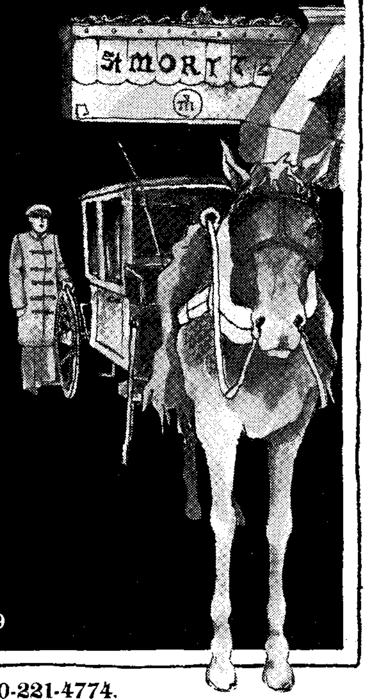

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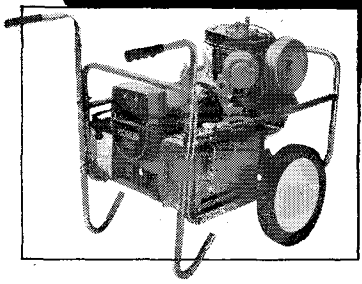

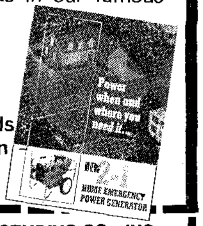
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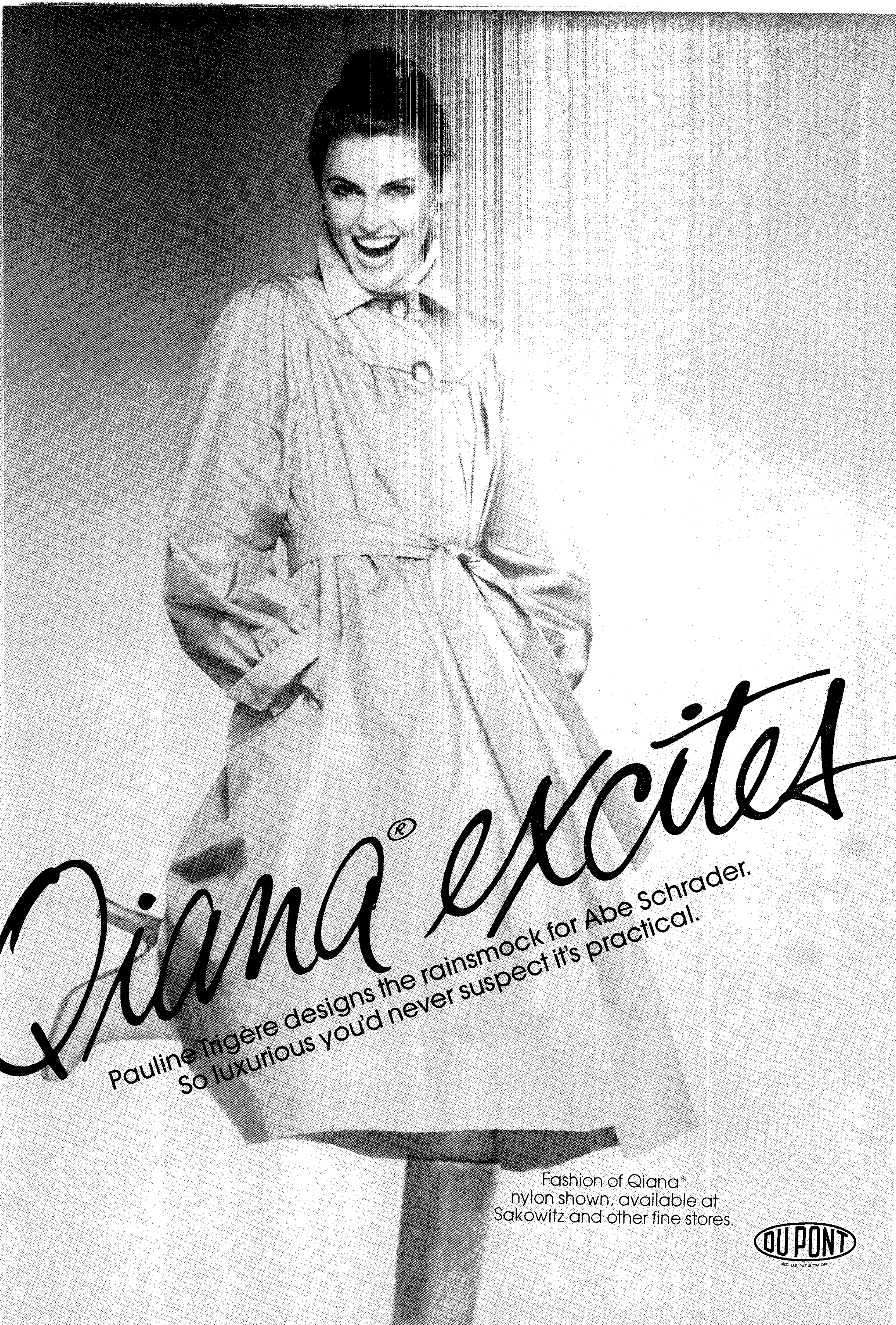
the score, even the smallest note must be cleanly placed. But I very much admired the cello playing of André Emelianoff, for its combination of richness and precision, and the marimba playing of Gordon Gottlieb (in the demanding central cadenza), for its brilliance and sharpness.

WHY use an old fortepiano when a modern Steinway pianoforte is readily available? There are plenty of theoretical answers to that question, but a most convincing practical answer was given by Concert Royal in a program two weeks ago at Abraham Goodman House. In late-eighteenth-century chamber music by C. P. E. Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, the fortepiano is the only keyboard instrument that will balance and blend with the other members of the ensemble. In a good conventional group, such as the Beaux Arts Trio, a Menahem Pressler can take compensatory action on a modern Steinway to insure that the bass of the piano does not drown out the cello in a Haydn trio and that the rich treble allows a violin to sing with it in unison, but these effects happen naturally when a fortepiano and original string instruments are used. Concert Royal chose to perform Haydn's G-Major Trio of 1791 with flute and cello, and the result was a delight: James Richman played his bright-toned Dulcken reproduction fortepiano with all his available force and attack, and still the woody tones of Sandra Miller's flute and Fortunato Arico's cello stood out. The fortepiano was also used effectively in C. P. E. Bach's curious Quartet—written for three instruments but called a quartet because the piano contributes two instrumental lines to the texture—where its flurries of powerful octaves and figuration gave a cutting edge to the sound of flute and viola (David Miller). The most enjoyable performance of the evening was that of Mozart's D-Major Flute Quartet, which Miss Miller led gracefully. The most interesting was that of five Mozart songs, in which Mr. Richman accompanied Ann Monoyios; it was good to hear a small-scale account of these lovely pieces, done with delicate expressiveness. Miss Monoyios' voice, clear and shapely, matched the crisp resonance of the piano perfectly (though her French and German words were less authentic than the performance style).

Coincidentally, the other outstanding concert involving the fortepiano which I heard this season—a recital at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the Frick Collection last fall—included three of these Mozart songs. The soprano Susan Robinson sang them, accompanied by Malcolm Bilson. Mr. Bilson's fortepiano was stronger in the treble register and more firmly balanced throughout its range than Mr. Richman's; and Miss Robinson's voice is quite different from Miss Monoyios'. She sounds at times like Kathleen Ferrier, or a young Janet Baker: she has a warmth and breadth to her voice which we do not usually associate with singers of eighteenth-century music. The intensity—the concentrated fervor—of her singing is exceptional; she sustains a legato line and draws notes together into natural phrase-lengths with unusual conviction. Yet the sound stays pure and strongly focussed. Another factor that makes her performances unusual—not because allowances must be made for it but because it gives her singing a special directness—is that Miss Robinson is blind.

At the Frick, she made Mozart's "Abendempfindung" a deeply affecting song of farewell, desolate yet sensual. After that recital—during which Mr. Bilson played Haydn and Mozart sonatas on the fortepiano with sprightly articulation and a careful, thoughtful sense of musical architecture—I was eager to hear Miss Robinson again. The chance came a couple of weeks ago, when she contributed a recital of Elizabethan lute songs to the Music Before 1800 series at Corpus Christi Church, on West 121st Street. I heard songs by Thomas Ford and John Dowland; each was preceded by its text alone, recited by Miss Robinson or by her excellent lutenist, Lucy Cross. The singing had a piercingly emotional quality, but it never strained the miniature form of the lute song. Even in the strophic numbers, like Ford's "Since first I saw your face," Miss Robinson persuaded us of the wealth of feeling that lies beneath their simple surface; in the more complex songs, such as Dowland's "I saw my lady weep," she caught the twists and turns of their subtle meaning in a way that I had not heard since the early, fresh recordings of Peter Pears.

—Nicholas Kenyon

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Mikhelson said in an interview this month that archeologists might have been useable for such a project if they had not been put into strong formaldehyde preservative solutions by their discoverers.—*Michigan Daily, newspaper of the University of Michigan.*

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THE DOWNSIZING DECISION

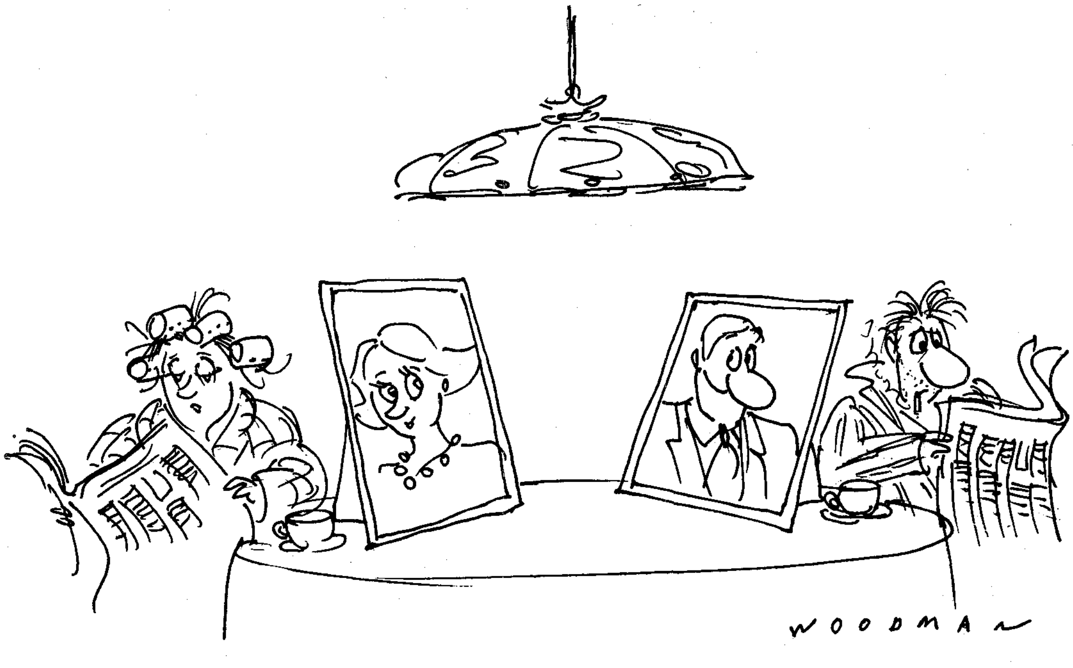
ON June 24, 1965, a question that baffled millions of Americans was formally put to this country's auto makers in a letter from Representative Jonathan Bingham, of New York: What was the reason for "the failure of U.S. car manufacturers to meet the domestic market for small automobiles"?

In response, two of the auto makers reported that they had introduced compact cars in 1959, and then, for various reasons, had decided to go no further in manufacturing still smaller vehicles. James Roche, president of General Motors, said that in consequence of his company's action "the challenge of foreign imports . . . reached its peak in 1959." Chrysler, according to Harry Chesebrough, the vice-president for product planning and development, had had a certain success with its compact, the Plymouth Valiant, beginning in 1959, but had then chosen not to push development in the subcompact market. As a reason, Chesebrough alluded to possible competition from G.M. and Ford. "It seems certain that if one American manufacturer should successfully penetrate that portion of the market, the others would soon follow suit," he said. "In this event no one American company could hope to gain the necessary volume to justify the substantial investment required to enter the market." President Arjay Miller, of Ford—which had also introduced a compact car in 1959—said that his company had "decided in 1962 that market conditions were not ripe" for smaller cars. Mr. Miller explained, "American car buyers have clearly expressed their preference for less austere transportation." President Roy Abernethy, of American Motors, cited his company's original Rambler, a compact marketed since 1950, as evidence that his company had been "more deeply involved in the matter of car size than any U.S. company." He said that American had tried a subcompact car, the Metropolitan, in 1954, but that "the market was just not great enough to keep this small-car program going."

On October 15, 1973, the Arab states belonging to the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, or OPEC, instituted limits on oil shipments to the United States, which lasted until May 18, 1974. Gasoline shortages had developed by Thanksgiving, and gas lines started to form. The problems attending the purchase of gasoline, and doubts about its future availability, soon affected the automobile market. Sales of imports from foreign-owned manufacturers, led by small cars featuring fuel economy, jumped by more than ten per cent, to almost fifteen per cent of the total American market. American Motors, with its compact, increased its sales by fifty per cent, to almost five per cent of the market. Chrysler and Ford, which had by this time marketed several smaller vehicles (among them the Dodge Dart and the Ford Pinto), held their shares of the market—roughly fifteen and twenty-five per cent, respectively, including cars manufactured abroad by them. But G.M., which had shown minimal interest in compacts after the early nineteen-sixties and still emphasized its line of gas guzzlers, weighing two tons or more and powered by huge eight-cylinder engines, suffered badly. Between the 1973 model year and the first quarter of 1974, its share of the domestic market dropped by almost fourteen per cent, at one point dipping below forty per cent of the total. "We were flat on our behinds," Richard C. Gerstenberg, who was the chairman of the company at the time, said in a recent interview. "People were wondering, Is the company going to make it?" But, as it happened, the market for big cars picked up in 1975, and G.M. enjoyed record earnings.

On January 16, 1979, the Shah of Iran was deposed. From April through September, gasoline was again in short supply, and gas lines formed anew. Once more, the structure of the car market was shaken. Imported cars, with small Japanese models leading the way, spurted to twenty per cent of United States sales in the first half of 1979, and to over twenty-five per cent in February of this year. But this time Chrysler (down below ten per cent of the market), Ford (at around seventeen per cent of the market), and American Motors (at only one and six-tenths per cent of the market) all lost ground. Added to the competition from below by the imports was a squeeze from the top. G.M. had, starting in 1974, put on the market smaller versions of every make in its line, from the Cadillac to the Chevrolet.

Then, in April, 1979, G.M. introduced a compact four-cylinder, front-wheel-drive vehicle, produced as the X-Car and marketed as the Chevrolet Citation, the Pontiac Phoenix, the Oldsmobile Omega, and the Buick Skylark. Thanks to the comprehensive reduction in size, G.M. more than held its own at the time of the second round of gas lines. Its share of the market for American-built cars soared to over sixty per cent—and set new monthly records, which, among other factors, put Ford in trouble and sent Chrysler running to the government for help. Even though hard hit by the recent slump, with first-quarter profits down eighty-eight per cent from a year ago,



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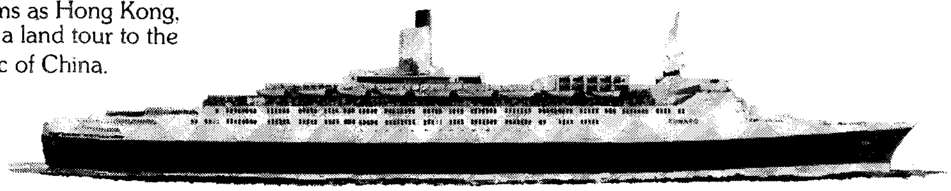

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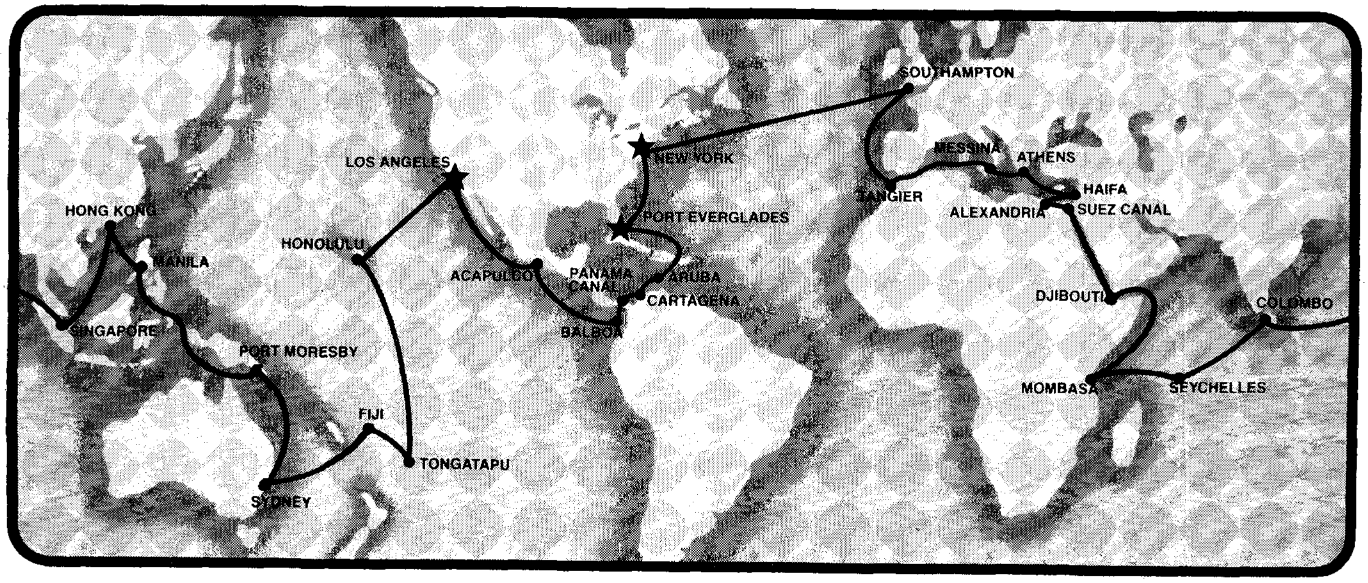

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G.M. is the only major American car manufacturer in the black. In April, it has accounted for sixty-five per cent of sales of American-built cars. Robert Stempel, the general manager at Pontiac, told me, "These days, it's exciting to be at G.M."

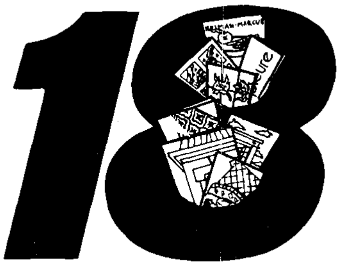
I HAD visited Stempel in the course of an inquiry into how General Motors made what it calls the "decision to downsize." The quest led me, in late 1979 and early this year, to Detroit and to the executives of all the leading auto companies; to New York and to people in related businesses, especially finance; and to government officials in Washington and in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where the Department of Transportation maintains research facilities. Virtually everybody agreed that the downsizing decision was freighted with significance for G.M., and for the auto industry in this country and in the world at large. Joseph Downer, an executive vice-president of Atlantic Richfield, called it "a major event in industrial history." But nobody seemed altogether sure how it came about.

By way of introduction to the subject, I called on several executives of Detroit companies that service and supply the car manufacturers. From their comments, I gleaned the following picture of the auto industry:

To understand the industry, it is first necessary to understand Detroit. It is bounded by Canada and Lake St. Clair, so it did not have as much space for growth as was available to many other cities, and the suburbs had to stretch way out. Detroit is also unlike other cities—unlike New York or Chicago or Los Angeles, or even Cleveland or Pittsburgh—in that it doesn't provide a full range of services. It doesn't have a large independent legal or banking establishment. Auto manufacturing is practically everything in Detroit, and the auto executives, who for the most part live far out in the suburbs, tend to be concerned almost exclusively with cars.

Until the race riots of 1967, the industry was totally divorced from downtown. Since then, largely thanks to Henry Ford II, there has been a start at rebuilding the downtown—a big hotel-and-office complex called Renaissance Center, along the Detroit River. But, between Renaissance Center and the suburbs, there are large tracts of wasteland. The auto industry is not in close touch with the city or with the people who live there. It is not in touch with the people who live in other cities. The industry talks to the industry.

Relative youth also distinguishes the



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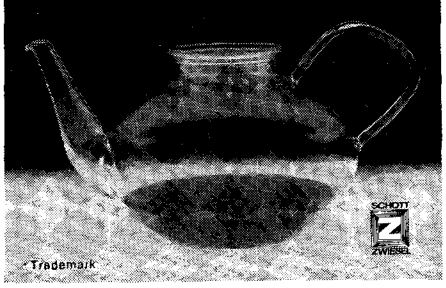

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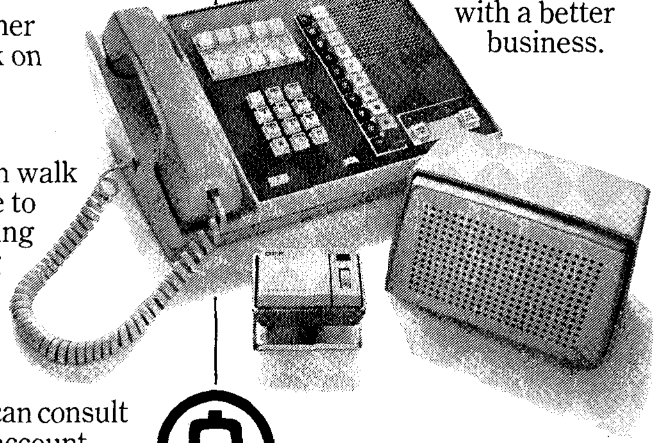

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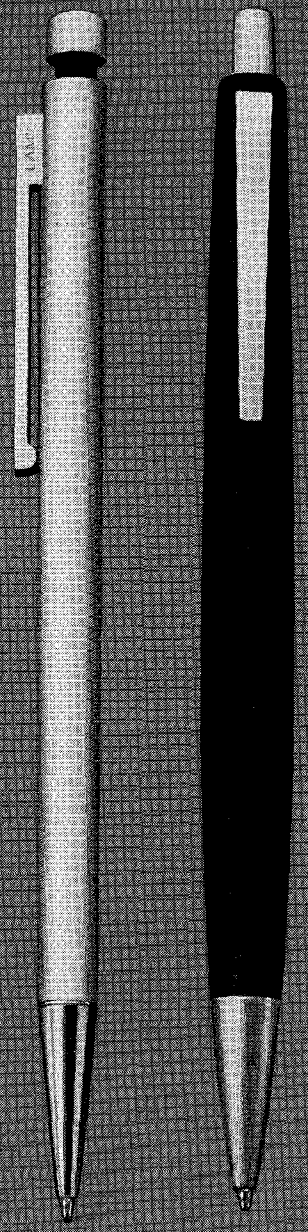

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industry. It is less than a hundred years old. The founders were strong men. They left their imprint on the companies they started. Each company is different from the rest, and there's not a lot of rapport among them. Each is a universe unto itself.

At Ford, the family interest is still dominant. When Henry Ford II took over from his grandfather, just after the Second World War, he was in his twenties. He had to hire management, and he hired good management. He brought in Ernest Breech, from Bendix, and hired men known as the whiz kids—Charles Thornton, Robert McNamara, Arjay Miller, and J. Edward Lundy. For years and years, Ford ran the company through business-school types, such as McNamara, who was president from 1960 to 1961, and Arjay Miller, who was followed in 1968 by Semon (Bunkie) Knudsen, who came from G.M. But Henry Ford kept the ultimate power in his own hands. He played off the money men against the engineers, first favoring one group and then the other. That is how Lee Iacocca, who became president in 1970, came to the top. He was an engineer whose great triumph was the Ford Mustang, a sporty compact car. Then, in 1976, Ford had a heart ailment. In the hospital, he must have thought long and hard about the future of the company. After he came out, he decided he had to groom another business-school type—Philip Caldwell—for the top job. Iacocca protested, believing that he had earned the right to be heir apparent. Ford fired him. For most of the past five years, the company has been in turmoil at the top. It had always been strong in small cars, from the Model T onward, and it should have moved quickly into downsizing after the oil embargo, but it missed the boat. In 1974, it guessed wrong and decided not to downsize. Now Ford is paying the price.

Walter Chrysler and K. T. Keller, both brilliant engineers, were the men who made Chrysler. The company was always strong on advanced design. It led the way in hydraulic brakes, electronic ignition, and that kind of thing. In 1950, for reasons nobody seems to know—maybe just because he liked him—Keller decided to turn the company over to a production man, Lester L. (Tex) Colbert. Colbert had expansive ideas, and he began moving Chrysler into real estate and overseas purchases. To make those arrangements, he had to look to a firm of accountants, now known as Touche Ross. Colbert left, and Lynn Townsend, originally from Touche Ross, took over. He

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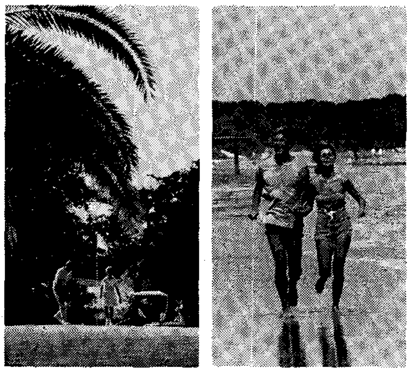

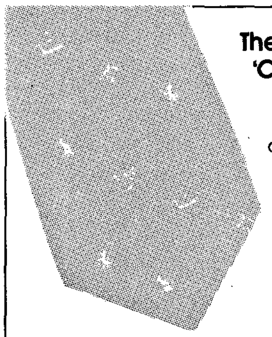

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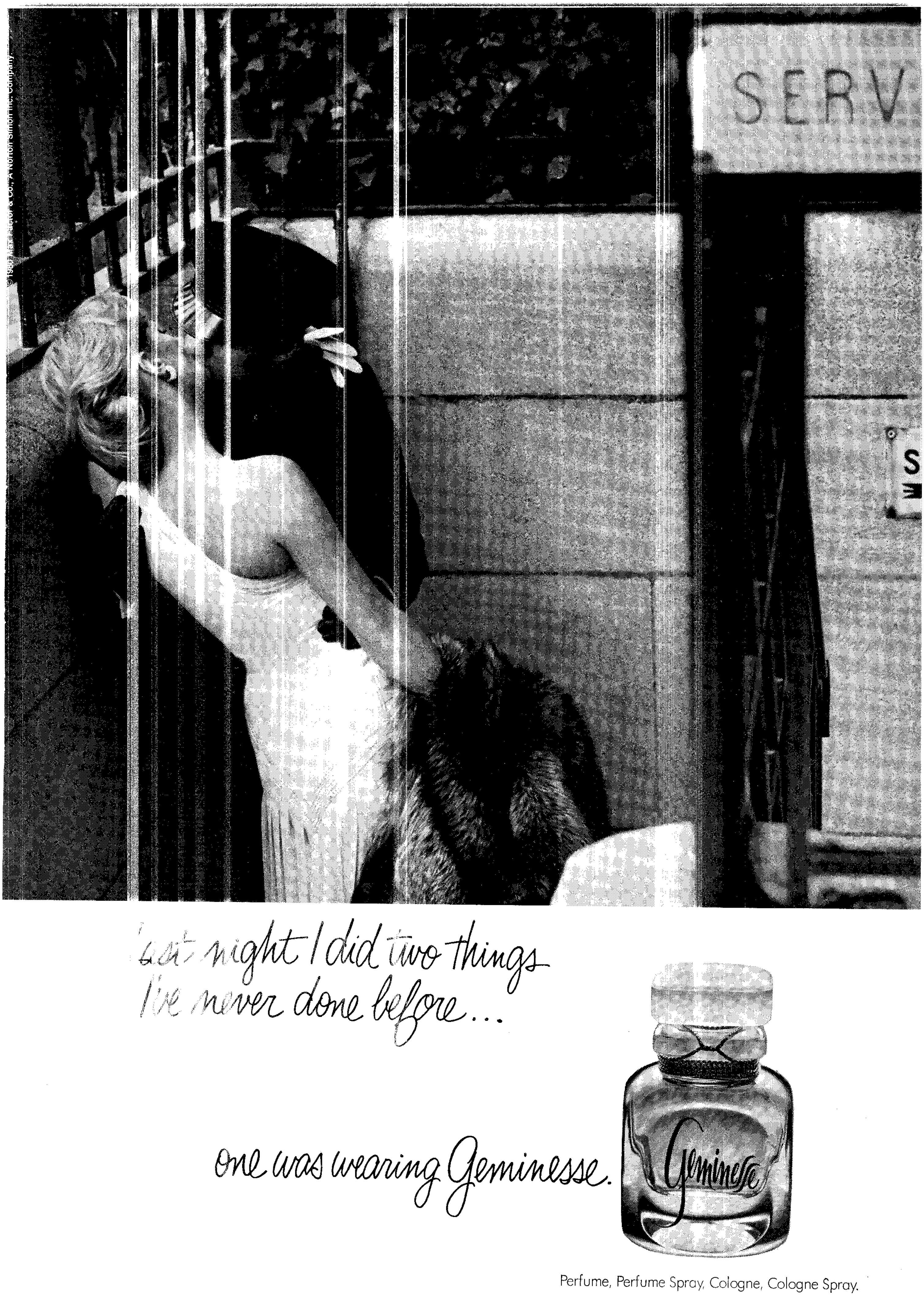
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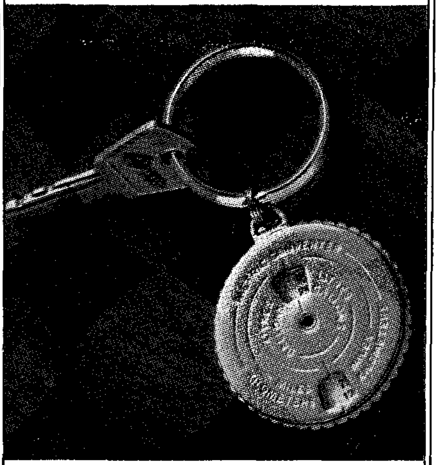

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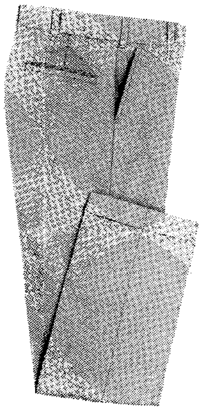

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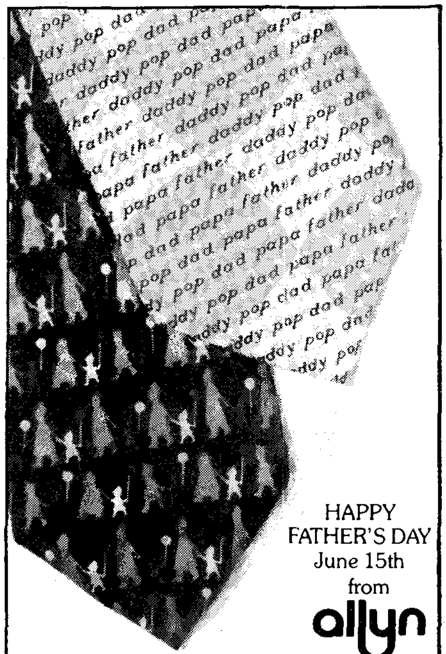
was eventually succeeded by a protégé, John Riccardo, also originally from Touche Ross. They did a lot of borrowing, and they saw the need to go to small cars. The company brought over some Ford people, including, finally, Iacocca, as president. But they didn't have the finances to swing a fast move to small cars. That, my informants said, was why the company is in trouble today.

ONE Detroit executive gave me a concise lecture on General Motors: "General Motors is the kind of institution whose like doesn't exist elsewhere in Western civilization. It is America's Japan. It is a marvellous structure of committees, put together by Alfred P. Sloan, who was chairman of the company from 1937 to 1956. At the top, there's the board of directors, headed by the chairman, Thomas A. Murphy. Directly under the chairman, there's the finance committee. That's the guardian of G.M.'s profits—the real powerhouse in the company. Then, there's also an executive committee, which reports to the president of the company, Elliott Estes, who reports to Murphy. The executive committee is responsible for operating policies—including changes in the company's products—and capital expenditures. It carries out those functions through a bunch of other committees, or policy groups—for administration, sales, engineering, merchandising, styling, and everything else. The committees are the company, and one of the ways you rise in the company is by being a committee man—preferably secretary of one of the committees. The people who succeed at G.M. generally come into the company very early, at low-level jobs. They don't have big ideas about rising to the top. They stick with the company, and eventually a few make it. To the outsider, they're not very impressive. They're not very interesting as people. They tend to talk in platitudes. All they know is the automobile industry. They mainly live in Bloomfield Hills, and they mainly play golf at the Bloomfield Hills Country Club. They even tend to look alike. But on the inside it's very different. They're smart. They work hard.

"The decision to downsize is a prime example," he went on. "It may look obvious to outsiders, but it wasn't obvious to the auto industry—especially not to G.M. To begin with, the auto companies aren't innovators. Maybe there were some big changes in car manufacture in the early years—moving up from bicycles to open cars with metal bodies built over wooden frames



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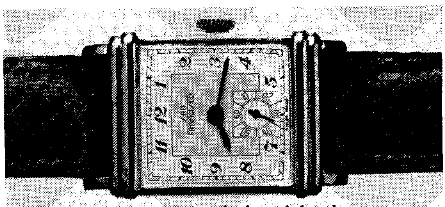

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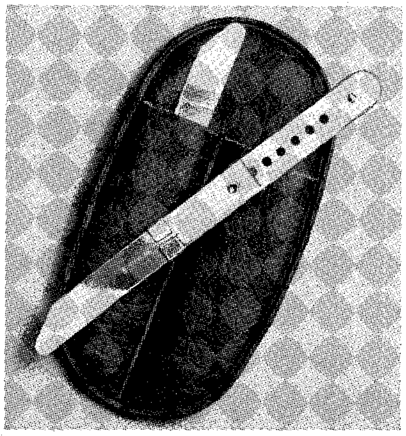

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on steel chassis, and then to hardtops with metal frames. But it isn't like space or computers, or even the telephone business. The premium hasn't been on technological change. After about 1920, the premium was on mass production—on doing the same thing over and over again, always at a little less cost if possible. The penny-pinchers rose in the auto industry—especially at G.M. Even when there were changes, they tended not to be changes in the basic product. They were changes in style and appearance, changes in fashion.

"Prices and profits were built around mass production of the basic unit, with changes in the trimmings. The difference in the cost of the materials and labor that go into producing the basic Chevy and the basic Cadillac is not all that great. But G.M. puts all kinds of special luxury features on the Cadillac. It makes money on each one of the features. So the company makes much more on a Cadillac than on a Chevy. Shrinking the size of cars came hard, because it implied cutting back on the most profitable models."

For General Motors, he concluded, it was particularly tough: "G.M. has models in every price range. If it changed Pontiac, that might hurt Chevy. If it changed the Olds, that might damage the Buick. So it had *to change the whole line, and it had* to change against the direction of everything it had been telling itself and telling the customer. The old message was more for more. Bigger is better. It had to change to smaller is better. Less for more. That was risky."

Nonetheless, it appeared that when the G.M. managers decided to change they went all the way. They invested twenty billion dollars in downsizing between 1974 and 1980. They moved fast, and with a singleness of purpose that astonished all the outside executives I consulted. Not one professed to know how G.M. had done it.

HENRY FORD II, whom I saw at the company headquarters in Dearborn just before he stepped down as chief executive, in October of 1979, tended to confirm that analysis. He obviously belongs to a breed apart from the ordinary auto executive. Instead of the uniform white broadcloth shirt, he was wearing a blue button-down oxford, and his suit had the unpadded shoulders and narrow lapels that are said to distinguish Ivy Leaguers. Far more than any other auto executive, he was plainspoken—direct to the point of being blunt. He said that the President and Congress and the country

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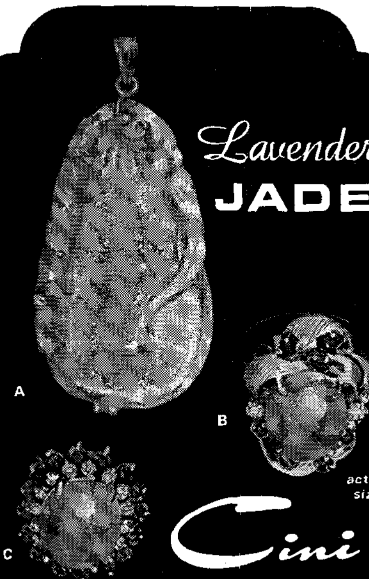

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were "confused" in thinking that only the Europeans and the Japanese knew how to make small cars well. He said that Ford had been selling cars around the world since 1904. In Europe, he said, Ford was (after Volkswagen and Fiat) the third-biggest seller of cars. The company was also doing very well in Mexico, Venezuela, Brazil, and Argentina. The Ford Fiesta was as good as any small car built. He pointed out that while Ford was losing money in the United States, it was making profits from overseas operations. "The profits from abroad supply us with funds we need for investment here," he said.

There was need for investment on a colossal scale in this country, Ford asserted, because the market had been transformed. "We'd like to be able to sell some middle-range cars," he said. "We still hope there will be room for buyers to make some choices. But there's no chance the market will bounce back. It's a matter of fuel supply. The future belongs to more fuel-efficient cars—smaller and less powerful."

He acknowledged that Ford was behind G.M. in downsizing. It would not catch up with the X-Cars until later this year, and it would draw abreast of the Cadillac Seville only in 1981. He said that Ford had been moving toward smaller cars in this country, but in a gradual way. The slow approach had paid off in 1976, 1977, and 1978, when Americans still wanted big, roomy cars. "Iran made things fall apart," he said. Then he asked ruefully, as if he weren't altogether sure that the question was rhetorical, "But who could have predicted Iran?"

AT Chrysler headquarters, in Highland Park, north of Detroit, the atmosphere called to mind a man looking for a minute in which to have a nervous breakdown. Appointments were made and unmade. Executives buzzed off to Washington for meetings with government officials, to New York to see the bankers, or sometimes to Europe for huddles with foreign auto manufacturers. In mid-September of last year, at a press briefing on the 1980 models, Chrysler previewed a television commercial that featured a well-known actor. Later, Lee Iacocca was asked about the commercial, and he indicated that it might eventually emerge in somewhat different form. It did—with Iacocca himself replacing the actor.

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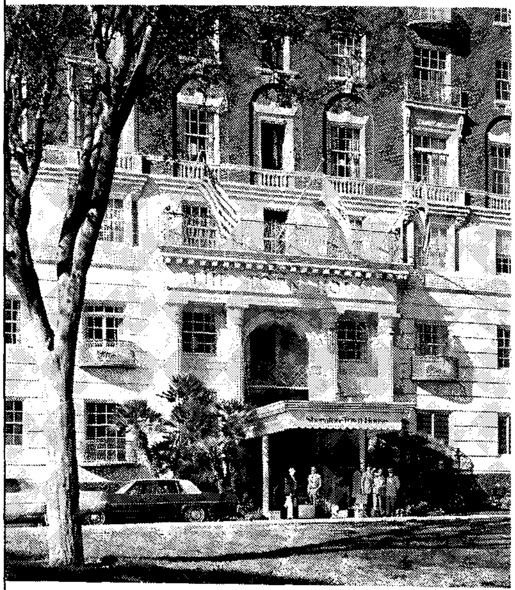

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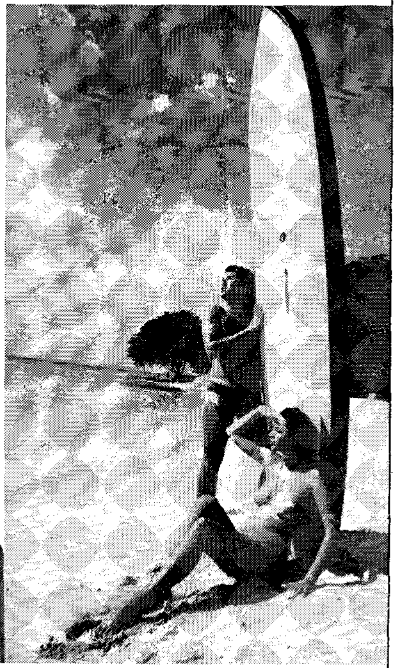

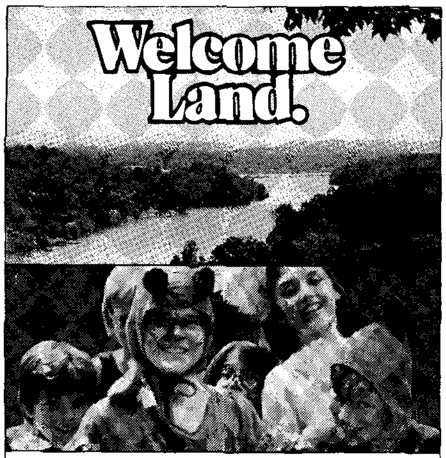
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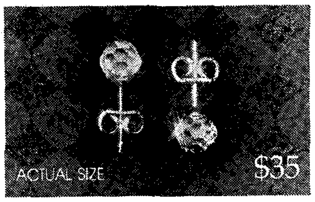

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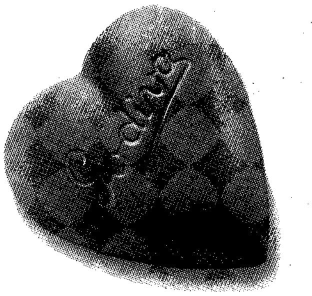
is slightly tough, and when he speaks of "the Feds" his manner summons to mind a picture of a G-man in the nineteen-thirties as played by, say, James Cagney, rather than the Secretary of the Treasury as played by G. William Miller. Iacocca led off with me by talking of the past. "When the 1973 oil boycott came, we considered it a blip," he said. "We figured the market would come back in six months, and it did. I've spent all my life making small cars and styling small cars. We could've put front-wheel drive in the Mustang and taken off five hundred pounds. The public didn't want it. But the second energy crisis didn't just tilt the market. It toppled it. We have to keelhaul the whole industry. If anybody tells you he can plan ahead for the next two years, he's nuts."

Iacocca pointed out that, contrary to widespread popular belief, Chrysler was, by this time, ahead of G.M. and Ford when it came to selling small cars. He cited the Omni and the Horizon—two front-wheel-drive, four-cylinder subcompacts that, since their introduction, in January, 1978, Chrysler had been selling as fast as they came off the assembly lines. He claimed that if the gas pinch had held off until 1981 Chrysler would have had a dominant position in the small-car market. As it was, G.M. still sold "seventy per cent of the gas guzzlers, Ford fifty per cent, and Chrysler thirty per cent."

To stay alive, Chrysler had had to go full speed with a program to downsize cars and modernize plants. The cost of these changes, Iacocca said, "came to a hundred million dollars a month." That's why Chrysler went to the federal government to tide the company over the present period. Without such help, Iacocca claimed, the burden of reëquipping the industry would break Chrysler, and maybe it would turn out to break Ford. He said he could envisage a period of chaos in the domestic market, which "in a few short years" would leave General Motors as the sole survivor.

NOTHING about G.M. belies that prediction. It is, after Exxon, which took the lead away from it last year, the nation's second-largest industrial corporation, with eight hundred and fifty thousand employees in thirty-five countries; one million two hundred and thirty-seven thousand stockholders; sixty-six billion dollars in sales and nearly three billion dollars in profits in 1979; and thirty-two billion dollars in assets. Its headquarters are a fifteen-story, block-size limestone pile, designed by Albert Kahn, in 1919, on



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West Grand Boulevard, a few miles north of the general downtown district of Detroit. The fourteenth floor, where the top executives have their offices and hold many of their conferences and eat most of their meals, smacks of sturdier days—a time when business was business and businessmen were businessmen. The offices are relatively small, the furnishings utilitarian rather than rich, the secretaries notable for looking efficient rather than beautiful. A single corridor connects all the executive offices, and the view tends to be inward rather than outward. A glass door, worked by remote control from a reception desk, separates the executive corridor from the rest of the floor. The atmosphere inside that door is dignified and still—like that of a church. The impression is of a stability that outlasts time.

My first call at G.M. was on Elliott Estes, the president of the company. Pete Estes, as everybody calls him, is the very model of a G.M. engineer. He was born in Michigan and educated at the General Motors Institute, a management-cum-vocational school that the company maintains in Flint. He rose through the ranks, first at Pontiac and then at Chevrolet, before moving over to the fourteenth floor, in 1969, and he became president in 1974. He wears a mustache that makes him look slightly like Mandrake the Magician, but otherwise comes on as a straightforward fellow with an open, ebullient manner. "NOTHING GREAT WAS EVER ACHIEVED WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM," says a sign on his otherwise uncluttered desk.

I had interviewed Estes for television during the recession of 1974-75, when there was a big question as to whether G.M. would join Ford and Chrysler in giving rebates to move cars out of inventory. During the interview, which took place in the morning for broadcast that evening, Estes repeatedly evaded questions about rebates. Around midday, he called to say he'd like to do the interview over again. We did, and it developed that in the course of the day G.M. had announced a decision to accord the rebates. Estes knew that the decision was going to be made, but he wouldn't say so, even for later broadcast, until the decision had actually been announced. Still, he began the more recent interview at G.M. by reminding me in a breezy fashion of the rebates episode. Without any prompting, he then began to talk openly about his approach to the building of smaller cars. He said that he had begun his career at G.M. working for Charles Kettering, the

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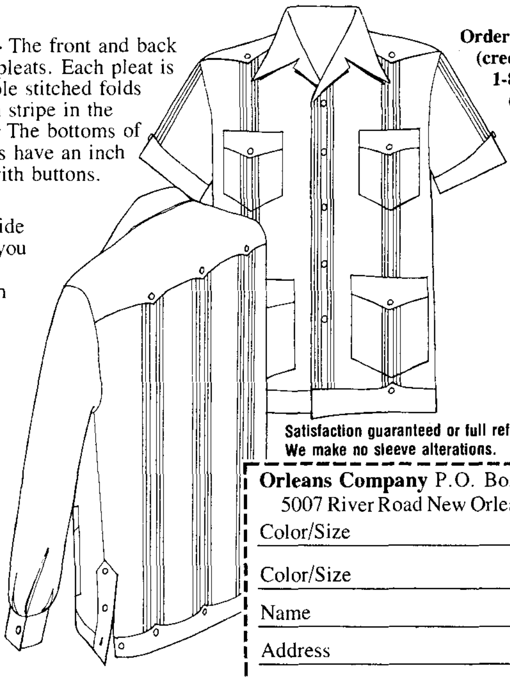

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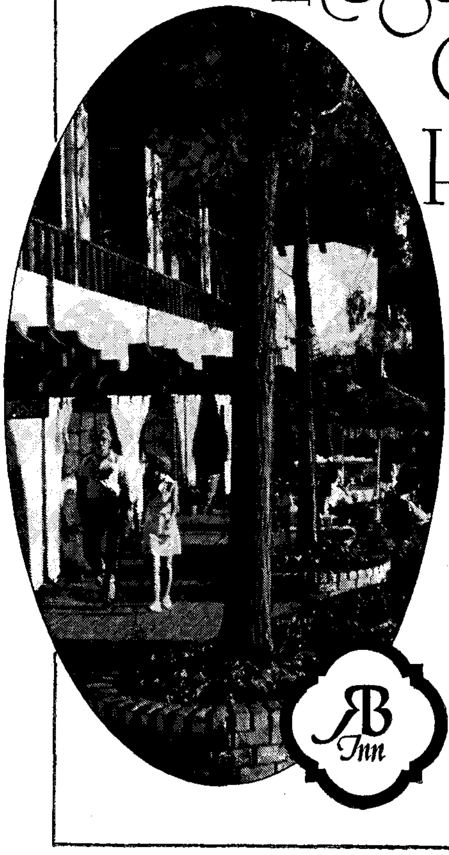

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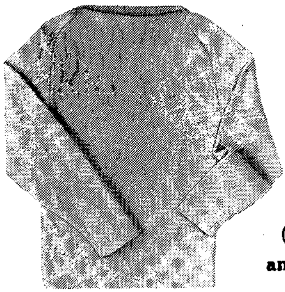

famous inventor, who developed the self-starter. "Back in 1934, Kettering kept telling us that the world would soon run out of oil," Estes said. "I waited ten years, and the world didn't run out of oil. I waited twenty-five years, and the world didn't run out of oil. In fact, there was more oil than ever before, and a big thing in my career was developing a high-compression engine. So I guess I kind of stopped waiting."

Estes continued, "The consumer is the gut issue. We first try to take care of the customer for G.M. cars. We try to hold him. We try to make G.M. immune to losing customers. Now, you have to remember that the automobile is the most postponable consumer purchase there is. Our customer doesn't have to buy a car tomorrow, or next week, or even in the next four years. With a paint job, a new battery, and a little fixing, his car can last six or seven years. So our business stops as soon as the customer loses confidence—whether it's because of a recession, or the illness of the President, or a product he doesn't like. For us, the confidence of the consumer is the whole ballgame. Over the years, we made several passes at going to smaller cars. We tried it with our compacts in 1959. We thought the Corvair, the smallest of the lot, was timely and appealing, but it was a victim of bad publicity. We also brought out some more conventional smaller cars—the Pontiac Tempest, the Buick Special, and the Olds F-85. Those cars were too high and too narrow. The customers didn't like them. It was a disastrous experiment. By 1965, we had to sell the engine plant we were using for those cars. In the next few years, we discovered that the wide-track V-8 Pontiac was our best seller. We learned that the more power we put in a car the more cars we sold. History taught us that big was better."

In 1972, Estes recalled, various studies of the coming energy shortage had caused G.M. to begin planning for a reduction in car size. "We started to do it slowly and systematically—first, by taking four hundred pounds out of each car," he said. "Then, in December, 1973, during the oil embargo, we upped that to a thousand pounds per car. That was the heart of what we call the downsizing decision."

In looking over the past, Estes felt that what had been done so far was relatively easy. He said that the downsizing up to then had been mainly a matter of reducing weight with lighter materials and smaller frames. The hard

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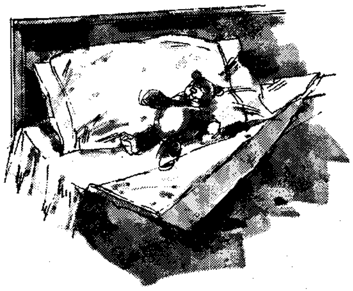

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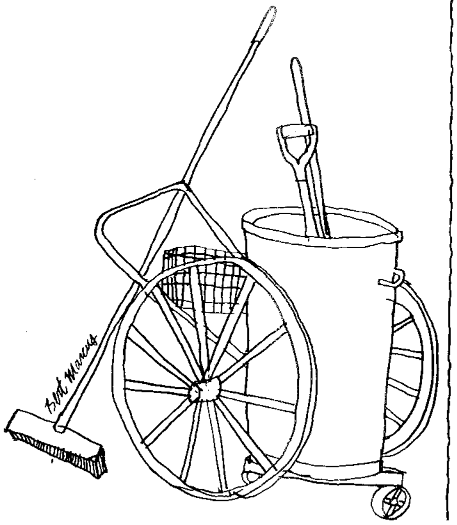
things were coming up: front-wheel drives, aluminum engines, new kinds of power systems—maybe diesel cars, maybe battery cars. "The next five years are going to be the most innovative in our history," he said.

I asked him how he judged G.M.'s downsizing performance as a whole. Estes said, "I think of the energy shortages as hiccups. The first hiccup caught us by surprise, and you can't expect us to respond to every hiccup. The response to the second hiccup was better. Maybe there will have to be a third hiccup."

AFTER seeing Estes, I moved down the corridor to the corner office assigned to the chairman of the board of G.M., Thomas Murphy. Like most of his predecessors as chairman, including Alfred Sloan, Murphy rose through the finance side of the company, becoming vice-chairman in 1972 and chairman in 1974. Until recently, he described himself in *Who's Who* as a "financial executive," and, indeed, he looks like a bookkeeper—tall, thin, with an austere face, in which severe eyes peer unblinkingly from behind thick glasses. Even by G.M. standards, his appetite for work is huge. "He's the only one I know who reads all the paper the company generates," a colleague confided. "Seven days a week, eighteen hours a day, he reads those reports." Murphy's desk testifies to his diligence. Not only is it piled high with letters, reports, and bound folders but various signs advertise the condition. "BLESS THIS MESS," one reads. Another says, "A CLUTTERED DESK . . . THE MARK OF GENIUS."

I had interviewed Murphy early last year, in the course of a general reconnaissance of the auto industry. At that time, he had talked about relations between government and business. He had warned against any bail-out of Chrysler by the government, on the



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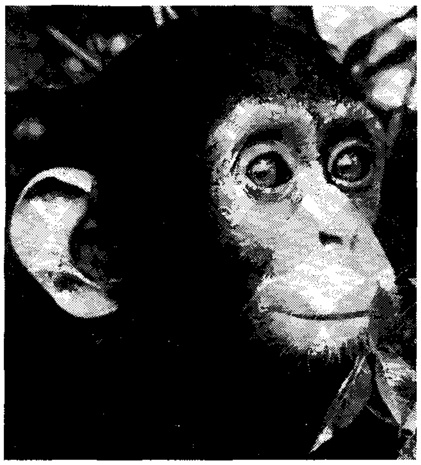

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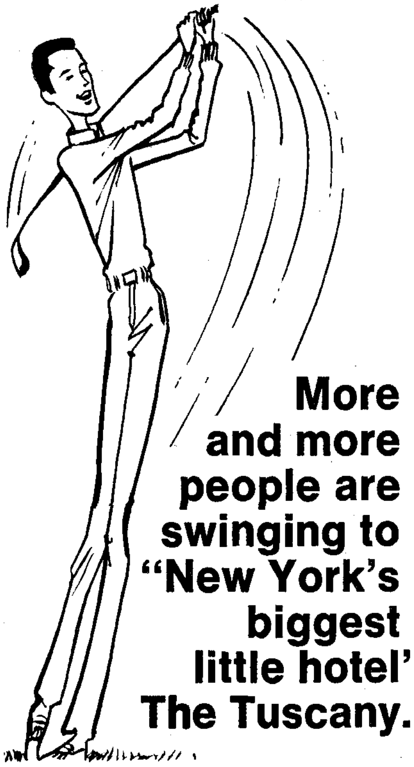

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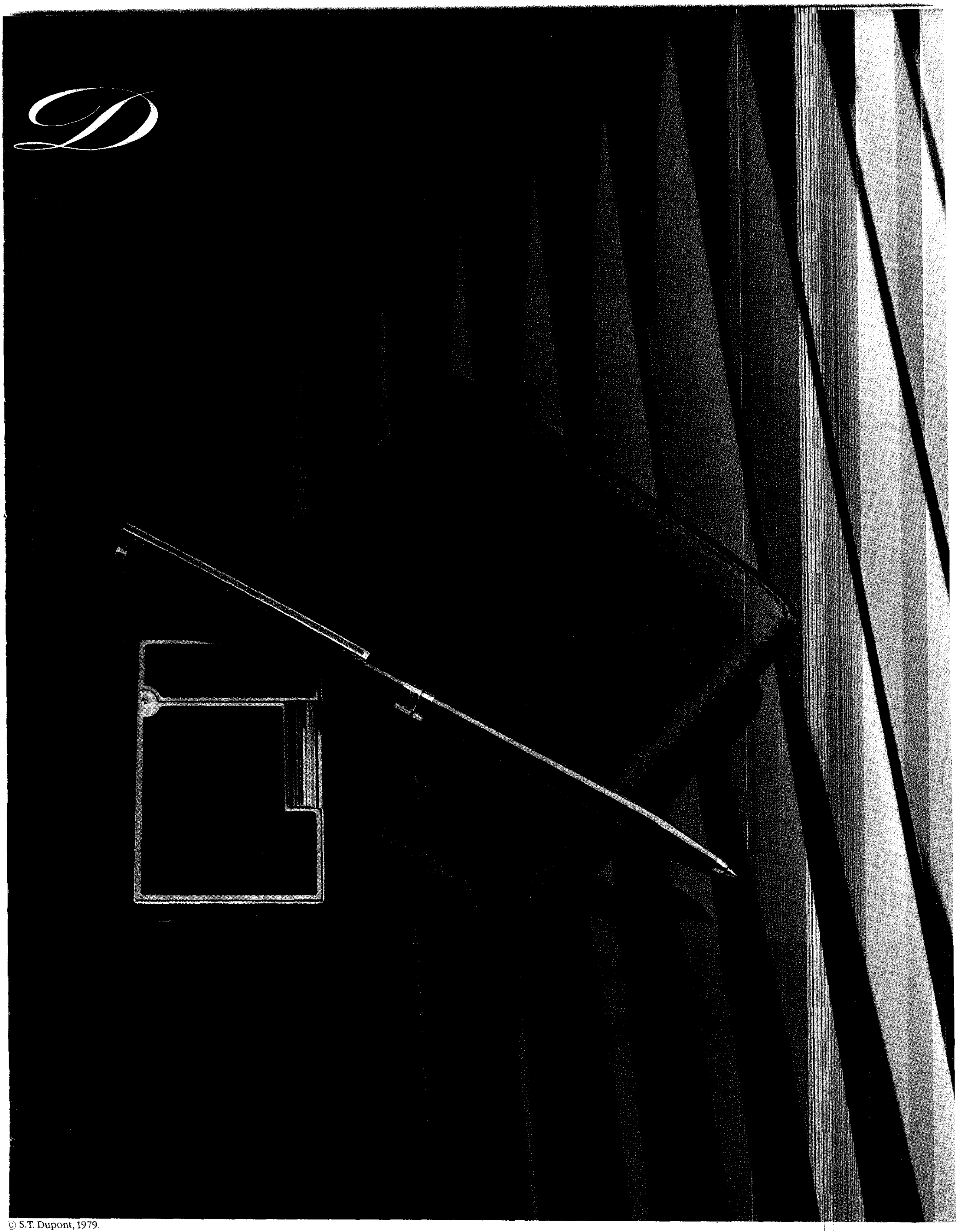
ground that it would compromise the principle of free competition. As he talked, he had become more and more intense, pounding his palm with his fist, and walking up and down his office. He seemed to me a little like Uncle Sam in the posters for enlistment in the armed forces, and I came away feeling that in the matter of free enterprise I was something of a slacker.

To avoid another lecture, I asked Murphy to tell me as briefly and directly as possible about G.M.'s decision to downsize. He plunged into the subject immediately. But as he spoke there was curious backing and filling. At times, he was peppy. At other times, he checked his enthusiasm, as if he were afraid it would bring down on his head the wrath of some corporate god. He began with a reference to the American love for big cars in the nineteen-sixties. He said that G.M. had launched several small cars but that customer demand had caused each model to get bigger year by year. "When the oil embargo began in 1973, we had a heavy preponderance of cars in the upper echelons," he said. "Our fleet average was twelve miles per gallon, as against fourteen m.p.g. for the competition. We realized that the availability of gas would become a problem for us. We still expected a big demand for the big cars. But we also felt there would be a strong demand for the small cars. We said to ourselves, 'We've got a job to do.' Late in the year, we took two basic decisions. First, we decided to produce the Chevette in the U.S. That was a small car designed in Germany by our subsidiary there, Adam Opel A.G., which we had been producing in Brazil to beat the Volkswagen there. Our decision was to bring it out in the United States as a small Chevy within eighteen months. Then we decided to produce the small Cadillac—the Seville. In other words, we moved in both ends of the market, where the imports were strongest. We moved against the Mercedes at the top and against the Volkswagen and the Honda at the bottom."

I asked Murphy exactly when that decision had been made and in what circumstances. He said that making the decision had been "relatively easy—a matter of general consensus." To answer the question about timing, he rose from his desk and circled back of me to a bookcase full of documents. He plucked one out, came back to his desk, and began leafing through it. Then, pointing to the sheets he held in his hand, he said, "This is an official schedule of major actions by G.M. It says here that the executive committee approved the K-Car decision (that's the Seville) on January 23, 1974, and the T-Car (that's the Chevette) on the same day. But I know that's wrong. We didn't make the decision in the executive committee. We made it in the engineering-policy group. It was on December 23rd."

A copy of the chronology that Murphy had consulted was later made available to me by Philip Workman, of the G.M. public-relations staff, who accompanied me to almost all my interviews with company executives. As Murphy had indicated, the official chronology recorded that the decisions on the Cadillac Seville and the Chevette were made by the executive committee on January 23, 1974. The sheet made no reference to the meeting at which, Murphy said, the decision had actually been made—a meeting of the engineering-policy group on December 23, 1973. It turned out, moreover, that December 23, 1973, was the Sunday before Christmas. Even G.M. executives don't have major policy huddles on the Sunday before Christmas. There had, in fact, been no high-level meetings at G.M. on the date described by the chairman of the board as D-Day. The public-relations staff was baffled. But I was assured that everything would be set straight when I saw the man who had been chairman at the time, Richard Gerstenberg.

GERSTENBERG, the chairman of G.M. from 1972 through 1974, when he retired, is a square-faced man of immaculate neatness in tailoring, bearing, and speech, who looks surprisingly young for his age, which is three score and ten. He made an appointment with me for 9 A.M. on a Monday in a public-relations office of the G.M. Building, and arrived with notes based on talks with Murphy and others about my previous interviews. Before going into the particulars of the move to smaller cars, he discussed in detail the recent history of G.M. "To the extent that I had anything to do with the decisions," he said, "it was the result of a lot of input and pressure that I had from several sources that were maybe outsiders more than insiders with respect to the corporation." He said that until the nineteen-sixties G.M. had a board of directors composed "largely of insiders." Thereafter, the company came under pressure from Ralph Nader and other critics for not being alert to broad public interests. Frederic Donner, who was chairman at the time, opened the board to people from outside G.M. By the time Don-



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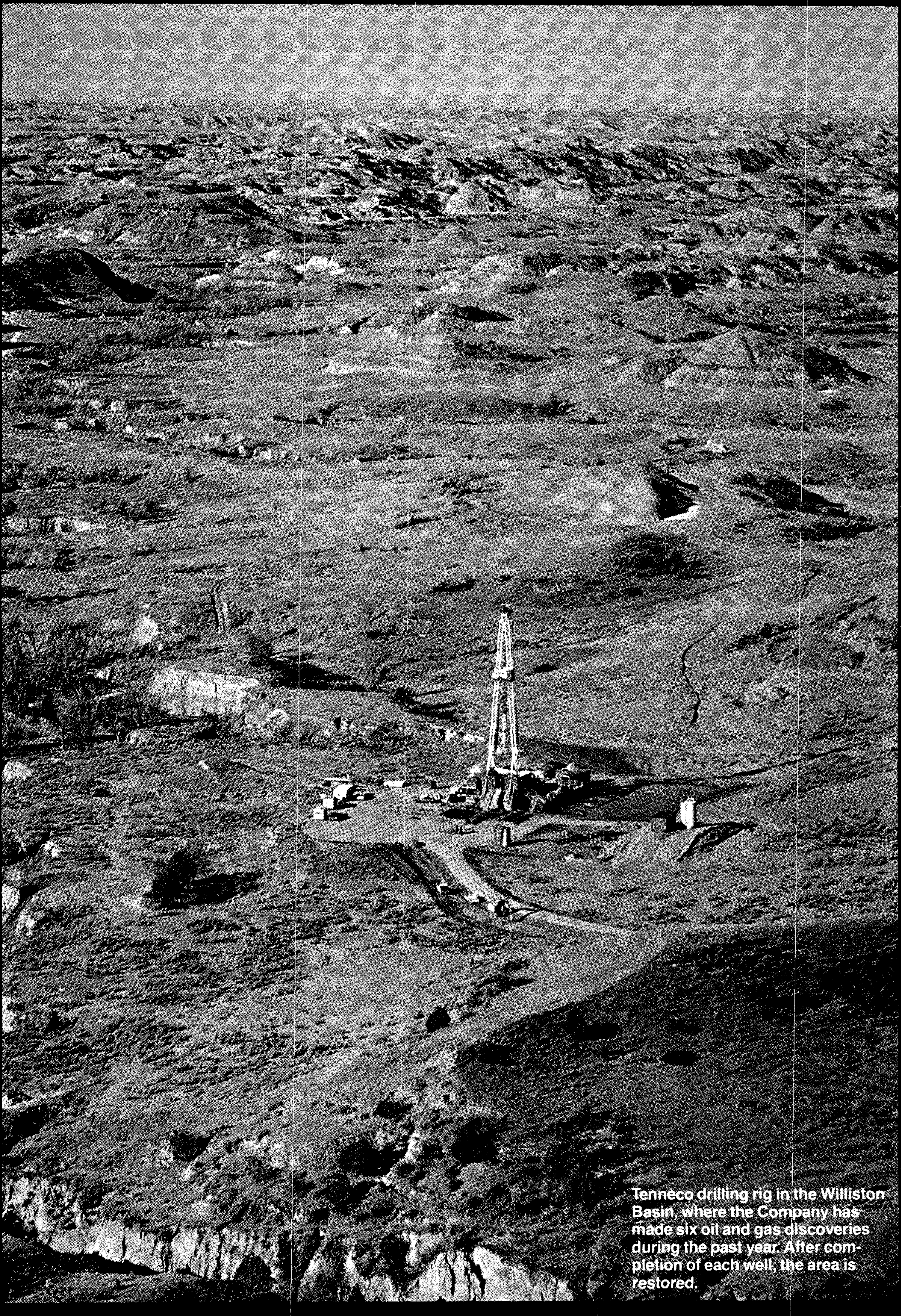

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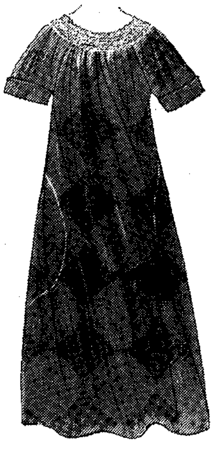

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ner quit as chairman, in 1967, "half were outsiders," Gerstenberg said. "That was a dramatic change for General Motors."

The outsiders on the board pushed G.M. to create a wide range of new activities. A public-policy committee was established, and a science-advisory committee, and a corporate-directions group, for long-term planning. In one way or another, each of these raised the subject of energy. "All through this," Gerstenberg recalled, "those public-policy guys were giving me a hard time: 'What are you doing about more competition for the Mercedes?' " Minutes of the corporate-directions group showed that at the first meeting the first item on the agenda was a discussion of small cars. The science-advisory committee led Gerstenberg into meetings with academic figures and oil-company executives on energy problems. In July of 1972, G.M. set up an energy task force, under the company treasurer, David Collier. That same month, the company decided to build a sporty subcompact Chevy, the Monza (not to be confused with an earlier Corvair Monza). In April of 1973, it adopted a slow and modest program for reducing the bulk of its full-sized Chevies, Buicks, Pontiacs, and Oldsmobiles. Around the same time, the energy task force began reporting to various G.M. committees that there was a serious possibility of a gas shortage. "When the embargo came," Gerstenberg said, "I was aware that we had to do something drastic, and that we had to do it right away."

At that point, Gerstenberg turned to the decisions taken in December of 1973. His notes showed that there had been two meetings—not one, as Murphy had remembered it. He said that the meetings involved a score of men in the engineering-policy group. They were held at the design studio in the G.M. Technical Center, in suburban Warren, just north of Detroit, and the object was to survey models for future years. Decisions had to be made at that time because financing for the new models was to be approved at a board meeting in January of 1974, which would take place against the background of a deepening recession. The basic decisions made were to produce a small Chevrolet (the Chevette) and a reduced-size Cadillac (the Seville), and to introduce into the Buick, Olds, and Pontiac lines smaller models based on the Chevrolet Monza.

Downsizing in general was one subject at issue. "There were some who weren't all that certain that an embargo was going to last, and if it blew

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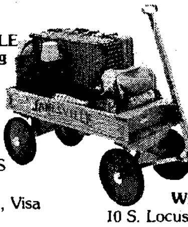

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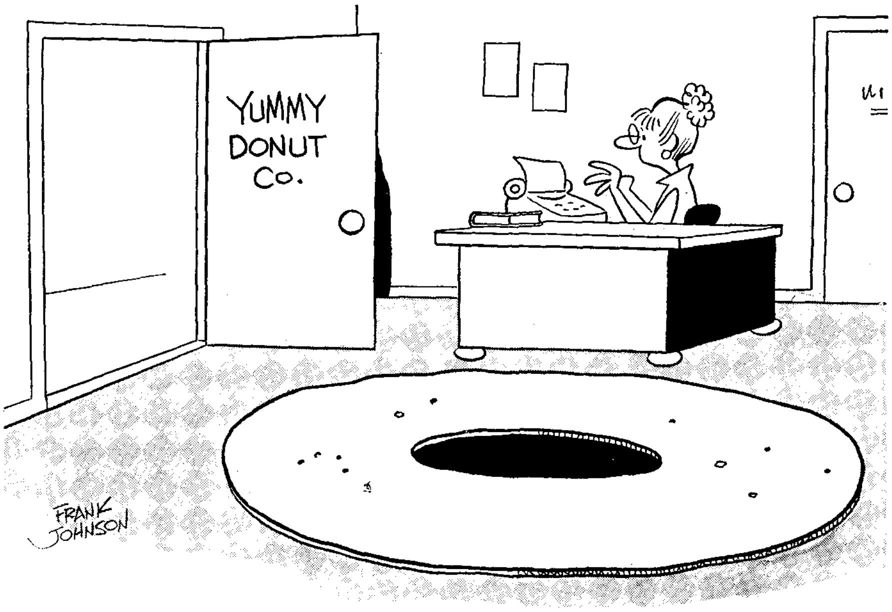
over, hell, we might have spent a pile of money and not been able to sell the cars," Gerstenberg said. "There were others who said, 'Get those small cars. We need them and our competition's got them.' " Gerstenberg himself came down on the side of the smaller cars. "I don't want to make this sound boastful, I hope you'll understand," he told me, with a diffidence characteristic of G.M. executives when they talk about themselves as distinct from their organization. "But I said, 'The need right now is for more small cars.' And I said we had to do something of a short-term nature and then we had to do something of a long-term nature. And for the short term we had to find some way to get a smaller car for every one of our car divisions in the shortest possible time."

About the subcompact Chevrolet, there was little argument. It was agreed that the Chevette, designed in Germany and produced in Brazil, would be brought to the United States and "put into production as fast as we could." There was more argument about reducing the size of the Buicks, Oldsmobiles, and Pontiacs by fitting some of them into the mold of the Chevrolet Monza. According to Gerstenberg, some people said, "Hell, they're medium-sized cars. Why give the Monza to them? It ought to be retained for Chevrolet." He explained to me, "That was Chevrolet's market. The low end."

Cadillac provided the occasion for the key fight. According to Gerstenberg, the Cadillac engineers had served up a project for a brand-new compact model: "a hell of an automobile, front-wheel drive—geez, it was something." The design staff had come up with an intermediate version of the Cadillac with a conventional drive. Gerstenberg took soundings on how long it would take to get a front-wheel-drive Cadillac into production. He decided to take the compact design submitted by the Cadillac people, but with the conven-



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tional drive proposed by the design people. "I said, 'Well, hell, based on your time element to get a front drive, there's only one way to go, and that's to get the smallest one as quickly as we can get it.' So that's about what we decided right there—the Chevette, the Monza for Buick, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac, and the smaller Cadillac for Cadillac."

GERSTENBERG's account, I learned from a subsequent check with other G.M. officials present at the meetings—including one who had taken notes—was just as flawed as that given by Murphy. For one thing, Gerstenberg was wrong about the committee that made things happen. The action began on the morning of December 19, 1973, with a meeting of the engineering-policy group, including some thirty executives and staff people, in the library conference room of the design-staff building in the technical center. That meeting ended in midmorning. Afterward, the six top executives who made up the G.M. executive committee met informally in the same room to consider the Cadillac problem. The executive-committee members subsequently moved over to an auditorium adjacent to the design-staff building, where they reviewed various models. They lunched together. They also met two days later—on December 21, 1973—at 8 A.M., in a small conference room off the design center. Those meetings were attended by the full executive committee: Edward Cole, president of the corporation and chairman of the executive committee; Gerstenberg, then chairman of the corporation; Murphy, then vice-chairman of the corporation; and three executive vice-presidents—Estes for operations, Oscar Lundin for finance, and Richard Terrell for the car, truck, body, and assembly divisions.

That committee meeting made the basic downsizing decisions. Unanimously. For Gerstenberg's story was wrong in another respect. Consensus didn't just happen. On the morning of December 19th, after the session of the engineering-policy group, the executive committee met with two top Cadillac executives—General Manager Robert Lund and Chief Engineer Robert Templin. Lund and Templin were vigorously opposed to the proposal of the design staff that the new Cadillac be an intermediate-sized vehicle with rear-wheel drive. They insisted on the smaller car with front-wheel drive, because they felt that front-wheel drive was the future, and that Cadillac, as G.M.'s quality car,

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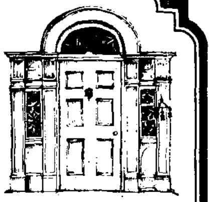

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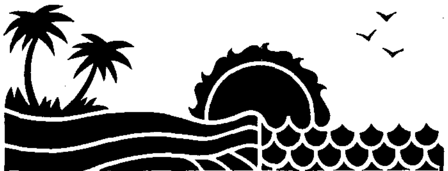

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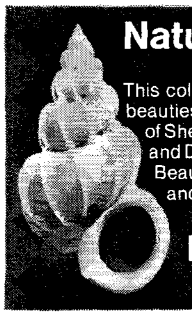

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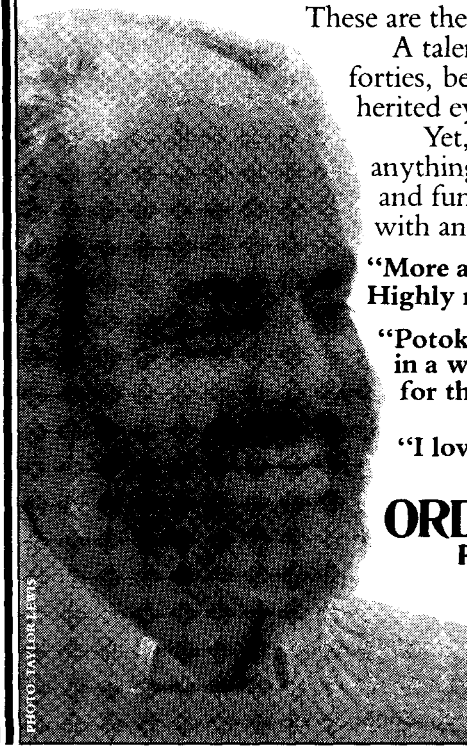
ought to show the way. Gerstenberg, while opposed to the design-staff model, was concerned that producing a front-wheel-drive car would take too long. But he did not want to simply overrule the Cadillac executives. So, after the meeting on the morning of the nineteenth, Gerstenberg and Cole spent the afternoon with Lund. In the course of their discussions, the Cadillac executive agreed to postpone the demand for the front-wheel drive. On December 21st, when the executive committee made the final decision, the Cadillac men were for the smaller car with the rear-wheel drive. Everybody who counted was on board for the Seville. Consensus had been negotiated—and the latest model of the Seville has a front-wheel drive.

"THAT doesn't sound like industry. It sounds like government," an official in Washington said to me when he heard my account. He heard it because the repeated failure of G.M. to get its own story straight drove me back to officials in the transport field, both in Washington and in Cambridge, and to financial analysts in New York for some outside explanation. Forgetfulness, all agreed, was undoubtedly a factor. It probably accounted for not knowing exact dates and exact names of committees and the exact decision as to which car was built by which division. Tactics also seemed to be involved. Murphy and Estes are active executives, with full schedules and an ongoing round of decisions. They saved time for themselves, and avoided controversy, and they made it seem that Gerstenberg had been the driving force. In addition, however, both the government officials and the financial experts I talked to insisted that G.M. was so huge that it was difficult for any individual boss to have a fully detailed view of company decisions, and that it was so self-absorbed as to be blind to the role of government.

An official of the Department of Transportation said, "Nobody at G.M. could tell you exactly how the downsizing decision was made because nobody knows. The fact is that G.M. didn't make the decision by itself. The government helped the company. The government forced G.M. to take a critical look at its cars—first by setting standards for safety, then by setting standards for cleaner air, and, finally, by setting miles-per-gallon standards for fuel efficiency. Without the miles-per-gallon standards, G.M. would never have downsized the way it did. But the G.M. executives fought the standards every step of the way. Even



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now, they're so tied up in their ideology that they can't admit what the government did for them."

That view was endorsed by a Washington lawyer who works for the auto industry. After hearing my account, he wrote me:

> The Arab oil embargo did indeed cause a "hiccup" on the demand graph; consumer interest in small cars jumped but then slid back. But only when the *fuel economy standards were enacted* in 1975 did a comprehensive approach to downsizing begin. In the post-embargo period, the car companies were convinced (probably rightly so) that consumers were still primarily interested in large cars. Nevertheless, they were confronted with the government standards. Downsizing was the way out; accommodate consumer demand for large cars and meet the early government standards that weren't all that tough. The tougher phase of standards (beginning next year) calls *not just for downsizing* but for new cars. In 1978, the industry was really thinking of whether there was a chance to change the standards, because consumer demand wouldn't allow them to meet the standards. It wasn't only [Jimmy Carter's] chestnuts that the Ayatollah pulled. By mid-'79, six months after he took over, the market was way ahead of the standards.

Partial support for that contention emerged from a review of my notes. Gerstenberg, for example, had mentioned fuel-efficiency standards in a way that suggested they were acceptable because they supplemented what G.M. had decided to do in response to the market. Indeed, he moved almost imperceptibly from an allusion to the government miles-per-gallon standards to a sales pitch for one of the downsized cars. He said, "The standards have forced us to do something we're doing much better than we thought we ever could. And the best illustration I can think of—have you ever driven one of those X-Cars?"

GENERAL MOTORS executives who were more closely connected with production were much more explicit, and even enthusiastic, about working with government. Robert Stempel, of Pontiac, a big, beaming forty-six-year-old engineer, presents a case in point. Stempel had served as special assistant to Edward Cole from June, 1973, to September, 1974. I lunched with Stempel in his office at the Pontiac plant at the urging of the G.M. public-relations staff. Cole had retired in 1974, grumbling. He said, "The fun is gone. . . . I wouldn't go into the automobile business again." It developed that Stempel knew little about the downsizing decision, and it occurred to me that my meeting with him had been arranged in order to prove that Cole's protégés

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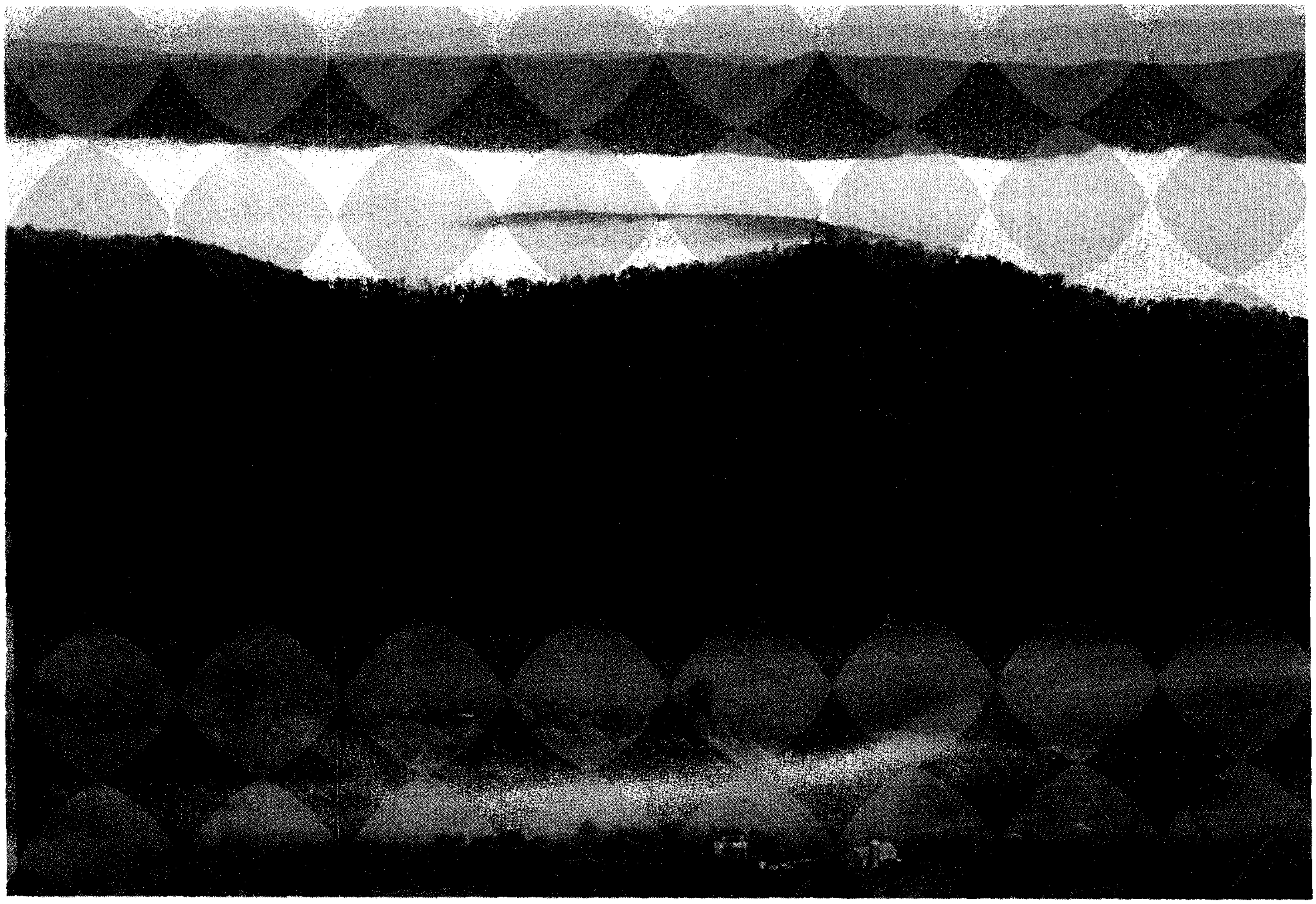

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nursed no bitter feelings. Whatever the reason for the meeting, Stempel was full of interesting lore about the catalytic converter that G.M. had developed to clean up auto emissions. He said that Cole had personally worked on the gadget. He not only acknowledged that the catalytic converter had been developed under government pressure, he also pointed to the clear blue skies outside the window and said it didn't use to be that way, because the Pontiac foundry had spewed out heavy smoke until pollution-control equipment was installed. At one point, he said, "We're proud at General Motors to be serving not only the company but the country. We like better products, and a healthy atmosphere—for ourselves and for our children. It's an especially good feeling for a lot of the younger engineers who have been pressing for these things for years."

The present top brass at G.M., while not nearly so enthusiastic, is not blind to the increased role of government. Chairman Murphy may be a hard-line exponent of free enterprise in his preaching. Not in his practice. Since June of 1978, he has been chairman of the Business Roundtable, the major organ for coöperation between the government and the business community. Along with Reginald Jones, of General Electric, and Irving Shapiro, of du Pont, a co-chairman and past chairman, respectively, of the Roundtable, Murphy has been a leading supporter of the Carter Administration's effort to restrain wages and prices. The Murphy era at G.M., moreover, has featured a reshaping of practices and structures in ways that make the corporation more responsive to the government and its concerns. In a follow-up interview that I had with Murphy in Washington after making the rounds of government officials, I asked him directly how he would summarize the changes that marked his stewardship of G.M.

He said, "I really don't think we've changed. I think the scene in which we are a part has been shifting. And you have to, you might say, move with the times and move with the scene. At the time I came with the corporation, it was a different environment as far as business was concerned. I think businessmen perceived themselves as being part of the business scene but not part of the broader industry and government total-society scene. I think there has been a draw and a pull to which business people have to respond. And I'd say we are more outward-looking, and I hope more in relation to the society at large today, than we've been in the past."

In that respect, probably the most important new departure at G.M. has been the institution of the project center. In the past, when G.M. followed the market, and only the market, it used to make decisions slowly, almost inch by inch. Innovations—power steering, for example, or power brakes—were introduced over a long period of time, with each car division moving at its own pace. But government-mandated actions don't allow for decisions on a slow curve, with Pontiac leading in one feature, and then Buick taking over, and then Cadillac and Oldsmobile. When Congress enacts a law, the new standards apply to all models, and they must be put into effect by a certain date. Decisions, instead of being made along a graded curve, have to follow a stair-step pattern.

G.M. made its first accommodation to that change in developing the catalytic converter. The company did not let each automotive division go its own way. Instead, it established a special unit, named after a similar organ developed by government in the space program—the project center. The project center drew talent from all the automotive units, but a single engineer, who reported directly to the fourteenth floor, kept track of progress. The catalytic converter, which the first project center developed, was made available to all G.M. cars, from the Chevrolet to the Cadillac. Thereafter, separate project centers were established to downsize big cars, intermediate cars, and sports cars. The X-Car was also developed in a project center. Now G.M. is using the project-center approach to develop a battery-driven car.

The structure of management on the fourteenth floor has also been transformed to meet the need for adjustment to more rapid change, across a wider band of concern. Under Murphy and Estes, there are four executive vice-presidents, in charge of different groups of G.M. activities. Two are traditional: the executive vice-president for finance, Roger Smith, who will, if the usual bias toward the financial side holds good, succeed Murphy at the end of this year; and the executive vice-president for North American car and truck operations, F. James McDonald, who has a good chance to succeed Estes. But two are

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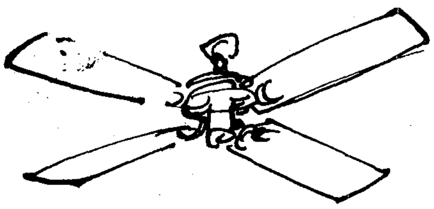

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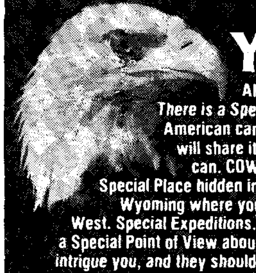

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new. There is an executive vice-president, Reuben Jensen, in charge of the steadily expanding amount of business that G.M. does in producing common components (engines, brakes, batteries, etc.) for its cars, and an executive vice-president for overseas operations, Howard Kehrl.

THE overseas emphasis points toward what is probably the most portentous of all the changes flowing from the downsizing decision. For a long time, it has been apparent that the greatest potential market for car sales is outside the United States. In this country, the ratio of people to cars is roughly two to one—around two hundred and twenty million people to about a hundred and ten million cars. In Western Europe, the figure is four persons per car; in Japan, six persons per car; in Latin America, eighteen persons per car; in Asia and Africa, ninety persons per car. So, while the American market is close to the saturation point, the pickings abroad are rich.

In the past, G.M. paid little attention to those possibilities—it behaved like an American company with foreign subsidiaries, not a multinational corporation based in the United States. While it did twice as much American business as Ford in 1978, for example, it sold less than Ford did outside North America. But downsizing gave G.M. much more access to the foreign markets. Gerstenberg said, "Until the time we built small cars here, our cars in this country were generally much bigger than the cars built abroad. We were almost forced to have smaller cars abroad. While we exported some of our cars, we never did export them in great volume, because we just didn't make that kind of a car. Today, we've got cars that are competitive with the cars they make. Also, cost has come to be a much bigger factor. It just costs you so goddam much more to make a car that you can save money by having one design for the whole world."

These opportunities were not lost on Murphy and Estes. Both had responsibilities for international business before coming to the top—Murphy as vice-chairman, Estes as executive vice-president for operations. "Frankly," Estes once said, "I hadn't liked the idea of G.M. being just another of the competitors in the pack overseas." So, not long after he and Murphy took over, the overseas operation was given increased status, under a group vice-president. The overseas staff was moved from New York, where it had

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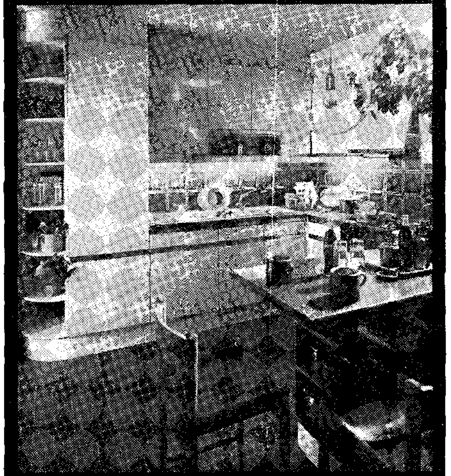

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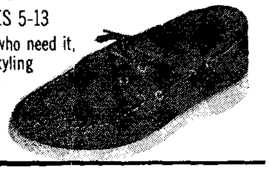

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been on its own, to Detroit, where it was merged with the central staff. Separate divisions, each headed by a vice-president, were created for Latin America, Asia, Germany, the rest of Europe, and Britain (where G.M. manufactures and sells as Vauxhall). During 1979, G.M. announced expansion of its existing plants or construction of new ones in Mexico, Brazil, and Europe. As for the future, the company's top project is the "world car"—a four- or five-passenger compact that can be assembled in several countries from components made in many countries, and can be sold anywhere in the world.

G.M.'s new quest for international markets carries heavy implications for the structure of the domestic automobile industry. In the past, G.M. used to consider Ford and Chrysler its principal competitors. In those conditions, the No. 1 United States auto manufacturer had anti-trust reasons for keeping the second and third companies alive and at least fairly well; in fact, G.M. never pushed its share of the United States market much above fifty per cent. Now G.M. worries more about the Japanese and European auto makers than about Ford or Chrysler. G.M.'s share of the domestic market has been over sixty per cent for more than a year. It has grown throughout the recent slump in car sales. Because of the anti-trust implications, G.M. officials are not exactly forthcoming on the subject, but the vehemence of their refusal to talk has declined in a way that suggests that the need to compete against European and Japanese manufacturers has reduced G.M.'s inhibitions about crushing Ford and Chrysler. Gerstenberg, for example, rejected outright a suggestion of mine that in the past G.M. had deliberately held back in competing with Ford and Chrysler in order to avoid anti-trust troubles. "Anybody who said that didn't know what he was talking about," he told me. Murphy seems much less worried about the matter. His view is that "if we're obeying the law, doing the best job of serving the customer, and discharging all the other responsibilities we have as a good employer and responsible citizen, then we've earned whatever we get." Among younger executives, there is not even Murphy's elaborate caveat about responsible citizenship. David Collier—the executive who chaired G.M.'s energy task force back in 1972, and who now, at the age of fifty, serves as vice-president of the financial group, directly under Roger

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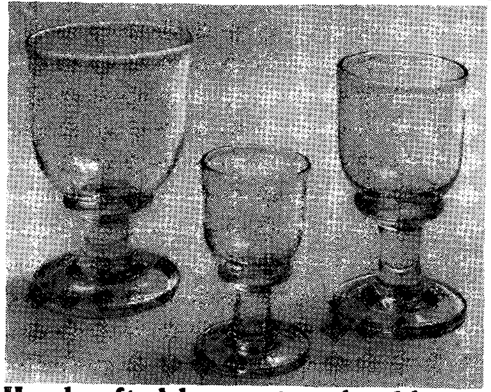

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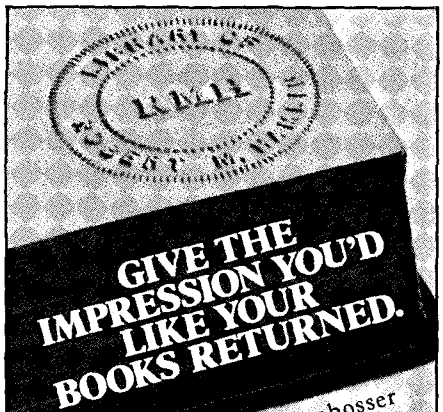

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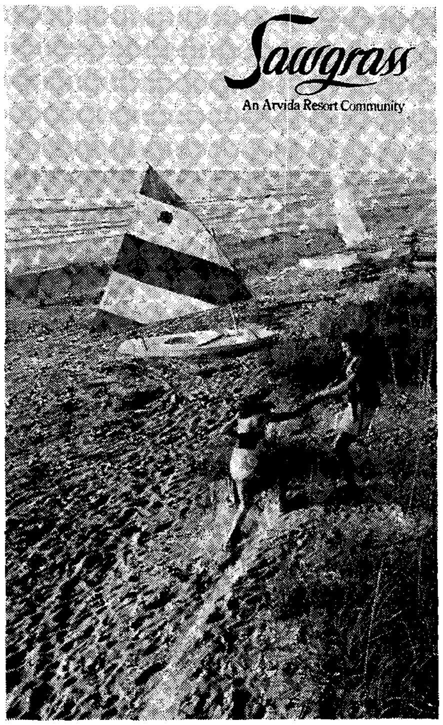
Smith—does not even tend to view G.M. in relation to Ford and Chrysler. "There's no such thing as a domestic industry," he told me. "There's no such thing as a domestic market. There's an international market and an international set of manufacturers. I think the media should quit talking about the Big Three and start talking about the Big Eight—Volkswagen, Toyota, Nissan, Renault, and Fiat as well as G.M., Ford, and Chrysler."

The full sweep of the downsizing decision finds expression in that context. The Europeans and the Japanese are coming here not only with imports but with manufacturing plants—Volkswagen and Honda, to name two. G.M. is now going abroad in force. What is shaping up is a worldwide competition among major manufacturers. Out of that rivalry there will probably emerge half a dozen dominant firms. G.M. will almost certainly be among them. Ford probably will be, too. Others, perhaps including Chrysler, are likely to assume positions as secondary manufacturers of specialty products. A new burst of innovation—particularly in fuel economy—seems sure. Thus, there is at least a chance that the bitter competition and the turbulent markets of the past few years will have a benign outcome.

It can even be said that, with a strong prod from government, the American auto industry has turned a corner—moved from a domestic into an international market, and developed, through the experience, a new and more socially conscious management. Still, the cost of the change has been enormous. The dramatic ups and downs of the auto industry have, as usual, plagued the whole American economy. Cities like Detroit have been blighted, firms sent to the wall, dealers and other associated enterprises forced out of business. Moreover, though one corner may have been turned, there is no telling when another major adjustment will come due, or how accommodation can be achieved without horrendous strain. Certainly G.M. does not know, and it knows it doesn't know. Among the souvenirs in Murphy's office is a "Peanuts" cartoon strip, autographed by Charles Schulz. The first panel shows Snoopy standing in the outfield, snoozing, with an alarm clock on the grass beside him. The second panel shows the clock ringing. The third shows Snoopy catching a fly ball in his mouth. The fourth shows Charlie Brown on the mound asking, "How do you set the alarm for a fly ball?"

—JOSEPH KRAFT



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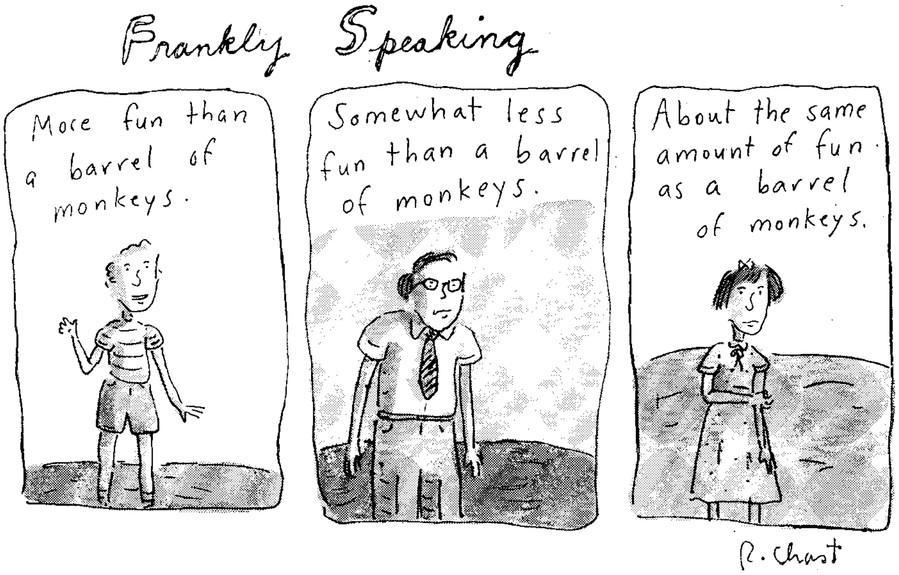
A House of Exile

OUR expectations of movies are so high that sometimes, I think, we feel unduly let down by a picture that involves us in a convincng but clearly limited fashion. Many of us are instantly critical of movies n which technique and technical inventiveness have blatantly outstripped imagination and taste—there are weeks, even months, on end when this seems to be the unifying characteristic of *all* movies—but it may be ungrateful of us then to turn around and demand more from an intelligent, quiet, visually rewarding film that, for one reason or another, has pulled back from passions and conclusions that seemed almost within its grasp. A quartet is probably worth a symphony to anyone who will really listen to it, but movies don't bear the label of their form, which means that we are sometimes n danger of overlooking the composer's intentions. A case in point is "Eboli," an Italian import directed by Francesco Rosi, which is a reflective, modulated adaptation of "Christ Stopped at Eboli," Carlo Levi's widey read account of the eight months during the mid-nineteen-thirties that he spent in a remote peasant village in the mountains of south-central Italy, to which he had been dispatched by the Mussolini regime as a political exile. Levi was a leftist intellectual and writer (and a painter and nonpracticing doctor as well), and his book, which was first published more than thirty years ago, gives much of its attention to the fixed, unalterable condition of the peasants of the region, who seemed to him to be cut off from the church and the state, and from all politics, and even from the land itself, in a place where "the seasons remain as oblivious to the peasants' toil as they were three thousand years before Christ." The title of the movie is a small misnomer or misdirection, for Eboli is not the village itself but a larger highway and railroad town of the region, beyond which "Christ did not come."

The movie is a slow, wondering, faithful rendition of the book, and it nvites us to learn about Levi's place of exile, the village of Gagliano—a fingertip of thick, red-roofed gray stone houses curled over the outermost point of a steeply rising mountain ridge—exactly as he did. We follow him into his curious exile aboard a wheezing, rusty-red local bus, and meet the villagers as he did—formally, with handshakes, in the case of the mayor and the other bourgeois functionaries, who accept him without rancor, because he is a *dottore* and thus much more like them than the local peasants are. The latter we come to know more slowly, seeing them at first in groups—the men in black caps or hats and short coats, the black-swathed women gliding along with averted heads close to the walls in the streets, or bent over their kitchen fires indoors—or in a glimpsed face behind a shutter or a closing door. The tilted, stony streets of Gagliano are narrow and shadowed, often with a frame of white sunlight up ahead, where a man and a donkey are crossing in silence.

Gian Maria Volonte plays Carlo Levi, a gray intellectual in a long scarf, and his considerate, long-lipped, book-worn face is exactly right for the part: it makes the movie. Levi seems restrained in just the same fashion that the picture does, and in time we sense that we are there *with* him, and that we will learn as much about this place and this life as he can perceive and understand, and no more. Such unity and restraint are almost startling in movies, and they make us uneasy in this one; we wonder if we shouldn't be bored by a director and a camera that will not leap into lives and conclusions with the intrusive energy and mere brilliance that we expect of the medium now. This movie is very much like a well-written book: it sees only what its writer can see, and it ventures its conclusions only after consideration, and with gravity and doubt. The villagers in "Eboli," once they emerge, are a surprisingly various and affecting lot. Peppino (Giuseppe Persia), an embittered tax collector who is hated for his work, takes the state's payments in any form that can be arranged—in goats or rabbits, or even a bit of cheese (furniture is acceptable, except for beds, which are protected by law from confiscation)—and consoles himself with his clarinet. Don Trajella, an alcoholic and tearful priest (Paolo Bonicelli), with a wonderfully delicate and wasted face, has come to despise the meanness of his village and the harshness of its climate, and sometimes he rails against his parishioners with the same crazed despair. There is a funny, warmly lit scene in which some older men, drinking around a table, bawl out a song about the pain that America has cost their region of Italy by luring away half its populace; then, when the scene and the song are over, the village barber shows Don Carlo Levi a snapshot of his lost little barbershop in New York, which he abandoned because he was so foolishly homesick for Gagliano. The barefooted Giulia (Irene Papas) comes to clean house for Levi, and tells him of her departed husband and child, gone to America, and about her sixteen subsequent pregnancies. She is strong and affectionate and superstitious, with enormous, dark-shadowed eyes—and very close to a stereotype. She washes Levi's back as he sits in his tin tub, but nothing comes of their attraction for each other; the movie pulls back, just in time.

By the end of "Eboli," Carlo Levi has become a trusted figure in the village, where he has been forced to resume the practice of medicine. He does so with reluctance, and with grudgingly given official approval, because the peasants need him. He, and we, draw a little closer to them at last, but for the most part they remain difficult and strange to us, distanced by their endless work and their black-clothed silence and endurance, and the movie does not sentimentalize them by pushing beyond its tentative intellectual per-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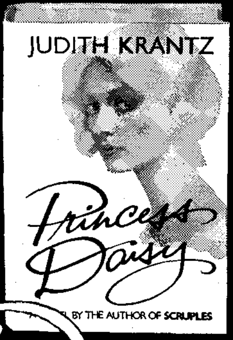

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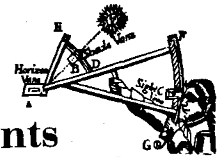

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ception of such lives. There is a civilized, inconclusive conversation between Levi and the mayor (François Simon), who invites him into his office to urge him, in friendly fashion, to rephrase or withdraw a letter that the exile has written to his sister in Rome, in which he observes that the peasants have no politics and no sense of an Italy or of a world beyond the one they are caught up in. The mayor, an amiable, backwater sort of Fascist, tells Levi that such ideas could get their author in trouble, and the two men gently debate their different views of things: the two Italys that Levi senses, and the unified, ineffectually imposed Italy of the church and the state and the Duce that the mayor belongs to. "The peasants must resign themselves," the mayor insists. "The peasants are resigned," Levi says, smiling.

"Eboli" ends as quickly and briefly as it has begun. The Italian invasion of Ethiopia is successfully concluded—the villagers get the news by radio, amplified across their fields in the valley: it is a great victory—and Levi, with the war crisis over, is paroled and allowed to go home. The Italy we have seen in the picture—the other Italy, hidden away beyond Eboli in the nineteen-thirties—may have changed entirely by now; I don't know about this, but I suspect that the oblivious land and seasons near Gagliano may not be much altered by the passage of a mere half century. In any case, the movie never gives us that uneasy, Heisenbergian feeling that everything in sight may have been altered forever by our passing presence on the scene—by somebody making a movie about it all. What is clear is that this thoughtful, modestly satisfying view of that time and those people is exactly the one that Francesco Rosi wanted us to have. He has chosen to give us a precise, almost reverent reading of a famous book, and I admire him for it.

"GET ROLLIN' " is a noisy, imperfect semidocumentary about the remarkable roller skaters—mostly black—who frequent the Empire Roller Disco in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. One must assume that the customers at the Empire are amateurs, but everyone in the place circles the long, rectangular floor with so much skill and speed and visible pleasure that it occurs to us in the audience that they have gone beyond mere recreation and into a way of moving and belonging which may be more vivid and rewarding than anything the rest of us have been able to come up with. Their swift, loose-limbed, rhythmic intertwinings, conjoinings, and releases are performed in light-spangled semidarkness to a pounding disco beat, and the continuous, rumbling, crowded, counterclockwise swirl becomes a group dance of dizzying elegance, humor, and sensuality.

"Get Rollin' " might have been a compelling documentary short if it had confined itself to fifteen minutes of this wonderful stuff, but unfortunately its director and co-producer, J. Terrance Mitchell, has stretched it to feature size by introducing us to some of the Empire's regulars—notably a pair of male dancer-skaters named Pat (the Cat) Richardson and Vincent (Vinzerrelli) Brown—and then involving them in a stiff, awkward little story line that runs exactly at cross-purposes to the grace and easy confidence of the anonymously beautiful skaters at the Empire. The plan here, one must guess, was to convert "Get Rollin' " into a "Saturday Night Fever" on wheels—a dubious and ultimately embarrassing idea, since none of the skaters can act, and since the halfhearted plot of the picture (something about a London entrepreneur who may or may not sign up the two men to bring their style of roller-skating to England) is of surpassing uninterest.

Luckily, it is possible to ignore most of this dim fiction while picking up some much more rewarding stuff in the reportorial scenes of "Get Rollin'." Many of the skaters at the Empire Roller Disco appear to have worked up their own style of dance and dress into a full-fledged act. Vinzerrelli Brown (who is a caseworker with New York's Family Court) tells us that when he first came to the place he saw that "there were good skaters there, but the rink was full of multiple *characters*," and we watch him as he painstakingly develops his own rink persona, practicing at home on skates on a patch of vinyl flooring set up in front of full-length mirrors—a considerable work of art, all in all, because Mr. Brown also had to teach himself how to roller-skate at the same time. When he gets it together, he takes the floor in an electrifying costume—spangled yellow shirt, loosely fitted yellow belled pants, yellow wristlets, weird-looking shades, and a pulled-down yellow cap—and jives and boogies along in the crowd, with one hand on his hip and the other pointing straight up into the air: a great turn. The skaters at the Empire seem to be divided into Movers and Standers, and Pat the Cat Richardson belongs to the latter group. He is the Cowboy—a small, muscular figure in

One of these men drives himself to work, drives himself home and drives up his cost of living.

He doesn't see it that way. He's been driving himself to the office every day for several years now. He actually enjoys the ride.

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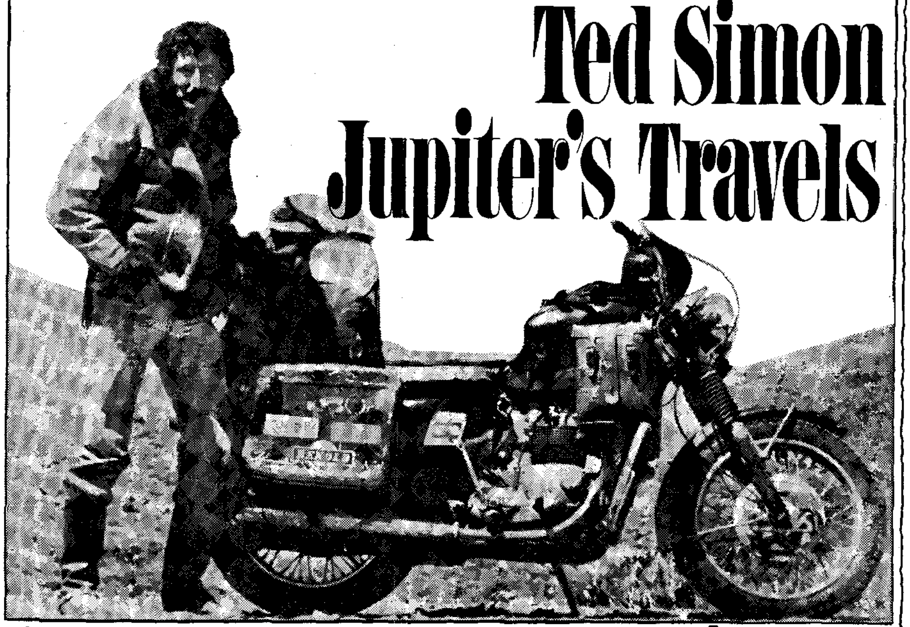

1. San Diego Union. 2. Boston Globe. 3. Cleveland Plain Dealer. 4. Library Journal.
5. John Knowles, author of *A Separate Peace.*

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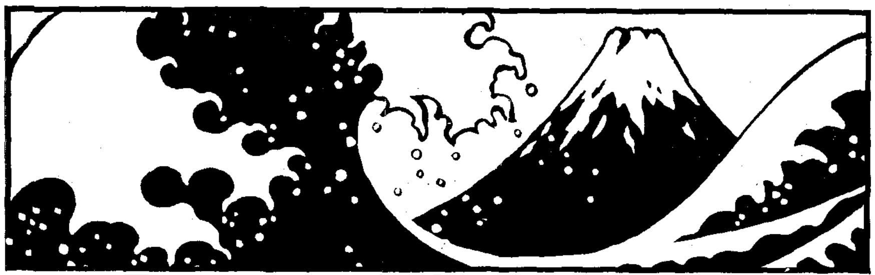

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a red T-shirt and red pants, black Stetson, black neckerchief, and matched pearly six-shooters in holsters—and his dance is a series of rhythmic twists and dodgings while he faces and somehow escapes the constantly onrushing eight-wheeled traffic. He does not, in truth, seem to be a great skater, but we begin to sense (as we do of Vinzerrelli Brown) that his skating has become a means for him, a black man, to attach himself, however oddly, to society in a manner that he can take pride in. This aspect of "Get Rollin' " is really about people scuffling to get into show biz—Vinzerrelli takes his act to the "grand openings" of local auto-parts-supply stores and such, and presumably makes a few dollars at it—and the transformation of the freedom and sporting pleasure of skating into such small and sad ends gives the picture an occasional sense of weight and deeper meaning. There is also a brief, refreshing sequence about Inez Daniels, once a superior high-school athlete who dreamed of becoming a track star; now she comes to the Empire every night to dance. By day, she is a caseworker with the handicapped, and in a quiet, disarming scene in Central Park we see her helping a badly crippled white youth to attempt his first few steps on skates. Unfortunately, the minimal perceptions and brief flashes of cinematic invention in "Get Rollin' " (a nice shot of Pat the Cat skating across the Brooklyn Bridge at dawn, for instance) are so poorly arranged and so often interrupted by the feeble plot that the picture sometimes seems like an endless trailer—a preview of jumbled scenes and moods that will all fall into place in a much better movie next week. That picture never comes, but while we wait for it there is a lot of pleasure in watching the wonderful skaters and trying once again to get the hang of that terrific slack-kneed, swirling, freewheeling skaters' jive step that we see, in lesser form, all around us on the sidewalks and in the Park these days: the Narcissus Glide. —ROGER ANGELL

•

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BOOKS

Third Eye Open

TWENTY-ONE years ago, speaking at the First Conference of Negro Writers, in March, 1959, Langston Hughes digressed from his remarks on "Writers: Black and White" for a free-verse aside, addressed to an invisible and probably inattentive audience. "You've done taken my blues and gone," went the first line. "You put me in 'Macbeth,' " he said a few lines later, "In 'Carmen Jones' and 'Anna Lucasta' " (referring to theatrical productions that featured black actors and white producers, directors, composers, and librettists):

And all kinds of "Swing Mikado"s
And in everything but what's about me—
But someday somebody'll
Stand up and talk about me,
And write about me—
Black and beautiful—
And sing about me,
And put on plays about me!
I reckon it'll be me myself!
Yes, it'll be me.

As a result of the commotion of the sixties, the predicted shift of perspective took place sooner than Hughes may have thought it would. By 1967, when Hughes died, the period of the First Conference of Negro Writers seemed like the olden days. During the sixties, which now seem pretty remote themselves, black writers attracted the attention, friendly and unfriendly, of the opposite race and of their own more successfully than Hughes and his contemporaries or predecessors had managed to do. Attention wanders, as writers black and white must know, and the sardonic punch line to Hughes' speech makes a handier watchword than the euphoric slogans of ten or fifteen years ago: "Of course," he concluded, "to be highly successful in a white world—commercially successful—in writing or anything else, you really should *be* white. But until you get white, *write*."

Diligence is not a dubious or minor virtue in the case of Toni Cade Bambara, a two-decade veteran in the trade, whose credits include two collections of short stories—"Gorilla, My Love," published in 1972, and "The Sea Birds Are Still Alive," published in 1977—and this year a novel called "The Salt Eaters" (Random House; $9.95). The stories, describing the lives of black people in the North and the South, could be more exactly typed as vignettes and significant anecdotes, although a few of them are fairly long. Some of them are shapelier than others, steadier in tone, more compact; all are notable for their purposefulness, a more or less explicit inspirational angle, and a distinctive motion of the prose, which swings from colloquial narrative to precarious metaphorical heights and over to street talk, at which Bambara is unbeatable.

The little girl taking her brothers to the movies in "Gorilla, My Love" personifies the no-nonsense spirit of the grannies, mamas, and sisters in the foreground or background of all the stories:

> So we go in and get three bags of Havmore potato chips which not only are the best potato chips but the best bags for blowin up and bustin real loud so the matron come trottin down the aisle with her chunky self, flashin that flashlight dead in your eye so you can give her some lip, and if she answer back and you already finish seein the show anyway, why then you just turn the place out. Which I love to do, no lie.

The granny in "Blues Ain't No Mockin Bird" is so intolerant of nonsense that she obliges the family to move whenever it gets too close:

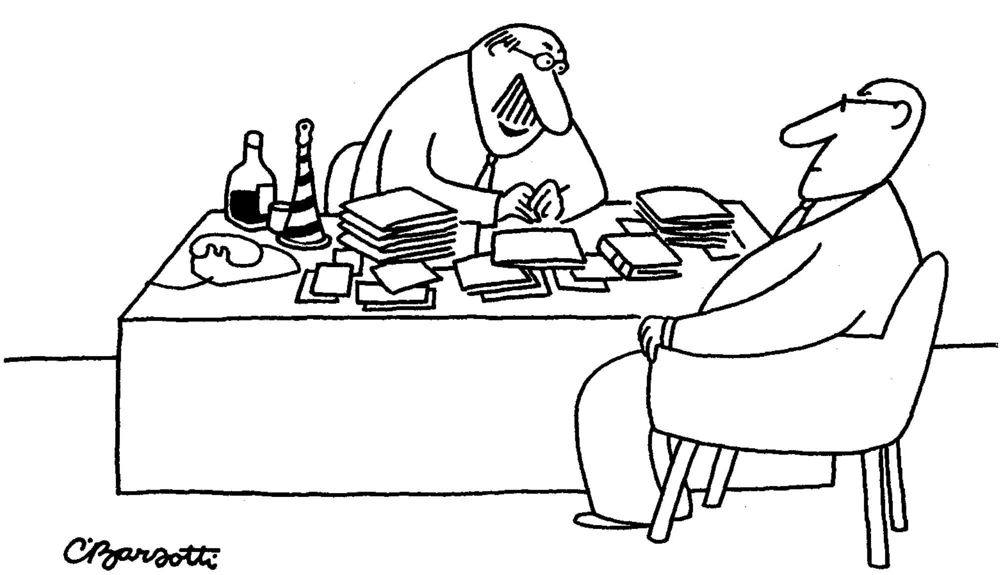
> Mumblin and packin and wakin everybody up sayin, "Let's get on away from here before I kill me somebody." Like people wouldn't pay her for things like they said they would. Or Mr. Judson bringin us boxes of old clothes and raggedy magazines. Or Mrs. Cooper comin in our kitchen and touchin everything and sayin how clean it all was.

"The Apprentice" expresses the grudging admiration of a young man for his heroic partner in community organizing:

> "And is that what you'll tell the grandchildren growing up in the detention camps, you were too tired to seize state power?" She'd hug me even. Cept she's tall and skinny, so her hugs're very much like a headlock. . . . There's no talking to the woman.

Although there are traces in Bambara's work of sexual conflict, traditional and contemporary brands, and although the women are naturally more prominent and more deeply described, there isn't a shortage of admirable men, from the idealized Granddaddy Mobley, who rescues two children from female clutches in "A Tender Man," to the lordly neighborhood punk of "Playin with Punjab," who defeats the entirely honorable and worthy efforts of a social worker whose misfortune is to be "this gray lady, Miss Ruby, who came all the way out here to Brooklyn to straighten us folks out and get the rats taken care of and get us jobs and stuff like that." The steadfast Jason, of "Broken Field Running," whose voice "crackles with impatience for the future," is typical of other friends and lovers lovingly portrayed.

Certain topics and rhetorical turns place Bambara chronologically and politically. A key story in this respect is "Broken Field Running," with its African names, community radio station, and Job Corps centers; with references to Huey Newton, the Third World, napalm, and Vietnamese children; with "rip off," and "fly" meaning snazzy, and the "two Muslim brothers in the doorway." Interesting in this way, "Broken Field Running" is also one of Bambara's best stories, despite its rather bald politics. A man



"I work hard and I play hard."

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and a woman, teachers of a Socratic sort of a neighborhood alternative school, conduct a group of children home through city streets in a snowstorm:

> We duck out into the dark now. I try to ignore the rape bushes, the shadows stretching and shrinking off to the side, the broken glass, the strident siren of the fire truck turning out of the alley skidding out of control, heading our way, bumping the curb, then backing up and gone.

The point of view is the woman's, the wind and snow reinforcing a loss of heart:

> I fail to brace myself and wind up on my ass. I take it for a sign.
>
> Hard times and getting harder every day.
>
> Just thinking, Jason. I need another sixties. The energy of the seventies just don't do me nuthin.

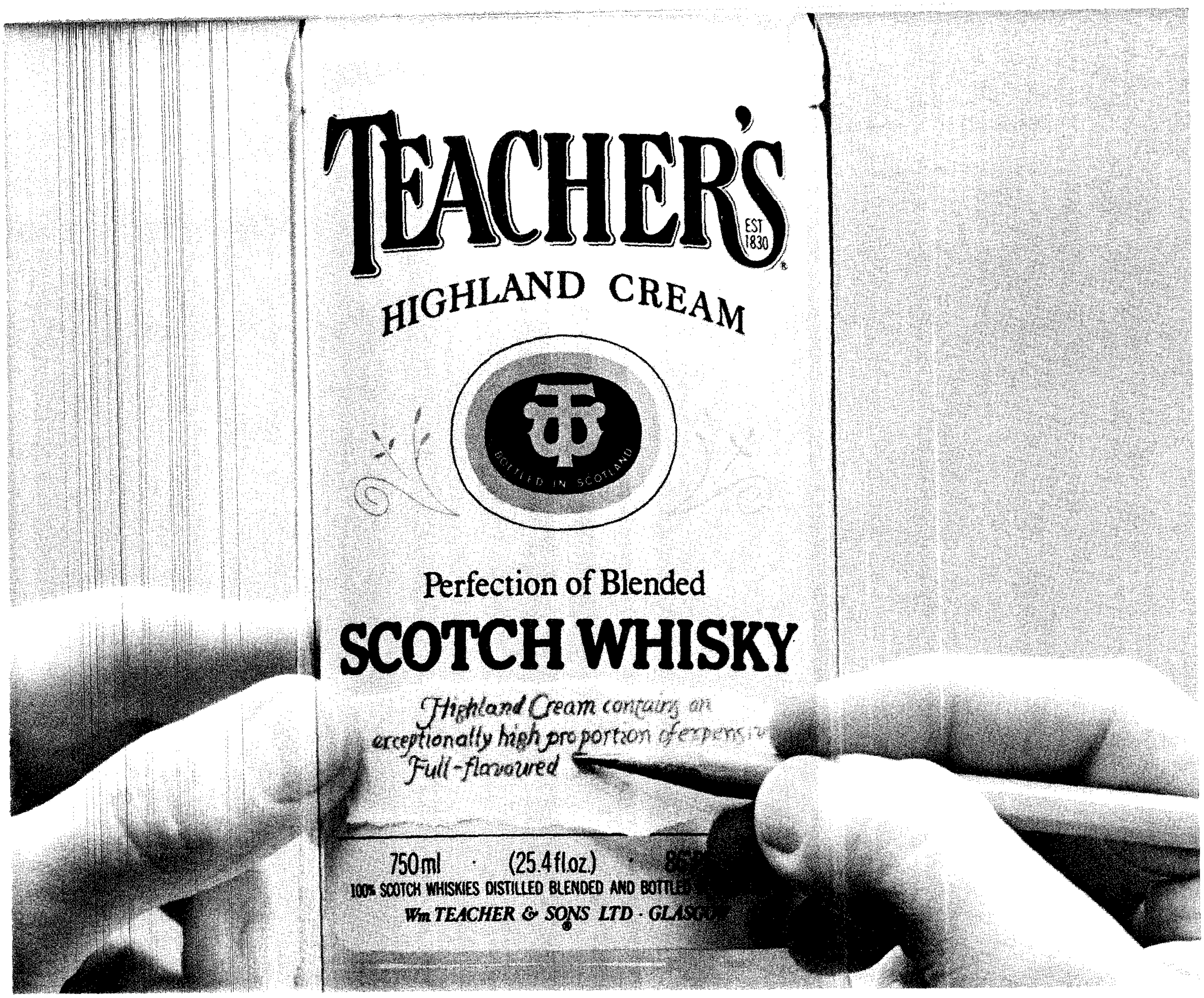
Near the end, hope glimmers from an unexpected, non-political source:

> Jason throws back his head and howls. Been knowing him off and on for ten years and can count the times he's laughed like that. He mostly gives you a dry attic rustly sound or a deep basement grunt. I guess that's why we've been friends rather than lovers. I can love a man who thinks and lives and works like Jason. But for shonuff loving the man got to know how to laugh his ass off.

Under the pressure of images and associations, however, the trek has taken on the significance of a pilgrim's progress, and the story ends with a nice unresolved chord, just short of emotional release:

> I'm in a free fall now, dropping through layers and layers of the spangled dark. I feel the ground coming up, the snow bursting into stars at my feet too close.
> "I promise," I mutter, waiting for a surge of energy to lift. "I promise."
> It's their arms I feel finally straightening me up on both sides. Their arms and their selves.
> "Let's hurry," they whisper, dragging me along in the night.

"The Salt Eaters" is a grander, in some ways grimmer version of "Broken Field Running," turning on the same point of suspense: the fate of a discouraged woman. The stout-hearted man, hardening times, ominous weather, oracular elders expounding salt lore, children "waiting to grow up, spread out, leap forward, soar"—the elements of that story and others are recombined and elaborated into a kind of tribal epic, which tells of the struggle against diffused seventies energy and the possible shapes of a new era. (I am beginning to think that "ener-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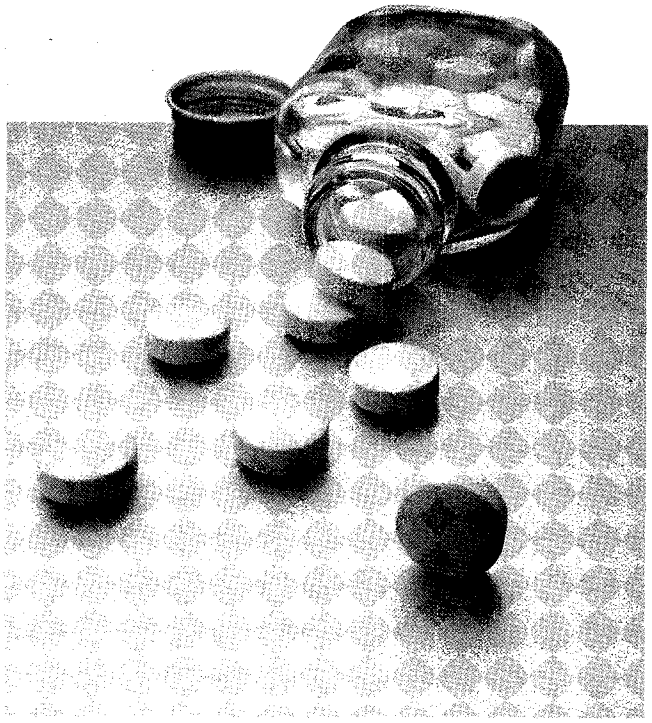

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gy" may need a rest cure in the eighties, but it's not an easy word to send on vacation, and Bambara makes good use of it.)

The novel is set in the city of Claybourne, Georgia, in 1978, and winds out backward, forward, and sideways from then and there: into a prehistoric cave, for example, where "the mud mothers [paint] themselves with long hair brushes;" toward a future evoked at one point by reference to Pluto—"a planet of immense power. Annihilation and transformation"—and through the natural and supernatural details of a dense present. The central character is Velma Henry, who has slashed her wrists and stuck her head in an oven, and has ended up the object of the faith-healing session with which the book opens and closes. Without a special edge that would make a heroine of her, Velma is more of a stand-in for the people around her—family, friends, citizens of Claybourne and more distant parts of the world, including Asia, Africa, and Rikers Island. The expanse of a novel has freed Bambara to follow her diverging lines of thought with considerable abandon. An elaborator by nature, she presents a crowd of characters, isolated from one another, unconscious or forgetful of their personal, communal, and historical connections, and she moves easily among them, looking and listening from different angles, at different levels, gathering evidence for a vision of renewed solidarity. "New women" are mentioned, "new people," the country's "latent destiny," "all them babies inside all them babies waiting on us to bring'm home." The healer laments:

> All this waste. Everybody all up in each other's face with a whole lotta who struck John—you ain't correct, well you ain't cute, and he ain't right and they ain't scientific and yo mama don't wear no drawers and get off my suedes, and he hit me, and she quit me, and this one's dirty, and that one don't have a degree, and on and on.

There are many complaints: housing projects turned to rubble, old haunts bulldozed, nuclear plants falling apart, children spoiling.

> Malcolm gone, King gone, Fanni Lou gone, Angela quiet, the movement splintered, enclaves unconnected. Everybody off into the Maharaji This and the Right Reverend That.

A waiter who is also an investigative reporter specializing in nuclear energy proposes a paradox:

> "Plutonium's both organic and carcinogenic," Campbell said. "That is to say it comes from nature, albeit remote regions of Africa. Not only natural but mutagenic."

In a "moment of freeze," a bus and its passengers appear to sink "into the marshes, stirring bacteria and blue-green algae to remember they were the earliest forms of life and new life was beginning again":

> Faces frozen at the glass seeing with two eyes merely the onlookers . . . the bullfrogs . . . the dragonflies. . . . A change in the charge of the field so extreme that all things stop and are silent until the shift's complete and new radiations open the third eye.

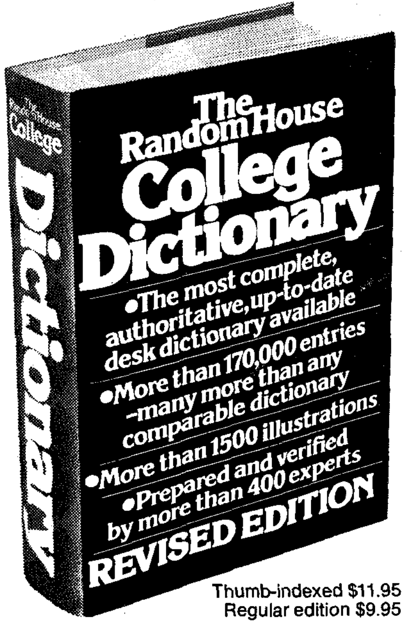
Latent destiny is one thing. Specific prophecy is trickier but hard to resist for a fearless writer of strong convictions. There is an awkward stretch near the end of the book where loose ends are hastily and unnecessarily snipped. "By the fall of '83 . . . the winter of '83/'84 . . . the spring of '84," So-and-So "would say," "would have taught himself," "would have earned a reputation," "would have already queried." Others "would remember," "would laugh," "would have occasion to say." Bambara means to chase down all accounts of the situation and sometimes loses momentum in the attempt. The force of the book, however, is a result of this determination. Piecing together fragments of events, dialogue, memories, dreams, premonitions, nostalgia, folklore, religious and political and literary allusions, and old songs, Bambara sails along, for the most part smoothly, toward the apocalyptic thunderstorm and "burst cocoon" of her finale, searching, as she says of one of her people, "for a 'like' that would pin it down so he could be done with it." Pinning it down is one thing; Bambara has come up with a book full of marvels. Hughes might have pointed out that being done with it is another thing entirely, for a writer.

—Susan Lardner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Sleep Has His House and Asylum Piece and Other Stories, by Anna Kavan (Michael Kesend; each volume $11.95). Two sets of disturbing autobiographical vignettes that were first published in England in the nineteen-forties. "Sleep Has His House" begins with its author's loveless childhood in a vast and gloomy mansion, where her widowed father appears now and then as a dark, distant figure, always beyond his daughter's reach. Then she is sent to a dreary boarding school, and later to a university,



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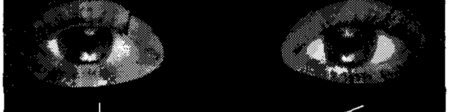

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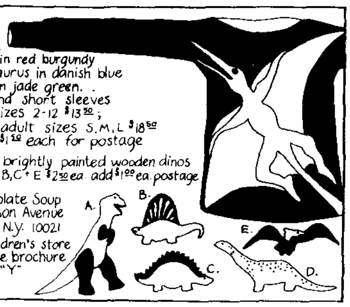

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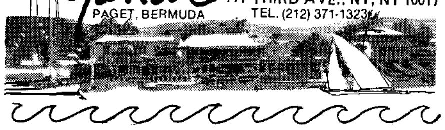

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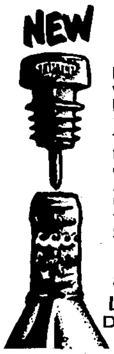

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where she fears and shuns both her peers and her keepers, and craves the darkness of night for the fantasies that can flower there. "Asylum Piece and Other Stories" describes her ordeals as an adult in a scenic, ritzy European clinic, where she was treated for severe depression by experts who apparently had as little comprehension of her perceptions and her handicaps as anyone else she had ever encountered. Such a life might well provoke its victim to howl and rage, but Anna Kavan instead constructs a series of cheerful and delicate panoramas in which she installs her memories, and surrounds them with festive scenes tinted in pastel hues. In no time, however, each of these fragile confections curdles and collapses. Anna Kavan was clearly as talented as she was tormented; she had fifteen volumes of her writings published before she died, in 1968, of an overdose of heroin.

GENERAL

CONRAD IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by Ian Watt (University of California; $15.95). This first volume of a projected two-volume study focusses on Joseph Conrad's career as a writer up until 1900. That is a short span, for Conrad quit the sea for good and took up his new profession only in 1894, when he was thirty-seven years old; in the next six years, however, he produced four major works—"Almayer's Folly," "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus,'" "Heart of Darkness," and "Lord Jim." This is an interpretive and critical biography of the highest order—well written and unstrained in its scholarship. After an essay covering Conrad's youth in Poland, and his experiences first as a sailor and then as a ship's master, Mr. Watt gets down to his main business: a prolonged examination of Conrad's development as a literary artist and craftsman in terms of those first four significant works of fiction. His second volume will deal with the principal works of Conrad's maturity, among them "Nostromo," "Chance," and "Victory." On the evidence here, the finished biography should be monumental.

THEY STAND TOGETHER: THE LETTERS OF C. S. LEWIS TO ARTHUR GREEVES, 1914-63, edited by Walter Hooper (Macmillan; $13.95). Lewis's oldest friend, Arthur Greeves, was an artistic bachelor—a semi-invalid with private means who received next to no recogni-

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tion as a painter or a writer and whose life was mostly spent in his native Ireland, close to his family. Lewis, on the other hand, taught at Oxford and later at Cambridge, and became a famous critic, lecturer, Christian apologist, and writer for children. Yet the link between the men remained firm from its beginnings in shared discoveries of books and music, back in the days when Debussy was puzzlingly newfangled. Lewis writes Greeves about a half century's reading, whether he is working on close textual analyses and finding new things in every line of Chaucer or telling about the latest works of his newest friends, such as J. R. R. Tolkien. Lewis wrote letters as well as he wrote everything else, and was never condescending; indeed, a letter he wrote after Greeves had a manuscript returned is a sensitive and imaginative response to literary rejection by a literary success.

IMAGINING AMERICA, by Peter Conrad (Oxford; $12.95). A concise, entertaining, but not derisive study of some English writers' responses to the United States. The author, who teaches at Oxford, thinks that travellers—especially literary travellers—embark on their journeys with mental images or visions of what they will find, and that these imaginative constructs more accurately describe them and their homeland than the place they visit. His Victorians, including Trollope and Dickens, had expectations different from the next, aesthetic generation—Wilde and Brooke—and these men, in turn, differed from Wells, who regarded us as the harbingers of the technological future, and from Kipling, who saw us as the primitive past. Several writers whom Mr. Conrad discusses—Lawrence, Huxley, Auden, and Isherwood—either settled here or lived here for years without relinquishing their fantasy Americas.

NOTE: "Thirty Seconds," Michael J. Arlen's account of the making of a television commercial, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($9.95). All the contents first appeared in these pages.

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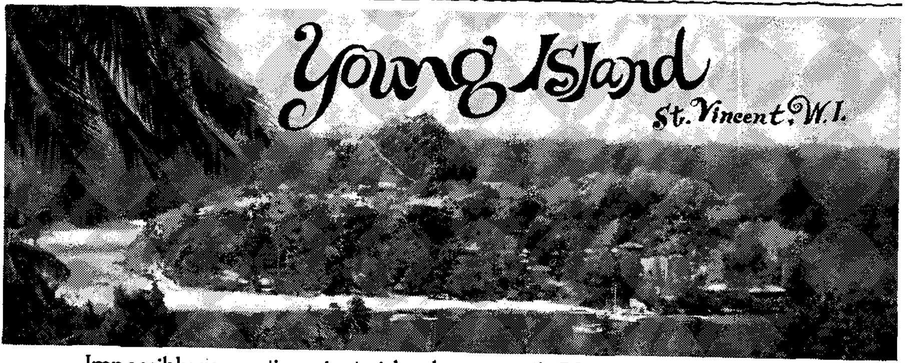

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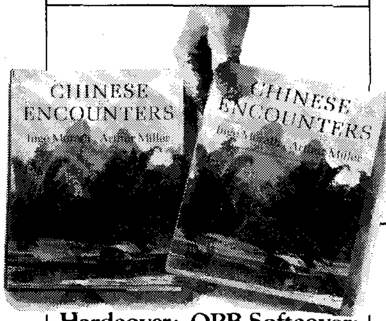

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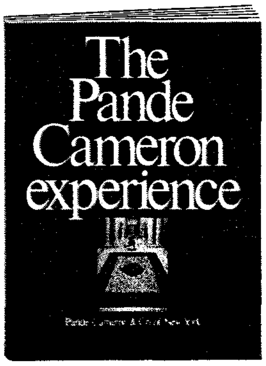

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